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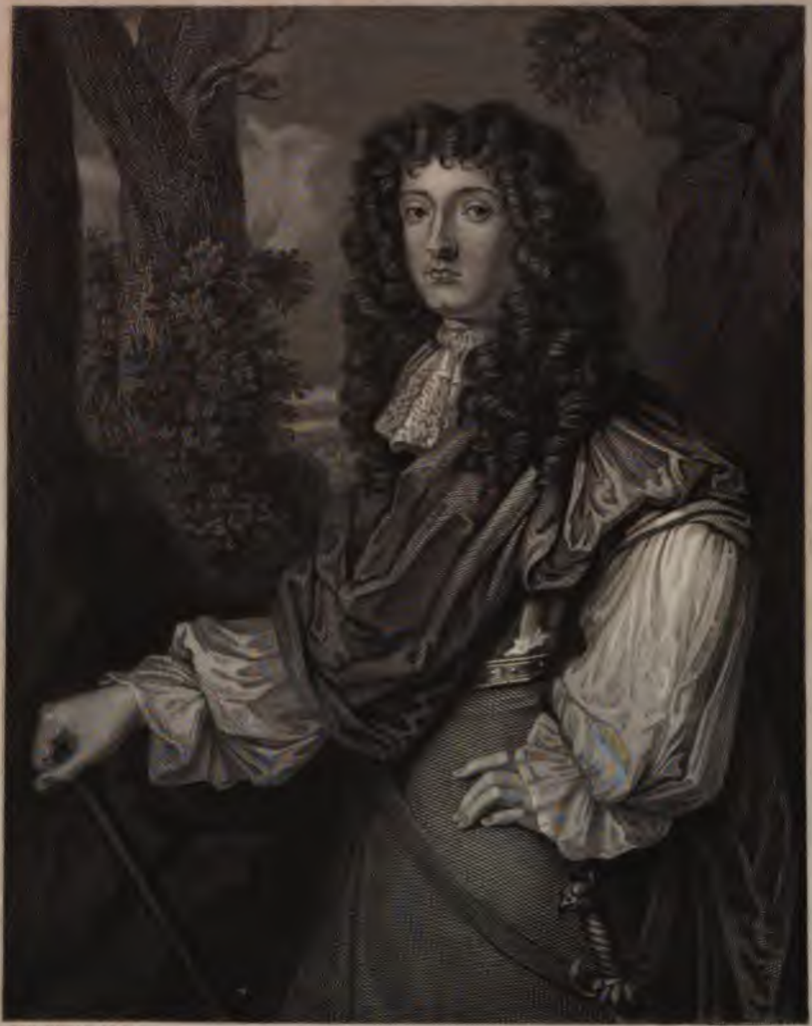

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MEMORIALS AND LETTERS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

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CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

PART IV.

THE CAREER OF CLAVERHOUSE FROM THE ACCESSION OF KING JAMES TO THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE, AND THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

SECTION I.

Queensberry's quarrel with Claverhouse. King James persuaded, against his will, to exclude him from the Privy Council. Secretary Earl Murray's correspondence with Queensberry on the subject. Claverhouse restored. Colonel Douglas and the rebels. The real pistol scene. Measures of Government against Renwick's Proclamation. Oath of Abjuration. Colonel Douglas's Commission of Justiciary. The drowning of women, *lucus a non lucendo*. State of the Army. John Brown and John Brownen. The Campbells are coming. Claverhouse made a Brigadier. Argyle's invasion disposed of. Conclusion of Claverhouse's Dispatches to Queensberry, Page 431–462

SECTION II.

Antecedents to the ruin of King James. Advent of the Prince of Orange. Troops called from Scotland. Claverhouse created Viscount of Dundee. Design to Assassinate him, shamefully connived at by Hamilton. His gallant escape from the Wild Cats and the Scotch Convention, 463–516

SECTION III.

Shewing how Dundee fulfilled his pledge to the King. Philip of Amryclos. The Ennius of Dundee. His Gramiad. Dundee's dispatches, illustrative of his Campaign in the North. Battle of Killiecrankie. Death of Dundee, Page 517–656

APPENDIX.

No. I.—Lord Macaulay's accusation of forgery against Macpherson disproved. Mr George Smythe's dissertation on the death of Dundee examined and refuted. The authenticity of Dundee's Letter to his Sovereign after the Battle of Killiecrankie established, ... 657–672

No. II.—The Viscountess of Dundee, ... 672–685

No. III.—Summary of the evidence and argument refuting the fanatical and calumnious fable, adopted from Wodrow by Lord Macaulay, of the drowning of Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson, at Wigton, in 1685, . 686–701

No. IV.—Royal Proclamation of a reward for the apprehension of Dundee, dead or alive, ... 701–703

No. V.—Autograph Letters, in the original orthography, from the Queensberry Papers, ... 704–715

No. VI.—The Battle of the Boyne, ... 715–718

No. VII.—Henry Nevil Payne, . . . 718–723

No. VIII.—Donald M'Bane's notice of Killiecrankie, . 724

No. IX.—The Gramiad and its author, James Philip of Amryclose, ... 725–732

No. X.—Lochiel's Memoirs, by Drummond of Balhaldy, misunderstood by Mr John Hill Burton in his History of the Revolution, ... 732–735

No. XI.—Epitaph on the Viscount of Dundee, . . 736

INDEX, ... 737

ILLUSTRATIONS

IN VOLUME THIRD.

1. The Strathmore Portrait of Dundee, . . *Frontispiece*
2. The Armorial Shield of Dundee, . . *Title-page*
3. Facsimile of Dundee's Autograph, . . . Page 598
4. View of Killiecrankie, from the heights of Renrory, or Urrard, ... 630
5 Portrait of General Mackay, ... 642
6. Mourning Ring for Dundee, from a Drawing by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, ... 656
7. Lady Kilsyth (Viscountess of Dundee) and her Infant, as Discovered in the Vault at Kilsyth, 1795, . 678

PART IV.

THE CAREER OF CLAVERHOUSE FROM THE ACCESSION OF KING JAMES TO THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE, AND THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

SECTION I.—*Queensberry's quarrel with Claverhouse. King James persuaded, against his will, to exclude him from the Privy Council. Secretary Earl Murray's correspondence with Queensberry on the subject. Claverhouse restored. Colonel Douglas and the rebels. The real pistol scene. Measures of Government against Renwick's Proclamation. Oath of Abjuration. Colonel Douglas's Commission of Justiciary. The drowning of women,* lucus a non lucendo. *State of the Army. John Brown and John Brownen. The Campbells are coming. Claverhouse made a Brigadier. Argyle's invasion disposed of. Conclusion of Claverhouse's Dispatches to Queensberry.*

WE look in vain among the Queensberry Papers for a dispatch from Claverhouse announcing to the Lord Treasurer how he had satisfied eternal Justice upon the murderers of Mr Pearson, the invaders of Kirkcudbright town, and the stormers of its Tolbooth. That he had written, as usual, a particular report to head-quarters, of an affair so serious, cannot be doubted. But, unfortunately, at this very time, he had ceased to correspond with Queensberry. On the 11th December 1684, the day before the tidings of the murder of the clergyman reached the Privy Council, he was *of counsel* at that board for some poor soldiers, whom he considered to have been injudiciously and unjustly dealt with by Colonel Douglas, the brother of the Prime Minister. That high and mighty potentate was extremely jealous of his brother's reputation, and could not brook the independent spirit with which he who had so recently proved himself a friend to the poor culprits in the dungeons of Dudhope, now took up the cause of the poor soldiers at the Board of the Privy Council. The matter is not mentioned in their Register; but Fountainhall has preserved the following note of it, which certainly reflects no discredit upon our hero:—

> "December 11, 1684:—At Privy Council, a bill is given in by some of the soldiers whom Colonel Douglas had turned out of his regiment, complaining that he had taken the arrears of their pay, and clothed and shoed some of the rest of the soldiers therewith. *Claverhouse owned this bill;* and said it would discourage any to enter into his Majesty's service, if they were used thus. The High Treasurer *resented this;* and said, none would doubt but his brother knew his duty, and they had gotten coats at their entry *for nothing*, and so should pay for them. Thus *grew the difference* between Claverhouse and the Treasurer."—*Fountainhall's Historical Notices.*[1]

It was not to be expected that the laird of Claverhouse could have attained, by mere force of character, his present remarkable elevation among the statesmen and nobles of Scotland, without exciting jealousy, and making enemies even of seeming friends, ready, at every turn of the wheel, to pull him down. His own letters prove how frankly deferential he had ever been to his patron, Queensberry, whom, indeed, he had patronised very substantially in turn. And the fact that, nevertheless, in the way of retort, under supposed injustice, or personal slight, he feared the potent Prime Minister no more than he feared Sir John Dalrymple, or Sir John Cochrane, or Lord Chancellor Aberdeen, but was ready to give the greatest of them, even at the Council Board, a Roland for an Oliver, is extremely characteristic of the ardent cavalier, who, ere long, hurled a defiance at them all, which the lyric genius of Scott,—who had found *the hero* though he missed *the man*,—clothed in those heart-stirring words,—

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[1] When the Earl of Linlithgow was made Justice-General, his regiment, the Foot Guards, was given to Colonel James Douglas (through the interest of his brother), whose commission was produced to the Privy Council on the 15th of July 1684. He was originally an Advocate. His genius as a commander is indicated by this graphic account of him by Fountainhall:—"Colonel Douglas keeps them very hard every day training and exercising, and studies to get them all of one pitch or height, and will let not none of them *keep their beards long*, or to have ill cravats, or cravat strings, that they may look *young and brisk;* and when they *want*, he buys new ones *with their pay*, and causes them all tie their hair back with a ribbon, so it cannot blow about their eyes when they *risie* at their firing; and he discharges any of their officers to *keep cellars*, whereby they make the soldiers waste their pay in drinking." *Fountainhall's Historical Notices*, 13th October 1684.

> "To the Lords of Convention, 'twas CLAVERS that spoke,
> Ere the KING'S CROWN goes down, there are crowns to be broke."

It would seem, and nothing more likely, that upon the occasion in question Queensberry had evinced self-command, and the soldier's friend had not. The Chancellor Perth, and Drummond of Lundin, (now joint Secretary of State for Scotland with Earl Murray),[1] instantly reported the *fracas* to the Duke of York, a curious indication of the importance attached to a flare-up from our hero. The Lords of Session not unfrequently abused each each other on the Bench, (an amusement with which the public are never treated in these stupid days), and little notice taken of it. But Claverhouse was known to be a sort of pet, or military minion, both with the King and Duke, and any opportunity of shaking his credit in that high quarter was sure to be seized by some one. On the 18th of December, the very day on which our hero was so usefully occupied in avenging the murder of the curate of Carsphairn, his royal Highness, sorely puzzled between his two prime favourites in Scotland, and well aware of the petty jealousies among the statesmen, so apt to ruin all, thus writes to Queensberry from St. James's:—"I am sorry to hear that *Claverose* was so little master of himself the other day at Council. Both the Chancellor and Lundy gave me an account on't, and of your temper not to take advantage of it. I have a letter from *Clavrose* by the last post, who endeavours to excuse his warmth by saying, he took what was said as *levelled at him.* But of this more when Lundy shall be here." And writing again, "On New-Year's-Day, 1685," he thus recurs to the subject, as if dealing with two schoolboys,—"When I come down to you, *Clavrose* shall know I am not satisfied with his behaviour to you." But however Queensberry may have suppressed his wrath at the Board, the affair rankled in his bosom, and he did his utmost to make it tell up stairs against his most faithful and active coadjutor. He had written on the subject to Secretary Murray, (no friend to Claverhouse), who thus replies, in a letter dated from Whitehall, 30th December:—"My Dear Lord,—I have the honour of yours of the 23d, and I do assure you, the Duke is very sensible of Claverhouse's carriage in that matter wherein your Grace did so generously, and like yourself; and expressed to me as much as could be said, to show his dislike upon that occasion." But there was no generosity displayed by Queensberry in the matter. Under the littleness of his greatness the molehill became a mountain. There was a vast buz among the great ones against the bad boy *Clavrose.* Yet nobody seemed to know what it was all about. The Earl of Dunbarton, (Duke Hamilton's younger brother), in a letter to Queensberry, dated from London on the 30th of January, says,—"My Lord Lundy told me that *Claverhouse* does not *carry himself* as he ought to do to your Grace, and *does not visit you.*" Carry himself! Why, he had done much to carry Queensberry into his GRACESHIP. He was the very first to propose that envied elevation for him, and to urge it with great pertinacity, in the very closet of royalty, not many months before the somewhat daring demand was acceded to by the unwilling monarch.

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[1] Lord Maitland (Hatton's son), writes to Queensberry, dating from Westminster, 26th May 1684,—"At my arrival, I heard great and surprising news. My noble friend, the Earl of Middleton, is made one of the Secretaries of State for England, instead of Mr Godolphin, who is made First Commissioner of the Treasury in place of the Earl of Rochester, now President of the Council, the Earl of Radnor being laid aside. As this preferment is an honour to our nation, so I am confident it will be good news to your Lordship, and all the Earl of Middleton's friends." *Queensberry Papers.* In consequence of this promotion, Drummond of Lundin (afterwards Melfort), was appointed joint Secretary for Scotland, along with Earl Murray, and the Earl of Kintore succeeded to Lundin's place of Treasurer-depute.

It was fated, however, that the Duke of York was not to return to Scotland as the royal commissioner. Charles the Second died unexpectedly upon the 7th of February 1685. Queensberry and Perth, as High Treasurer and Chancellor, were summoned to Court to wait upon his successor. So these powerful statesmen had Claverhouse at their mercy, who was not there to defend himself. The summons arrived by express on the 2d of March. That same day, the Treasurer showed very savage against his quondam friend, and moreover, very unjust. Fountainhall had thought so little of the Colonel's escapade at the Council Board, that he does not favour us with a hint of what it was. Yet he pointedly notes a rude expression with which Queensberry affronted Claverhouse, soon after, while treating him most unfairly besides. "The High Treasurer," he says, "caused Hugh Wallace, cash-keeper, charge Claverhouse on a bond he had given to the Exchequer, for the fines of delinquents in Galloway." To this the Sheriff of Wigton replied,—"His brother (David Graham, Sheriff-depute), was *gathering them in*, and craved a time. They offered him five or six days. He said, that was all one, considering the distance, as if to offer him none at all. Whereon the Treasurer replied,—'*Then you shall have none.*'"[1] In this temper the great man, with his noble colleague, proceeded to Court, determining in his own mind that the gallant laird of Claverhouse should no longer retain his seat as a Privy Councillor. And about the end of March he returned from London, with the increased power and dignity of Lord High Commissioner to the Scotch Parliament, having also effected anything but a generous triumph over the most loyal and efficient of all the supporters of that sovereign whom he professed to serve with the most disinterested zeal. The letters to his Grace after his arrival in Scotland, from the Secretary Murray, suffice to prove at once the mean anxiety of these jealous nobles to humiliate, if not to extinguish, their gallant colleague, and the strong desire of his sovereign to do justice to a character he had learnt to appreciate.

Secretary Earl Murray to Queensberry.

"WHITEHALL, *April* 4, 1685.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—My dear Lord, this morning the

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[1] Fountainhall's *Historical Notices*, 2d March 1685. Of the *same date* he notes as follows:—"Account being given to the secret committee, that the *Western phanatics* were very insolent, especially against the ministers, and those *who had taken the abjuration oath*,"—*i.e.*, the oath abjuring all connection with, or approval of, the *murderous manifesto* of Renwick, affixed to the Cross of Linlithgow, and church doors,—"they send Colonel Douglas against them (*in pique to Claverhouse*, though the ministers of Galloway said Claverhouse's name was more formidable there), who made a detachment of ten chosen men out of each company to march with him to those western shires."

Earl of Sunderland sent me several papers come lately from Ireland, informing that several Scotsmen, or rather rebels, were gone from thence armed to Scotland. I sent for Lord Lundin, he being in waiting, and showed them [to] him; and, by this post, we have written a joint letter to your Grace and the Secret Committee, in which the papers are enclosed.[1] Upon this he took occasion to talk with me on the properest means for reducing the West country, and places adjacent, and securing the government from their insolent and treacherous practices. He urged, that the best expedient was to make all heritors, and others, liable to the same punishments with the fugitives, that harboured or reset any of them on their ground or lands. In this I differed from him altogether; seeing, I told him, it were the most unreasonable thing in the world to expose honest men to the mercy of such barbarous villains, who would be glad of any opportunity such as that, to expose loyal men to the forfeiture of their lives and fortunes; which, without their knowledge, one fugitive staying a night on their land could do; and it were a short and compendious way for such villains to satisfy their malice and revenge on loyal subjects, which they could do by no other means. I told him I was willing to recommend the care of it in general, and leave the particular proposals to your Lordship, who could best do it on the place, which your Grace will find the import of the letter. But it is really necessary you think on some effectual means to do it, seeing you cannot believe the noise it makes here, and the advantage the King's enemies make of it.

"Lundy read me a part of a letter he had from the Advocate, in which he says, that 'Colonel Douglas must command the army, and the Archbishop of Glasgow the Church, which displeases many, and makes great heart-burnings here.'[2] I was amazed to hear such language in a letter from him, if I could think anything a wonder he does. This I thought necessary to let your Grace know, that you may make your own particular use of it. For it is fit you know men at bottom, that you be not deceived by empty professions. Upon what ground he wrote this is best known to himself. And consider if it be fit to let it be known which way you had this. At present I rather think you had best observe a little before you notice it. But do as in your wisdom you think fit; for I will not stand to own it when you find it fitting.

---

[1] "8th April 1685.—The Duke of Queensberry, High Commissioner; the Earl of Perth, Chancellor; and Mr Arthur Ross, Archbishop of St Andrews, arrive at Edinburgh from London, having been only *eight days* by the way. The Privy Council ordered the shires through which the Commissioner passed to wait upon him."—*Fountainhall's Historical Notices*. It would thus seem that they had left London at the end of March, and that the Secretary Murray's letter to Queensberry, of the 4th of April, was written while the latter was on his journey home with the new Commission of Privy Council, in which Claverhouse's name was not.

[2] Old General Dalyell was now *vergens ad inertiam*. Tarbat, writing to Queensberry, 25th August 1685, says—"Sunday's evening the good old General died of an apoplexy." On the 22d of May 1685, the Earl of Dunbarton, Duke Hamilton's younger brother, was invested with a commission, cumulative with the old General's, to command the forces in Scotland, whereby he reaped the great glory of defeating King Campbell the Second.

"Last night the King told me, that, though he had put Claverhouse off the Council to show him and others that he would support his minister, and not suffer any to do unfit or misbecoming things, especially to those who served under the most eminent characters, yet he wished that I would write to Claverhouse, and tell him, that, he making acknowledgment of his fault to your Grace, he would restore him to his place and favour. I told his Majesty it was, in my humble opinion, most unfit. When he said,—'Might he not order the Earl of Middleton to do it?' I told him that was yet worse, being a secretary of England; and when he heard my reasons, they would answer both. I told him, *he knew* Claverhouse to be of a *high, proud, and peremptory humour;* and if such a letter were written to him, he would conceive that what the King had done was not his own choice, but extorted by importunity; which would certainly blow up his humour to a greater insolence than ever; besides, that he would certainly talk of it with insufferable conceit and vanity; which would be a greater rub on his ministers than scraping his name out of the list of Commission of Council could be to Claverhouse. A *great deal more I said,* which I need not trouble your Grace with. But, *at last,* the King was convinced I was in the right, and laid it aside. I told him, so soon as Claverhouse made application to your Grace, and such due acknowledgment as was fit, I knew you would *intercede* to have him put on the Council again. This has been put into the King's head, but I do not know by whom.[1] I am under physic, and had much to do to write so much.

"I am, may it please your Grace, my dear Lord, your most humble and most faithful servant,

"MORRAY."

Five days after the date of this letter, the fact of our hero's *disgrace* (very disagreeable to the King and mysterious to the public) was announced at the Board, as thus recorded by Fountainhall:—"April 9, 1685.—At the Privy Council a new Commission was produced, omitting none of the former Privy Councillors, but only Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, because of the discords we have formerly remarked between him and the High Treasurer and his brother. The *pretence* was, that having married into the Lord Dundonald's fanatic family, it was *not safe to commit the King's secrets to him.*" If such a pretence was really given out to the public, those indignant letters on the subject, which he had written to Queensberry himself before any quarrel arose, prove how false it was. Meanwhile our contumacious ex-Councillor makes no sign of kneeling to the Lord of Sanquhar and Drumlanrig, even after his elevation to be Royal Commissioner. His Grace, on the other hand, appears to have condescended to complain of this; for, on the 14th of April, the noble Secretary again writes to him:—"I *wonder* at *Claverous's insolence*, that makes *no application* to your Grace! I hope, and I am confident, the King will not notice him till he does it, and [then] by *your intercession.*" These great ones little knew the man they were attempting, after this factious and childish fashion, to extinguish. On the 11th of April, his exclusion from the Privy Council having been announced at the Board two days before, he betook himself as usual to his ever active pen. He wrote one letter to Earl Murray, another to his former ally Earl Middleton, and a third to the new joint Secretary for Scotland, Drummond of Lundin, or, as we may now call him, Viscount Melfort.[1] Unfortunately these letters (doubtless most characteristic) are not recovered; but we learn the fact from the intriguing nobleman who was striving to undermine him:—

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[1] On the contrary, it is perfectly plain, from Earl Murray's own showing, that it was in the *King's heart.*

Secretary Earl Murray to Queensberry.

"WHITEHALL, *April* 18, 1685.

"*Claverous* wrote a letter to Earl Middleton, and another to me, desiring us to move the King that he might have leave to come up.

---

[1] Drummond of Lundin's patent as Viscount Melfort, and Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat's, as Viscount Tarbat, were produced to the Privy Council in Scotland, on the 21st of April 1685.—*See before*, p. 330, the incubation of Tarbat's peerage.

We compared notes; but these were only for the fashion, which we could easily observe when we considered the strain of both. The chief one was to 559 (*Lundin*),[1] and fearing he would be *first tabled*, it was resolved I should go immediately to the King and speak to him about it, which I did. I found he had been *dealt with* in the matter, by his way of answering me at first, and therefore I resolved to *speak home.* I told him I was so far Claverhouse's friend, that, for his own sake, I begged his Majesty by no means to allow of his coming up; but much more was I bound in duty to represent to him the hurt and prejudice it would be to his own service, as well as the injury it would be to your Grace, who served him so faithfully in such an eminent station; that, his Majesty being sensible of his great miscarriage, had him put off the Council as a mark of his displeasure; yet, notwithstanding thereof, he had hitherto made *no application to your Grace*, which I hoped his Majesty looked upon as a high aggravation of his former *insolence*, and deserved *further punishment*, rather than anything of favour; that he knew his temper, and that his being here could only serve to make noise, create trouble to his Majesty, and by his humour expose himself: and *much more* to this purpose. Upon which the King said I was in the right; and so commanded me to write this answer to him, whereof I have written a copy in the end of this paper, that you may know what I have said and make such use of it as your Grace thinks fit. Sure I am 07 (Lundin) is much disappointed. I had several other things to write of, but must defer them till next post.

" *Copy of my Letter to Claverouse.*

" SIR:—I had yours of the 11th, and acquainted the King with your desire of leave to come up, and am commanded to return you this answer: That when you have made your application to his Commissioner, and, by his favourable representation, is restored to your place in Council, his Majesty will allow you to come up; but by no means before that time.

" Now, I shall say from myself, as your friend and well-wisher, that I am sorry you have not before this time addressed yourself to the Commissioner, who, I dare confidently say, would very generously receive it, and recommend you respectfully to his Majesty. It is from kind inclinations towards you that I take this freedom. And do me the justice to believe I am your hearty well-wisher, and, Sir, your faithful servant."'[1]

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[1] The concealed names in this letter are decyphered thereon by Queensberry.

Nevertheless, while thus poisoning the King's ear with ill-natured and exaggerated accounts of Claverhouse's *insolence*, "and much more to this purpose," Earl Murray, to his shame be it recorded, was well aware that the high-spirited object of his invectives had been guilty of nothing more than a few hasty words at the Council Board, under some real or fancied provocation. Secretary Melfort so expressed himself on the subject, while his colleague was labouring to crush the best Captain and most loyal Statesman of the time, whose well-tried services were at that crisis especially necessary in support of the throne. The Earl of Dunbarton (about to take the command-in-chief of the forces in Scotland), thus writes to Queensberry from London, on the 21st of April:—"He (Earl Murray) also *told me*, that as to Claverhouse, what he said in Council was *not so much as was made a noise of, and he thought he would be able to justify himself*;[2] but, for all that, he was always for supporting of your Grace's authority. Your Grace may be sure that your friends here will always be watching to know (what) passes, and take all courses imaginable for your Grace's services." It would seem from this, that they regarded more his Grace's interests than the service of the throne, or truth and justice. The Secretary's correspondence with the Lord High Commissioner lays bare the whole intrigue, and its chief object. Colonel Douglas was to supersede Colonel Graham as the leading military statesman in Scotland, and future Commander-in-Chief, while the latter was to be kept down, and resolved into a mere commander of horse. But the following letter shows how the guilty consciences of the conspirators were haunted with apparitions of a certain bold dragoon, with his "long sword, saddle, bridle," suddenly appearing in London,—his servant seen on Change,—himself glaring out of a hackney coach!

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[1] *Queensberry Papers*. On the back of this letter to Queensberry is written,—"*To yourself alone*."

[2] Which truth it was, that made Earl Murray so extremely anxious to prevent Claverhouse from seeing the King.

Secretary Earl Murray to Queensberry.

"WHITEHALL, *April* 28, 1685.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—My dearest Lord, having nothing from you these two or three posts past to answer, I have little more to say than what I wrote in my last. There has been a talk as if *Claverous* had been in town. Some said, *confidently*, they had seen his servant on the Exchange. Others, that they saw himself in a coach. But I cannot find any good ground for it; besides that, Lord Melfort told me this morning that he had a letter from him by the post yesterday, and that there was no such thing as his coming from Scotland at all. Yesterday, Earl Dunbarton told me that he cannot set out from this before Monday next, but will then make all the dispatch he can to be quickly with your Grace. Idle stories are every day forged here. Earl Dunbarton asked me if I had heard anything of your brother Colonel Douglas being wounded in some private quarrel.[1] I told him, no; and I was sure it was as false as Hell. When you see him, enquire, and he will tell your Grace from whom he had it. My dearest Lord, *Adieu.*"

And yet with all this, and notwithstanding the letter of rebuke he had written to Claverhouse, as if from the King, of some date prior to the 18th of April, the Secretary indicates, by another letter to Queensberry, dated 30th April, that the royal ear required as much poisoning as ever to prejudice it against the gallant object of their petty cabal.

"I have been urging, these four-and-twenty hours, a time to speak to the King of *Claverouse*, and other things; but he is so taken up now, before the sitting of the Parliament here, that it's a hard matter to get time. But I hope I shall very shortly, and then your Grace shall have a better account of all. I *whispered in his ear* this morning, as he went into his closet with the Treasurer, that he would not be prevailed with *to do anything relating to Claverouse* till I spoke with him,—which I have reason to expect he will not."

"As to the bringing down of the Highlanders, you will find by my former letters as well as this, that the King approves well of it. And himself said to me, that at [?] if any came from Holland with

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[1] Probably some rumour of a duel between Colonel Graham and Colonel Douglas, on the subject of the soldier's complaint to the Privy Council, which had been presented by Claverhouse.

design to raise a rebellion, there was no way like *pouring in the Highlanders upon them.*"[1]

The northern nobles, especially Athole, favoured this idea. Their own power and importance as great chieftains would be thereby enhanced,—and Othello's occupation gone. But the day was not far distant when another proof was to be afforded to the world, that not a chieftain beyond Forth could inspire the chivalry of the tartan as a Graham could. A time when Athole, and Murray, and Breadalbane, and such "proud birds of the mountain," were to be taught that not a nobleman who claimed a symbol for his bonnet, or a check for his vesture, could vie with a Graham in bringing glory to the Highlanders.[2] That not Montrose himself, the greatest of the Grahams, knew better how to congregate, to keep together, and lead to victory, against fearful odds, a phalanx of invincible claymores, than did he whom his admiring master called *Clavrose*, and created DUNDEE. This poor attempt to keep down a genius whose destinies outsoared their petty malice, was all in vain. And yet the northern Secretary, even so late as 3d May 1685, still kept writing to the King's representative in Scotland,—"As to *Claverous*, I hope *Z* [the King] will not listen to what some would have him do in that matter."[3]

The King *did not*. While so far humouring these factious nobles, on whom he was leaning much at the time, as to exclude our hero's name from the first commission of Privy Council issued in that reign, James determined in his own mind, that Claverhouse, whom manifestly he had rusticated with great reluctance, should be restored to his seat at that Board with the least possible delay. Accordingly, about ten days after the date of his letter last quoted, Secretary Earl Murray

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[1] "21st April 1685.—Upon rumours of fears of Argyle's landing, &c., the Privy Council ordain twelve hundred Highlanders to be presently sent into the Western shires, under the command of Lieutenant-General Drummond, and of *Colonel Douglas*, that what the King's forces had left, these *caterpillars* might eat."—*Fountainhall's Historical Notices*. Not fairly put, as sometimes happened with this whig journalist. He is obliged to confess afterwards, however, that the invasion (which he treats with great contempt), was imminent.

[2] See before, p. 369, *note*.

[3] Queensberry Papers.

is constrained, doubtless *multum gemens*, to frame a royal letter, as follows:—

"JAMES R."

"Right trusty, and right entirely beloved," &c.—"Whereas, in consideration both of the loyalty and abilities of our right trusty and well beloved John Grahame of Claverhouse, Colonel of our regiment of horse in that our ancient kingdom, we have thought fit to add him to our Privy Council there:—it is now our will and pleasure, and we do now authorise and require you to admit and receive him into that our Privy Council in the ordinary form and manner in such cases accustomed, for doing whereof this shall be your warrant. And so we bid you heartily farewell.—Given at our Court at Whitehall, the eleventh day of May 1685, and of our reign the first year.

"By his Majesty's command,

"MORRAY."[1]

By what *hocus pocus* of the noble Secretary, whether by "whispering in the King's ear," or actually withholding the royal letter, it was not brought before the Privy Council of Scotland until the 20th of June after the date it bears, is of no great consequence to inquire. The important fact established is this:—Whereas the name of Colonel Graham of Claverhouse was pointedly omitted from the new Commission of Privy Council, recorded on the 9th of April 1685, his name was ordered to be restored to that high place as a Scotch statesman, by the King's command, contained in a royal letter, bearing date 11th May of that same year. But not until the sederunt of 16th July thereafter do we find it recorded in the Register, that the laird of Claverhouse having taken the oaths of Allegiance, of a Privy Councillor, and the Test, was re-admitted, and took his place in Council, conform to his Majesty's letter. Meanwhile, by such management as we have disclosed, the star of Colonel James Douglas seemed to culminate for a short time even above that of "Bloody Clavers." From the invaluable Fountainhall we learn what success attended the first and only attempt of the brother of the Lord High Commissioner to eclipse our hero in crushing the skulking and truculent rebellion of the conventiclers.

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[1] The letter re-appointing Claverhouse to the Privy Council is produced there on the 20th of June 1685, and is preceded in the Register by these words:—"The letter under-written from his most sacred Majesty direct to his Privy Council, for receiving Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse on the Council being read, was ordered to be recorded on their books, of which the tenor follows."

> "*January*, 1685.—The few handfuls of fanatic rebels left in the West turning *very insolent*, the High Treasurer, *to put a rub on Claverhouse*, who had been lately there in December last, and could not wholly suppress them, causes his brother, Colonel James Douglas, select out of his whole regiment [the Foot Guards], two hundred of his prettiest men, and by order of the Privy Council, sends them against these rogues, that the glory of defeating them might fall to his share. And accordingly, Douglas being one day in the fields of Galloway, with a small party of eight or ten, he meets with as many of the rebels at a house, who kill two of his men, and Captain Urquhart, Meldrum's brother, and had *very nearly shot Douglas himself dead*, had not the Whig's carbine misgiven; whereupon Douglas *pistolled him presently*. Urquhart is the only staff officer this *desperate crew* have yet had the honour to kill. He was brought into Edinburgh, and buried with much respect."—*Historical Notices.*

The policy of every government, from all time down to the present, in dealing with difficult emergencies, and popular collisions with the State, may be, and ever has been, *questioned*. It would be strange, then, if that terrible crisis of Renwick's murderous proclamation, immediately followed by practical obedience thereto, and with a cognate invasion of the kingdom at the same instant imminent from abroad, had been met, and by a distracted and divided government, with any policy that could possibly stand the test of time and experience, and remain *unquestioned*. But be the policy of the Queensberry administration sound or unsound, the statesmen of the day, who then happened to be responsible for the public safety and the standing of the Throne, did what was extremely natural, considering that each and all of them were in daily danger of the fate of the Primate of Scotland.[1] Fountainhall, not likely to make a case for the Government he opposed, and did not always fairly record, declares that these "wild fanatics" (or "wild cats," as Tarbat so well named them) "ridiculously keep mock courts of justice, and cite any *they judge* their inveterate enemies, to them, and *lead probation*, and *condemn them*, and thereafter *murder them*. And thus they proceeded against Nory, minister of Dunfermline; but he kept himself out of their way." A state of affairs so desperate as this, growing worse and worse, instead of better, under mitigated treatment, (just because Government had to deal with a nine-lived cat of anarchy begotten by Dutch intrigue upon Scotch fanaticism), called for sudden and desperate remedies, which could not fail to be equivocal in policy, and unsatisfactory in effect. But we shall let the Lord Advocate of the day, whose office none need have envied, tell his own story.

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[1] It would be interesting and instructive, on the subject, to see the following documents which are secluded in the Hamilton charter-chest. "*State Papers, and orders to Duke Hamilton*, as Colonel of the militia regiment of Lithgow and Peebles, concerning a new rising in the west, and a treasonable paper published, and affixed

> "As to the Act made in Council, allowing soldiers to kill such as *refused to own the King's authority*,[1] it is answered, that, there being many proclamations issued out by the dissenters, declaring that the

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on the Church doors by the covenanted army, asserting the legality of destroying the King and all in his service, whether in Church, State, Army, or Country. 1684." "Descriptive Catalogue of the great collection of State Papers, and other historical documents, preserved at Hamilton Palace."—*Printed for the Maitland Club*, 1847.

[1] There was no act of Council literally "allowing soldiers to kill such as refused to own the King's authority." That was the conventiclers' judaical mode of putting it, and of founding their gross calumnies, which have so sadly poisoned history. The news of the murder of the two gentlemen of the royal guard, reached the Privy Council on the 20th of November 1684. On the 22d the Judges return their answer to this query: "Whether any of his Majesty's subjects, being questioned by his Majesty's Judges, or Commissioners, if they own a late proclamation, in so far as it *declares war against his sacred Majesty*, and asserts that it is *lawful to kill* all those who are employed by his Majesty, refusing to answer upon oath, are thereby guilty of *high treason*, and art and part in the said treasonable declarations ?" The answer of the Judges was unanimously in the affirmative. "It being then put to the vote in Council, whether or not any person who owns, or does not disown, the late traitorous declaration, upon oath, *whether they have arms or not*, should be immediately killed, before *two witnesses, and* the person or persons who are to have *instructions* from the Council to that effect ? Carried in the affirmative." The clause as to arms appears to have been in consequence of previous secret orders, issued on the spur of the moment, before the Judges were consulted, placing the lieges under martial law for a fortnight, but the operation restricted to "those who were found in arms." This would not, however, answer the purpose, as the rogues took every care not to be caught in arms, unless in sufficient numbers.—*Privy Council Register*. See also *Tarbat's Letter to Queensberry*, quoted before, p. 424.

King had *forfeited his right*, by breaking the Covenant, and that therefore *it was lawful to kill him* and *those who served him*—many accordingly being killed—it was thought necessary by some (upon the fresh news of murdering some of the King's Horse Guard at Swyne Abbey, *in their beds*), to terrify them out of this extravagancy, by allowing the soldiers to use them *as in a war*, in which, if any call 'for whom are you?' and the others owning that they were for the enemy, it is lawful then to kill. And thus they felt their folly and the necessary effects of their principle. And yet *still it was ordered*, that none should be killed except those who were found *in arms*, *owning that principle of assassination*, and *refusing* to clear themselves of their having been in *accession* to the *declaring of war*, which they had there begun. Nor were these killed but when their *deliberate refusal* could be *proved by two witnesses.* But that it may plainly appear, that no more was in all this intended by the governors than to secure the public peace, by terrifying those assassins who had so manifestly invaded it, *secret orders* were given that this should not last above *a fortnight*, and that none should be killed except those who were found in the *publicly printed list of declared rebels*, who may be killed by the laws of all nations; and but *very few*, even of those rebels, were killed, though this has been made the foundation of *many dreadful lies.* This mischief was intolerable in itself; and we desire to know how it could be otherwise remedied; for the law must find cures for all mischiefs; and those *who occasioned them* should, of all others, be least allowed to complain."

This fortnight's martial law, suddenly improvised for a desperate emergency, was reduced to legal and constitutional system, and anxiously regulated by acts of Council, royal Commissions, proclamations, and instructions, so soon as the Government could gather their wits for the occasion. The proclamations of the assassins, in which they travestied the forms of law and established government, continuing to be secretly pasted on church doors and market-crosses—"so that no man *who served the King* could know whether or not his murderer was at his elbow,"—the functions of the Lord Advocate became more severely taxed than ever. Sir George himself tells us—"The Advocate being desired to raise processes against some who owned those pernicious principles, he prevailed with the Council to ask the opinion of all the Judges, upon this *query*, viz.—Whether, any of his Majesty's subjects being questioned by his Majesty's judges, or commissioners, if *they own* a late proclamation, *in so far as it does declare war against his sacred Majesty*, and *asserts* that it is *lawful to kill* all those who are employed by his Majesty, are thereby guilty of high treason, and are *art and part* of the said treasonable declaration, *Salus populi* requiring that *every one* should contribute what was in his power to the preservation of society?"[1] To this public question, a Bench, composed of the most humane and learned men that ever sustained the high reputation of a great judicial establishment, returned an unhesitating and unanimous answer in the affirmative. "It is the unanimous opinion," they replied, "of the Lords of Council and Session, that a libel in the terms of the said *query* is relevant to infer the crime of treason, as *art and part* of the said treasonable declaration, against the refusers."[2] This opinion bears date the 22d of November 1684. On the 23d a royal Commission of Justiciary is issued by the Privy Council, applicable to the locality of the recent murder of the two guardsmen, accompanied by special *Instructions* which enable us to see how that extreme penalty of the law, for *owning*, or *refusing to disown*, Renwick's treasonable and murderous declaration, was ordered to be practically applied. There was no such thing as the fanatical writers have asserted, that any common soldier might put a rapid question to any of the lieges, and then kill him on the spot, upon his own judgment of the answer. The instructions to the royal commissioners were, to convocate all the inhabitants, men and women, above the age of fourteen, of the western parishes of Livingstone, Bathgate, Torphichen, and Calders, (Easter, Wester, and Middle), and to offer them the following oath of abjuration:—

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[1] Sir George Mackenzie's Vindication of the Government. The degree of alarm (which was perfectly justified by daily occurrences) prevailing at this time, will be understood from the following :—" May 3d, 1685.—A strict search is made through the whole precincts of the Abbey of Holyrood House, on *an account sent from the West*, to the Commissioner and Chancellor, that Mr James Renwick, the field-preacher, was lurking in Edinburgh, and some design against them. There was nothing found nor discovered. However, the guards were doubled there, at Court, and within the town."—*Fountainhall's Decisions.*

[2] The Judges who returned this opinion were, the Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor ; Sir David Falconer of Newton, Lord President ; Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, Lord Clerk Register ; Sir James Foulis of Colinton, Lord Justice Clerk ; Sir John Lockhart of Castlehill ; Sir David Balfour of Forret ; Sir James Foulis of Reidfurd ; Sir Alexander Seton of Pitmedden ; Sir Patrick Ogilvie of Boyne ; Sir Roger Hog of Harcarse ; Sir Andrew Birnie of Saline ; Sir George Nicholson of Kemnay ; Sir Thomas Stewart of Blair ; Sir Patrick Lyons of Carse ; and, John Wauchope of Edmonstone.

> "I do hereby abhor, renounce, and disown, in the presence of the Almighty God, the pretended *declaration of war* lately affixed at several parish churches, in so far as it *declares war against his sacred Majesty*, and asserts that it is *lawful to kill* such as serve his Majesty in Church, State, Army, or Country; or such as act against the authors of the pretended declaration now shown me. And I do hereby utterly renounce and disown the villanous authors thereof, who did, as they call it, statute and ordain the same, and what is therein mentioned. And I swear I shall never assist the authors of the said pretended declaration, or their emissaries or adherents in any point of punishing, killing, or making of war any manner of way, as I shall answer to God."—*Privy Council Register.*

And this was the famous *Abjuration Oath* of the year 1685, which such constitutional historians as Fox and Macaulay, with a very convenient *reticence* as to its real object and actual terms, always forbear quoting, while they insinuate or assume that it was some refining, and scarcely intelligible test of religion or politics, pressing severely for dear life's sake upon the conscience of the zealot, or unfairly upon the understanding of fools. On the contrary, that oath was framed, after anxious legal deliberations, expressly in reference to Renwick's declaration, and framed in such terms that none but a traitor and murderer, in heart and intention, if not in fact and deed, could for a moment hesitate to take it, if his mental condition were such as to qualify him to take an oath at all. Accordingly, the instructions to the Western Commissioners were,—" And if any *own* the late traitorous declaration, or *assassinations of the soldiers,* ye shall execute them by military execution on the place: And such as *refuse to answer and depone*, or will not *disown* the said traitorous declaration, and the principles and practice of *assassinations*, you shall *give them a libel*, instantly call fifteen men as a jury, and let them judge them, and instantly execute the sentence of death on such as do so refuse to disown, or to answer to the questions before the said jury."[1]

Claverhouse, and his firm friend, Colin Earl Balcarres, were commissioned to perform the same harassing functions in the districts where their own lands lay:—

> "*15th January* 1685.—This day the Circuit Justiciary Court for the shire of Fife began, where the Earl of Balcarres and Claverhouse sat by the King's and the Privy Council's commission, where they proposed, first, the *Oath of Abjuration* of the late fanatical declaration of war, conform to the new Act of Privy Council, to be taken by *men and women of all ranks above sixteen;* and the country being thus purged, then a general indemnity to all but those under process was expected to follow; which they would rather make the King's deed than give the Parliament any share in it. The *second* proposal was requiring their offer of a voluntary cess."—*Fountainhall's Historical Notices.*

This was the last commission which our hero derived from Charles the Second, who died in the month of February. At this time he was still a Privy Councillor. By the 9th of April, however, he was excluded from the new commission, as we have seen, and soon after his commission of Justiciary expired. A new commission, of sword and mace combined, was at this time issued against his familiar haunts of the South and West. But the *beau sabreur*, the *Murat* of the troubles, he who my Lady Kate Kennedy called the *Persecutor*, and who owned himself "a cleanser from that plague of Presbytery," no longer occupied either the saddle or the judgment-seat in the country of his young bride, doubtless to her great delight. He had a little more time now to dwell with her at Dudhope, and to enjoy the plaisance of that ornate and long-coveted abode, although not quite sufficient to acquire that virtue of domestic leisure which he confessed he lacked,—"patience to build and plant." Accordingly, he is marked as absent at a sederunt of Privy Council (of which he was still a member), dated 27th March 1685, when there is read a commission running in the name of "James, by the Grace of God," &c., and appointing "our trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Colonel James Douglas, Colonel of our regiment of Guards, (foot), to be our Justice in all the Southern and Western shires, to the effect underwritten." The most ample judicial powers are by this conferred upon the gallant rival of Colonel Graham; and a numerous host of assistant Commissioners (being all the principal heritors of the different districts) are named in the commission, and placed under his orders. The endurance of it, however, is limited "until the 20th day of April next, unless the same be further prolonged or recalled."

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[1] Register of the Privy Council. The royal Commissioners in whom this important trust was reposed, were the Lords Livingstone, Ross, and Torphichen; Lieutenant George Murray of the troop of Guards; Sir Mark Cass, Lieutenant of the third troop of Claverhouse's horse; Cornet George Home of the troop of Guards; and the lairds of Balbachly, Polkemmet, Potteshaw, and Bads.

The instructions from the Privy Council to Colonel Douglas under this commission, relative to the mode of dealing with female traitors, were particularly humane. The Government had good reason to know how dangerous fanatical women were at this crisis, and how apt to inflame men to madness. But considering the excitable nature of the sex, and how often reciprocally misled, the inclination of Government ever was to deal with them as leniently as possible. Accordingly, the following instruction appears among those by which Colonel Douglas and his subordinate Commissioners were to be guided:—

> "If any person *own* the principles [of Renwick's proclamation], or do not *disown* them, they must be judged *at least by three*. And you must immediately give them a libel, and *the names of the inquest and witnesses*, and they being found guilty, are to be hanged immediately in the place, *according to law*. But, at this time, you are not to examine any *women* but such as have been *active* in the said courses *in a signal manner*, and those are to be *drowned*."

Thus we find the first severe measures carefully revised, with important safeguards and ameliorations, in less than two months after the date of the murder of the Guardsmen, and the instructions to the Commission for Linlithgowshire. Martial law was withdrawn. The meaning of the order to *drown* the women cannot be mistaken. Men doomed under the circumstances were to suffer "according to law." That is to say, they were to endure the barbarous process (imported from England), of being hanged, drawn, and quartered. But as for women, even in the most flagrant cases, and none but such were to be tried, their doom was simply drowning.[1] While this Commission was sitting at Wigton, two women, and only two, incurred this doom. Margaret Lauchlison, an old woman somewhat under seventy; and Margaret Wilson, a young woman upwards of twenty. From the manner in which their names have been coupled in fanatical tradition, and still more from the fact, that mercy was extended to them both under the same deliverance by the Privy Council, we may hold that they had sinned together, and were tried and doomed together. This occurred on the 13th of April 1685. The only rational conclusion is, that the case was a flagrant one, that they had *signalised* themselves as wild cats, and been extremely obstinate. Of course they were condemned to be drowned. But from the very first there must have been an idea of sparing them, and a desire to do so. They were not ordered for immediate execution. Of some date between the 13th and the 30th April, the old woman petitioned the Privy Council for mercy, and prayed to be allowed to take the oath she had obstinately refused, abjuring all connection and sympathy with treason and assassination. That the young one had petitioned also (though the document has not been found), cannot be doubted; for *both* are reprieved *sine die*, (in fact, *pardoned*), on the 30th of April. That the Lords Justices by whom they were doomed at Wigton could not have carried out that sentence had the Privy Council ordered them for execution on the 30th April, is certain. That royal commission had expired on the 20th of April; and in another royal commission, with which General Drummond was invested, dated 21st

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[1] Charles Fox, in his History, when recording (from Wodrow), what he calls "the massacre of fanatics,"—says:—"The disowning the Declaration was required to be in a particular form prescribed: Women, obstinate in their fanaticism, lest female blood should be a stain upon the *swords of soldiers* engaged in this *honourable* employment, *were drowned*," (p. 129). What fanatical nonsense is this? In the first place, *soldiers* and *swords* had nothing earthly to do with this instruction about the drowning of women: And, second, *no woman whatever was drowned*, as a State criminal, either in the reign of Charles the Second or James the Seventh. Fox, leaning slavishly upon Wodrow and Malcolm Laing, and thinking more of historic style (in which he did not succeed), than the truth of history, knew not what he wrote of. How, indeed, was it possible for the thunderer of St Stephens', and the rattler of "seven's-the-main," to inform himself accurately against Wodrow and Laing!

April 1685, these words occur: "And further, we hereby declare all former commissions granted by us or our Privy Council for *trying*, or *punishing*, the said crimes in the country, either to *noblemen, gentlemen*, or *officers of our army*, to be *void and extinct*."[1]

But the laird of Claverhouse, although denuded for the time of all his judicial functions, and made to stand like a bad boy in the corner, was much too valuable to be for a moment dispensed with as a military commander. In that quality he was *facile princeps*, and still commanded the only regiment of horse (as distinguished from dragoons), in Scotland, and a mighty fine regiment it must have been. It was composed of six troops; and every troop (except the leading one, of which Claverhouse himself was Captain), had a nobleman at the head of it. It is amusing to find Lord Macaulay dressing up his want of knowledge of the subject with magniloquent and dictatorial airs of superior information. The reader of his glowing pages is often impelled to ask,—what was it this historian did *not* know? But when his reader becomes his *student*, alas! admiration is chilled by the growing inquiry, what was it that this historian really *did* know? He tells us that, in 1685,—"Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous, were given up to the *license of the army*. With the army was *mingled a militia*, composed of the most violent and profligate of those who *called themselves Episcopalians*. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts, were the dragoons commanded by *James* Graham of Claverhouse,"—and then comes his brilliant touch about "Beelzebub and Apollyon."[2] When History, though clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, resolves herself into such verbiage as this, she is no better than a "maiden of eighteen," and deserves be ducked in the Solway. No shire in Scotland was ever given up to the "license of the soldiery." The militia was not "mingled with the army." Neither militia nor army were composed of *Episcopalian* Beelzebubs and Apollyons. They were only *not* composed of Presbyterian Balfours and Hackstones, Camerons, and cut-throats.[1] We have already illustrated how anxiously and justly both Lord Ross and Claverhouse, when on active service against the armed conventiclers, the "wild cats," in 1679, enforced the strictest order among their troops, and were ready to take up the cause of the people against every soldier who exceeded his duty, or indulged in the least degree of license.[2] In 1685, Claverhouse commanded a splendid regiment of horse, worthy of the first cavalier of his times. They were under the finest discipline. Witness how they stood those tremendous day and night marches among moors and mosses never before ridden, in pursuit of a viewless enemy, without disorder, and without a murmur, save such as their gallant leader sympathised with as just. The muster-roll for the month of May 1685, that very month so fatal to Christian carriers and tender maidens, is before us. Let us see how these Beelzebubs and Apollyons were officered.

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[1] Register of the Privy Council. This accounts for the fact, that the reprieve of the women, on the 30th April 1685, "discharges the *Magistrates of Edinburgh* for putting of the said sentence to execution against them," and not the Magistrates of *Wigton*. The condemned women had been removed to head-quarters after petitioning for mercy. The Provost of Wigton was himself in Edinburgh at the time. See before, p. 78.

[2] See before, vol. i. pp. 4-7.

"*Regiment of Horse consisting of Six Troops.*

"1*st.* John Grahame of Claverhouse, *Colonel:* Andrew Bruce, *Cap-*

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[1] See before, pp. 190, 203.

[2] Could Lord Macaulay have explained in what manner, and by whom, this militia was "composed," upon the strange footing he asserts? From the nature of its constitution, that domestic force was somewhat liable to be tainted with whiggery, and deficient in loyal activity and energy; but never to become cruel oppressors of the people. We doubt if any historian ever wrote such nonsense before, as that the protective militia of Scotland, in the troubled reigns of Charles and James, were "composed of the most *violent* and *profligate* of those who called themselves Episcopalians." But perhaps Lord Macaulay meant their officers. Now, who were they! We have before us "*A list of the officers of the militia of foot and horse, as they are contained in the new Commission* 1683,"—too long to be transcribed here. But it contains all the illustrious names in the kingdom, of various shades of politics. The Duke of Hamilton; the Marquisses of Montrose, Douglas, Athole, and Queensberry; the Earls Marischal, Home, Winton, Airlie, Balcarres, Breadalbane, Strathmore, Erroll, Murray, Seaforth, Southesk, Kintore, Aberdeen, Galloway, Dunfermline; Viscount Oxenford; Lords, Provost of Edinburgh, Yester, Elphinstone, Burntisland, Keith, Boyne, Down, Duffus, Lovat, Sinclair, Lindores, Murray, Elibank, Drumlanrig; with which illustrious commanders and captains of militia were associated the most distinguished lairds of every district.—*Duntroon Papers.*

tain-Lieutenant: David Grahame, *Cornet:* James Kinnaird, *Quartermaster:* Robert Grahame of Morphie, *Aid-Major.*

"2*d.* Earl of Drumlanrig, *Lieutenant-Colonel:*[1] Francis Crichton, *Lieutenant:* James Nasmith, *Cornet:* John Cockburn, *Quartermaster.*

"3*d.* Lord Ross, *Major:*[2] Sir Mark Cass, *Lieutenant:* Sir Adam Blair, *Cornet:*[3] John Clelland, *Quartermaster.*[4]

"4*th.* Earl of Airlie, *Captain:*[5] William Grahame, *Lieutenant:* Sir James Keith, *Cornet:* James Urquhart, *Quartermaster.*

"5*th.* Earl of Balcarres, *Captain:*[6] Clackmannan, *Lieutenant:* James Fletcher, *Cornet:* John Finlay, *Quartermaster.*

"6*th.* Lord William Douglas, *Captain:* James Stewart, *Lieutenant:* William Douglas, *Cornet:* Archibald Douglas, *Quartermaster.*

Troop of Guards.

"Lord Livingstone, *Captain:* George Murray,[7] David Hay, *Lieutenants:* George Hume, *Cornet:* William Dalmahoy, *Quartermaster.*

Thus were officered the troops which Claverhouse usually led in person, with occasional reinforcements from the regiment of dragoons, of which the Colonel was old Dalyell, Commander-in-chief, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, Lord Charles Murray. And these, and such like, are the noblemen and gentlemen whom we must suppose answerable for that alleged "license of the soldiery," whereby, as whig historians have laboured to persuade the world, the South and West of Scotland, their cottage homes, and peaceful Christian peasantry, were turned into the shambles of the kingdom, with their natural guardians for the butchers! "The *meanest sentinel*," says Malcolm Laing, "was invested *often* with Justiciary powers." Did this historian know what Justiciary powers meant? Colonel Graham, "Bloody Clavers," himself reports to head-quarters, that he could not deal with the rebel *John Brownen*, when falling into his hands in 1685, because he himself was at the time not invested with "Justiciary powers." It scarcely suffices to say of Malcolm Laing's violent assertions on the subject, that they are not true. It is the spirit of a "Hind Let Loose," a "Cloud of Witnesses," and *Wodrow*, concentrated into a page or two of the bitterest whig calumnies that ever blistered history with the malignity of fanatical falsehood.[1] He calls 1685 "a sanguinary period from which historians have averted their eyes with horror"! They had better have used their eyes to see what was the truth. The whig Fountainhall looked at it, and most closely, from day to day, and not a hint of such horrors have we from him. To be sure, if the object be to chronicle calumny, and mystify it with verbiage, the historian may put his eyes in his pocket, or, like the ancient fair, only look at facts through his fan. Nay, gentle reader, in respect of the splendour of his diction, the grace of his style, and the fire of his eloquence, believe, if you will, that triumphant historian who glorifies with the same fervour, and with equal truth, John Brown, the rebel outlaw, and William of Orange, the murderous King of Glencoe;—who tells you that every Highlander harboured vermin about his person, and every kilt covered the itch; but don't submit your mind, as Charles Fox did, to Malcolm Laing. Stir the fire, and whether you believe in Ossian or not, sacrifice those four volumes of dull declamation, and eye-averted researches, called Laing's History of Scotland, to the indignant manes of the mighty Fingal.

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[1] Queensberry's eldest son. See before, p. 335, *note*, as to his appointment.

[2] The son of Claverhouse's companion-in-arms in the West, in 1679. See before p. 334.

[3] Sir Adam Blair of Carberry, wounded in the encounter with Sir John Cochrane before the capture of Argyle.

[4] Killed in the encounter with Sir John Cochrane.

[5] Strange to say, this is the same Earl of Airlie who, as Lord Ogilvy, was aid-decamp to the great Marquis of Montrose in 1644, and suffered so much in the cause of Charles the First. See our Memoirs of Montrose, vol. ii., pp. 375–406.

[6] Colin, third Earl of Balcarres. See Lord Lindsay's Lives of the Lindsays.

[7] The Marquis of Athole, in a letter to Queensberry of very earnest entreaty, "that you would be pleased to intercede with his Majesty and royal Highness, that I may be reponed to the command of the troop of Guards,"—adds a postcript, which will remind the present generation of that celebrated telegram by a Secretary-at-War in our own times,—"take care of Dowb." So, Athole writes to Queensberry,—"As you will oblige me, pray *remember Geordie Murray*, but not in wrath."—*Queensberry Papers.* Livingstone, however, got the Guards, on the death of Montrose in 1684.

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[1] Take this short specimen: "The wretched fugitives were *daily* shot; or, if tried by a jury of soldiers, executed *often in clusters on the highways*; and the officers, who should have *restrained the troops*, were *accustomed*, with a *savage fury*, to *pistol the prisoners with their own hands*." (*Ex. gr.* the "Christian Carrier.") "The *unbridled rage* of the soldiers was restrained by no sense of humanity or justice; the *most wanton murders* were perpetrated without inquiry, and without discrimination," &c. &c. Wanton murders are rarely perpetrated after *inquiry* or with *discrimination*. And this is the state of matters in Scotland in the year 1685, according to Malcolm Laing! The character of his anathemas is just what we have stated in our text. Every authentic record gives them the lie. A single circumstance, which we quoted from the Privy Council Register in a previous *note* (p. 82), suffices to do so. On the 29th of May 1685, *the very time* when such savage brutalities are asserted to have prevailed, and as *the system of Government*, in the South and West of Scotland, the Privy Council, when instructing Viscount Kenmure, and Grierson of Lagg, for the suppression of rebels, adds,—"The Council doubt not but upon this occasion you will take care that *honest men and their tenants meet with as little trouble as possible*."

In the month of May 1685, our hero was ordered to establish his camp at Selkirk, the heart of the Duke of Monmouth's possessions. He was sent there to guard the Borders against rebel cavalry. At the same time, it was still required of him to scour the moorlands of the South and West, to prevent the scattered army of wild cats from effecting that combination which the evidence on Jerviswood's trial had demonstrated to be their grand design. The Privy Council had enacted, that every individual, above the age of sixteen, who was moving about the country, should provide himself with a passport, or certificate of loyalty (which then really meant the repudiating murderous intentions), to be obtained, in prescribed form, from one or other of the multitude of Commissioners appointed throughout the kingdom for that purpose. This law, which became the signal for enormous lying on the part of the covenanting agitators, pressed hard upon none save those against whom it was the object of Government to protect the very lives of the peaceable and the loyal. Being ready to take the Abjuration Oath of 1685, or being fortified with an authentic certificate of having already done so, was a perfect security to all wanderers and travellers, and served to distinguish the honest man from the truculent rogue. But it must have been supremely disgusting and harassing to the high-minded and lofty Graham, to be so constantly occupied in hunting these black sheep, or wolves in sheeps' clothing. He would have blessed a system of armed police. And it is rather singular under the circumstances, that, notwithstanding all the weary rubbish of fanatical calumny, raked by Wodrow out of the lowest sources of evidence, and generally tacked to the convenient name of Claverhouse, only one authentic instance is yet found of his having been driven to execute summary justice upon an unarmed individual, according to the short but precise form enjoined by the Privy Council. The incident occurred at a very critical moment. Argyle's invasion was known to be at hand. Claverhouse was hastening with three troops to his camp on the Border. An officer who was frequently under his command had recently been worsted in a very serious ruffle with the rebels, and had lost his commission in consequence. Fountainhall mentions, that some time in April 1685,—"John Inglis, captain of a troop of dragoons, lying in garrison at *Newmills*, in the West, a house belonging to the Earl of Loudon, having taken some of these *phanatics* prisoners, and though he had power to execute them, yet keeping them alive, some of their desperate comrades *breaks in upon the garrison*, and rescues them, to their great shame; for which Inglis was degraded, and his place was given to Mr George Winrahame, a bigot Papist." Claverhouse, of course, was on the alert; and, singularly enough, while scouring the moors in the worst affected quarter, he started two of these rascals, who instantly ran for it, being perfectly conscious of ropes round their necks, and no passports in their pockets. One of them was named *John Brown*, a Bothwell Bridge outlaw, a desperate ragamuffin, who, at this alarming juncture, was busy congregating and instructing younger rebels in arms, awaiting the advent of Argyle. The other, his nephew, called *John Brownen*, was actually *ringleader* in storming the garrison at Newmills. The dispatch in which Claverhouse reports the affair to Queensberry we have already produced, and commented upon, in the first volume of these Memorials. But it must not lose its proper place among the series with which we have been enabled to illustrate his character and conduct, from the very commencement of his career. Probably it is the first letter which he had addressed to his illustrious correspondent since their unfortunate quarrel at the close of the previous year.

Claverhouse to Queensberry.

"GALSTON, *May the 3d*, 1685.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But, being asked if they would take the *Abjuration*, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, *refused it.* Nor would he swear not to *rise in arms* against the King, but said *he knew no King.* Upon which, and there being found *bullets and match* in his house, and *treasonable papers*, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly.[1] The other, a young fellow, and his nephew, offered to take the oath; but would not swear that he had not been at *Newmills* in arms, at rescuing of the prisoners. So I did not know what to do with him. I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carbines presented to shoot him, I offered to him, that if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the King's service, I should delay putting him to death, and *plead for him.* Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle's, on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession, the soldiers found out a house in a hill, *under ground*, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms.[2] He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago, and we have the fellow prisoner. He gave an account of the names of the most part who were there.[3] They were not above sixty, and they were all Galston and Newmills men, save a few out of Streven parish. He gave also an account of a conventicle kept by *Renwick* at the back of Cairntable, where there were *thirteen score* of men in arms, mustered and exercised, of which number he was with his halbert. He tells us of another conventicle, about three months ago, kept near Loudonhill; and gives account of the persons who were at both, and what children were baptized; particularly that at Cairntable, which was about the time that Lieutenants Murray and Crichton should have let them escape.[1] He also gives account of those who gave any assistance to his uncle; and we have seized thereupon the goodman of the upmost Ploughlands; and another tenant, about a mile below that, is fled upon it. I doubt not, if we had time to stay, good use might be made of his confession.

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[1] Another proof of what a dangerous rebel he was. He made a good choice of death. Had he cried *peccavi*, and submitted to the Abjuration Oath, he would not have suffered that military death on the spot; but he would have been taken prisoner, tried before the Lords of Justiciary, and hanged for high treason. No one knew this better than John Brown himself.

[2] Curious quarters for a "Christian carrier." Manifestly, his carriership consisted in carrying *arms*, and *treasonable papers*, and his Christianity, in bringing them to bear secretly against established law and the lives of the loyal.

[3] That is, at the deforcement of the garrison of Newmills. He was well able to give this information, for it seems he was the *ringleader* upon that occasion, a fact, fortunately for him, not known to Claverhouse at the time, though he shrewdly suspected it.—See before, vol. i. p. 142, *note.*

"I have acquitted myself, when I have told your Grace the case.[2] He has been a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him. For I, having no commission of Justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General,[3] to be disposed of as he pleases. I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

"J. GRAHAME."

Very soon after this letter, which derives its chief importance from Lord Macaulay's inflated adoption of the falsehood it refutes, a dispatch of greater moment had been written by Claverhouse to the Lord Commissioner, unfortunately not found among the Queensberry Papers. It is, indicated, however, by the following answer to him from the Secret Committee of Council, now very wide-awake to his value. For lo! the fleet of King Campbell the Second has been descried in the West.

"*For Colonel Graham of Clavers; for his Majesty's Special Service.*

"EDINBURGH, 23*d May* 1685.

"SIR:—The Lord Commissioner showed your letter. If there be any danger by horse, it must be from the Border. So, propose what *you judge expedient*, and write it to the Earl of Dumbarton. The army is thus posted:—The foot, horse, and dragoons, which were with Lieutenant-General Drummond and Colonel Douglas, are at or near Ayr; what can be spared from this will go thither also; the militia, which rendezvouses at Lithgow, are to be posted at Glasgow, till they be put in order; Marquis Athole will have about three thousand in Argyleshire; the Marquis of Huntly some more at Lochness-head;[1] but not so soon, Athole being already in Argyle. Charles Campbell, son to Argyle, is levying in Argyle some heritors, and towards three hundred commons have joined him. Argyle keeps the sea with five ships. The frigates will be with him shortly. The King has sent commissions to Colonel Douglas and you as *Brigadiers*, both of horse and foot. Douglas is *prior in date*.[2] Ships, by both seas, are coming on Argyle; and some arms, both for horse and foot, are coming hither by a yacht. We hear that about thirty horsemen came over the Border, and returned in a few hours. We have written to Fielding, who is deputy-governor of Carlisle, to correspond with you, and we desire you may, with him, let us hear frequently; and you shall have still returns from, Sir, your affectionate friends and servants,

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[1] Which means, should *not* have let them escape, or *did* let them escape.

[2] Claverhouse had completely acquitted himself. It was impossible to execute the man after that statement to the Prime Minister that he had promised "to plead for him." Accordingly, *John Brownen* is not to be found among the martyrs. No reliance whatever can be placed upon the fanatical accounts, either by Wodrow or Walker (which differ from each other), of the alleged subsequent violent and vulgar scolding dialogue between Claverhouse and the widow, if, indeed, any such person really was there. Walker (worthless testimony) *insinuates*, that the details he gives were obtained by him from the woman herself. How came it, then, that she was absolutely silent about the nephew, who had *said his prayers*, and at whom *carbines had been presented*; and who was carried off *as if to death*?

[3] Lieutenant-General Drummond, whose Justiciary commission of the 21st of April 1685, had expressly superseded all others in the South and West.

"QUEENSBERRY, *Commissioner*.
"PERTH, *Chancellor*.
"DUMBARTON.[3]
"TARBAT.

"*Haste Fielding's letter.*"[4]

All this very reasonable excitement and alarm subsided into contempt when Argyle was captured, in less than a month after the date of the above letter. Claverhouse, under the orders of the Earl of Dumbarton commanding in chief, was perambulating the west country with his horse, as part of the small army which had been watching and following the movements of the invader. The letter we are about to quote is dated just two days before Argyle was taken. The terms of it are not consistent with Secretary Murray's accusation against Claverhouse, of "insolence" towards the King's Commissioner. Neither does it tend to support the calumny of those lawless and *irresponsible* habits of cruelty and butchery, which fanatical agitators and Whig historians have laid to his charge.

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[1] His Grace of Queensberry had forgotten that Huntly's *Dukedom* bears date a few days earlier than his own.

[2] For was he not *our brother?* Of this afterwards.

[3] The Earl of Dumbarton's commission as Commander in-chief was produced at the Privy Council the day before the date of this letter. He was joined in that command with old General Dalyell, an honourable retirement for the latter.

[4] Duntroon Papers.

Claverhouse to Queensberry.

"JOHNSTON, *June* 16*th*, 1685.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—I am very sorry that anything I have done should have given your Grace occasion to be dissatisfied with me, and to make complaints against me to the Earl of Dumbarton. I am convinced your Grace is ill informed; for, after you have read what I wrote to you two days ago on that subject, I daresay I may refer myself to your own censure.[1] That I had no design to make great search there anybody may judge. I came not from Ayr till after eleven in the forenoon, and went to Balagen, with forty heritors[2] again night. The Sanquar is just in the road; and I used these men I met accidentally on the road better than ever I used any in these circumstances. And I may safely say, that, as I shall answer to God, if they had been living on my ground, I could not have forborne drawing my sword and knocking them down. However, I am glad I have received my Lord Dumbarton's orders anent your Grace's tenants, which I shall most punctually obey; though, I may say, they were safe as any in Scotland before.

"Your Grace may remember you signified your opinion to me that the heritors of Nithsdale would be better in the centrical parts of the shire than at Dumfries; and the General's persons [people?] have given orders they should be assisting to the Highlanders at the Lead hills; which I have signified to the Earl of Annandale. Nevertheless, he writes to me that he is to march to-morrow by four o'clock in the morning to Annan, and tells me that he expects that thereupon I will stop the march of the troops that I had ordered to Annan or Canopie parishes for the guard of the Border. I have written to my Lord my opinion, and withal told him, that if he be very positive in the thing I am not to hinder him. I am unwilling to shock anybody that serves the King in such a time; though I think it not just that my Lord, or any other, should think to exclude the rest of the forces from doing their duty in any part they are commanded to. If he come to Annan, Drumeller to Canopie, and Kilsyth to Ewes, they will be too thick. I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

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[1] The dispatch of the 14th of June, here referred to, is not found among the Queensberry Papers. This is much to be regretted, as it must have contained all the particulars of this rencounter with some of Queensberry's saucy tenants, and, doubtless, to the complete exoneration of Claverhouse.

[2] That is, heritors called out to attend the King's host in arms, in emergencies of the kind.

"J. GRAHAME."

"My Lord Annandale writes to me that he has got, of late, instructions from the secret Committee, to act with his heritors for the security of that country; by which I perceive he concludes he is to take his measures by himself; and thereupon has taken that resolution to go to Annan, contrary to what I had written to him was the General's mind."

Claverhouse to Queensberry.

"THORLESHOPE, *July 3d*, 1685.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—Some time ago, I had an order signed by your Grace, and some other of the Lords of the secret Committee, to apply the moveables of rebels for the maintenance of the forces; and accordingly I gave to them all the sheep and cows were eatable; those that were not, I caused carry into England, and make money of them; of which I have recovered forty pounds sterling, which I designed for the Highlanders at Leadhills; but seeing they are gone home, I have sent it to the Earl of Home's regiment; for Sir William Douglas has got for his above a hundred pounds sterling of the money of the Duke of Monmouth's regiment, as they call it here. There is a hundred pounds sterling owing by bond for more of the rebels' goods, by persons in England, but is not payable till Lammas. So, your Grace will be pleased to let me know if you approve of what is done, and what [way] you will have me to dispose of that money when it falls due. I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

"J. GRAHAME."[1]

Argyle was executed on the 30th of June 1685. Monmouth on the 15th day of July thereafter. And so closes the third act of the *Dutch Plot.* The rout of Pentland, and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, closed the two first. When the curtain falls on the fourth, Killiecrankie, we shall see *Claverose* no more.

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[1] *Queensberry Papers.* The above letter is the last we find from Claverhouse to Queensberry. Moreover, it is the last we know of bearing his signature as a commoner. The date of it is between the date of those two memorable and conclusive events, the decapitations of Argyle and Monmouth.

SECTION XII.—*Antecedents to the ruin of King James. Advent of the Prince of Orange. Troops called from Scotland. Claverhouse created Viscount of Dundee. Design to Assassinate him, shamefully connived at by Hamilton. His gallant escape from the Wild Cats, and the Scotch Convention.*

The Wild Cats were now reduced to their ninth life. Their caterwauling was still heard in the West, and their tiger-like claw occasionally felt.[1] But the Covenant was not destined to supersede Magna Charta. Their Messiah, from Holland, (a poor scalded cat after all),[2] had missed his spring. Their millennium was postponed *sine die*. Claverhouse no longer hunted the country of the *Catti*. A higher destiny awaited him. He was about to display to the world by a momentary glimpse, the real heroism and power of his character, and his capacity for deeds that determine the fate of kingdoms. He was now Brigadier, and about to become Major-General. His rival, Queensberry's brother, however, by means of that waning influence, kept a-head of him for a little longer. To the great Lord of Drumlanrig's habit, of carefully preserving every letter which his noble correspondents almost put him on honour to burn when read, are we indebted for another graphic scene, in which the earnest endeavours, in certain quarters, to keep down Claverhouse were for the last time successful. On the 13th of May 1685, just one week after the date of the King's letter restoring Claverhouse to the Privy Council, Secretary Earl Murray thus writes to Queensberry, at the crisis of Argyle's invasion:—

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[1] "August 21st, 1685.—The Earl of Balcarres is sent to Galloway and the other Western shires, with a commission of fire and sword against these rebels; though they pretended for their excuse that they were in danger of their life for revealing it, if they staid there. And accordingly a *base proditorious murder* was committed at Lesmahago, on one Mark Ker, for being a taker of Rumbold." On the 12th of November thereafter—"News came from the West that Lieutenant-Colonel Buchan had met with some of those *skulking rebels*, beside Kilmarnock, and had killed three and taken one of their leaders, called Nisbet, on whose head a price had been put, and therefore they kept him alive."—*Fountainhall.* Nisbet was hanged. A martyr of course.

[2] Poor Argyle (whose demeanour at Montrose's death ought to deprive him of all pity), landed with a *veni, vidi*, that did not conclude like Cæsar's. On the 18th of June 1685, he snapped a pocket pistol at a drunken weaver, who run him to water in a ford of the Clyde near Paisley, and then gave up himself and his miserable game. Fountainhall, a whig, and one of Argyle's counsel, furnishes this portrait of the individual, and estimate of his conduct: "Though Argyle was very witty in *knacks*, yet it has been observed he has never been *very solid* since the *trepanning of his skull* in 1653. He was so *conceitty* he had near twenty several pockets, some of them very secret, in his coat and breeches; and brought a printing-press with him, and *artificial* bullets and pistols. Though Argyle judged he got hard measure in his first forfeiture, yet he had done more like a Christian, and a good countryman, to have imitated the heathen *Rutilius*, who, being unjustly proscribed and banished, it was proposed he would be restored again by the civil wars: 'God forbid,' says he; 'I would rather my country were still ashamed of their injustice in forfeiting me, than that they should have cause to mourn, by my bringing alongst with me a public calamity on them, in my violently returning by the remedies of arms and civil wars.' Christians should blush to be outdone by heathens in their morals."—*Historical Observes.*

"The King ordered two commissions to be drawn, for your brother and Claverouse to be Brigadiers. We were ordered to see how such commissions had been [drawn?] here, and in Earl Middleton's office we found the extract of one granted to Lord Churchill, another to Colonel Worden, the one for horse, the other for foot. So Lord Melfort told me the King had ordered him to draw one for your brother for the foot, and Claverouse for the horse. I told him that could not be; for by that means Claverous would command your brother. To be short, we were very hot on the matter. He said he knew no reason why Colonel Douglas should have the precedency, unless that he was your brother. I told him that was enough; but that there was a greater, and that was, that he was an officer of more experience and conduct, and that was the King's design of appointing Brigadiers at this time. He said, Claverouse had served the King longer in Scotland. I told him that was yet wider from the purpose; for there were in the army that had served many years longer than Claverous, and of higher quality; and, without disparagement to any, gallant in their personal courage. By this time I flung from him, and went straight to the King, and represented the case. He followed, and came to us. But the King changed his mind, and ordered him to draw the commissions both for horse and foot, and your brother's two days date before the other; by which his command is clear before the other. I saw the commissions signed this afternoon, and they are sent herewith by Lord Charles Murray. Now, I beseech your Grace, say nothing of this to any; nay, not now to your brother. For Lord Melfort said to Sir Andrew Forrester, that he was sure there would be a new storm on him. I could not, nor is [it] fit this should have been kept from you; but you will find it best for a while to know [little], or take little notice; for it gives him but ground of talking, and serves no other end."[1]

This triumph having been achieved, somewhat meanly behind our hero's back, he, in his turn, soon afterwards triumphed over Queensberry, in a way that sounded an ominous note of the great man's own declining power with the King. It is not to be supposed that Lord Melfort would conceal from Claverhouse the scene in which that nobleman and his brother Secretary had been so "very hot." Neither was it at all likely that King James would for any length of time exclude his favourite Captain and Privy Councillor from his presence, whether that delinquent submitted to bend the knee to Queensberry or not. Accordingly, we find from Fountainhall, that, towards the end of the year 1685,—"To load the High Treasurer, Claverhouse and Balcarres were sent for to London, and the King was so ill satisfied with what the Treasurer had exacted of Claverhouse, that he *ordered the Treasurer to repay it.*"[2] And, on the 24th of December 1685, "the Earl of Perth, Chancellor, arrived at Edinburgh, having come post from London with Claverhouse, Balcarres, &c." Immediately thereafter a scene occurred in the Privy Council pregnant with forebodings. It is matter of history, on which we have no space to dwell, that King James, having rid himself of Argyle and Monmouth, conceived the Utopian scheme of *universal toleration;* expecting, of course, the same freedom and safety for his own form of Christianity that he was willing to extend to all others, including the Quakers. But as this did not embrace the idea of superseding theBritish Constitution by the Scotch Covenant, its army of saints and martyrs was not inclined to ratify the treaty. Hence this belligerent power was ready to excommunicate, or murder, every rational and honest Presbyterian who dared to listen to the proposal. The vicious crazy regime of the Marquis of Argyle,—the "Jesus and no quarter" regime,—had utterly disgusted Scotland at Presbyterianism. There were many, indeed, who had become wedded to that form of worship, and yet had no sympathy with the Wild Cats. They were tame cats, with more or less tendency to relapse into a state of nature; but at the same time willing and anxious to remain domesticated under a system of toleration that left them in the full enjoyment of their own forms. But the true-blue Presbyterians, even those of them who were wise enough not to have placed themselves beyond the protection of the law, could not abide the idea of any sect being tolerated but themselves. All the orthodox, who believed in John Knox, necessarily adhered to the favourite text of that truculent apostle,—" If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him; neither shalt thou spare him; neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death." The Episcopalians, on the other hand, were scarcely less alarmed and excited, not by the idea of toleration, but at the prospect of toleration for the intolerant, and of the sudden withdrawing of all those legal tests and penal safeguards which had afforded some protection to the established Church, and the lives of those who adhered to it, against a sect whose faith enjoined them to spare neither wife nor brother, who assassinated Bishops in the name of God, and claimed the crown of martyrdom when hanged for doing so.

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[1] Queensberry Papers.

[2] See before, p. 435.

Claverhouse belonged to the established religion. He was a sincere Episcopalian. Upon grounds the most just, and the fullest experience, he abhorred " that plague of Presbytery." But we cannot discover a trace of any tendency in him to become a Roman Catholic. Fountainhall, who is most amusing in his notices of the Chancellor Perth's sudden turn to Rome, does not indulge in a single surmise of the kind against Claverhouse. Perth, who owed his Chancellorship to Queensberry, had long submitted, like most of the Scotch nobles, to his imperious sway, and scarcely knew how to break the chain. His brother Melfort brusqued the matter at last. We see symptoms of it in his daring to tell Earl Murray that he knew no reason why Colonel Douglas should be preferred to Colonel

Graham, unless it were that the former was Queensberry's brother. At length he went so far as to tell the Lord High Treasurer himself, that he would submit no longer to his dictation, having had enough of a *pedagogue* when serving under him as Treasurer-Depute. Perth, somewhat nervous at the daring revolt, thought that nothing less than royalty could protect him against his old patron. So he made a sudden clutch at the scarlet skirt, and became a Roman Catholic in the changing of a vestment. To show that he was in earnest, he rocked a cradle with a child in it on Christmas-day 1685,—a ceremony in commemoration of the Saviour's birth which the most earnest Catholics were apt to omit. Many laughed at this conversion, and the witty Halifax said that the Scotch Chancellor's faith had saved him. It did not tend, however, to preserve the peace of the good town of Edinburgh. The new year opened with *no-popery* riots. In the month of January 1686 the Countess of Perth's best gown was ruined, coming from mass, by a baker's boy, a sound Protestant, who rebaptised her Ladyship with such water as the gutters of Auld Reekie then afforded. The Privy Council met, and ordered the "baxter lad" to be whipped through the Canongate. But the other baxter lads, being all sound Protestants as well, deforced the hangman, and prevented the sound whipping. Military fired, and women fell. A drummer was shot, for threatening to run his sword through a Papist. A grenadier was remitted to a council of war, for saying he would not fight against Protestants, because he was sworn to that religion. One Littlejohn (perhaps the ancestor of the most popular baker in Edinburgh at this time), was "examined" for speaking against the Papists; but on a representation that he was *sometimes mad*, they dismissed him. Fountainhall says,—"The Treasurer and his faction aggravate this tumult mightily, of purpose to irritate the Chancellor to take some rigorous course, and to put them to extremities." He also records the following scene in the Privy Council at this crisis:—

"February 16, 1686:—The Chancellor moved, that notice should be taken of a seditious sermon preached the Sunday immediately before, in the High Church, by Mr Canaires, lately Popish, and now minister at Selkirk. He had given his opinion freely against Popery, that no man, without renouncing his sense and reason, can embrace sundry of their articles; such as the Pope's infallibility, transubstantiation, &c. *Claverhouse backed the Chancellor in this.* But there being a *deep silence* in all the rest of the Councillors, it was passed over at this time. But he was, afterwards, both suspended, reponed, and *pro secundo* suspended."

This "deep silence" did not import that all at the Board were Protestant patriots except the Chancellor and Claverhouse. The Duke of Queensberry and his adherents were more afraid of doing anything that would support the power of Perth, than alarmed for the religion and liberties of their country. Our hero was a Protestant Episcopalian. But he could not endure that the Sovereign should be grossly insulted through his religious tenets, or the "pulpit drum ecclesiastic," whether Presbyterian or Episcopalian, be suffered to sound a note of public agitation against the Monarchy, under that bigot pretext which had worked such woe and shame to Scotland before. So, being "every inch a soldier and a gentleman," as well as a Christian, he *spoke out.* That manly voice, fearless amid the deep silence of faction, was prophetic of the isolated fame of the only hero of the falling dynasty,—and coming events cast their shadows before.

Every measure now adopted by the unfortunate King for the purpose of making peace, and securing his throne, tended to make an enemy, and hasten his fall. He had long been aware of, and suffered personal annoyance from, the jealous, overbearing temper of the High Treasurer. And now, at this alarming crisis, not finding his coffers in the Castle of Edinburgh so well supplied, or so intact as he had a right to expect, his Majesty came to the bold determination, that Queensberry should no longer occupy that high and almost irresponsible position. The following knell of his own power is among Queensberry's Papers:—

King James to Queensberry.

"WHITEHALL, *February* 23*d*, 1686.

"By that time this gets to you, you will have the Lord Tarbat with you, who I have charged to tell you the reasons which moved me to put the Treasury again into Commission. I have also discoursed at large upon the same subject, both to Lord Rochester and your son, and assured them, as I now do you, that nothing but my being satisfied, upon long and mature consideration, that it is absolutely necessary for the good of my service, could have obliged me to do it. And to let the world, as well as yourself, see I do it upon no other account, I make you President of the Council, and put you into the Commission of the Treasury, in both which stations, as well as in that of the Secret Committee, you may have the opportunity of serving me as well, and as usefully, as in the former stations you were in.

"As to my putting the command of the Castle of Edinburgh into the Duke of Gordon's hands, I thought that necessary at this time to make that town have more regard for my commands, and civiler to the Catholics,[1] by seeing it in the hands of one of that persuasion; who, I am sure, never thought of asking for it. Nor does he know yet I intend it him. I shall end as I began, with assuring you I have done all this upon no other consideration than what I already said, and as I expect the same service from you which I always did, so you may be sure of my kindness and protection to you and yours.

"J. R."

The gilded pill was swallowed with a wry face. Queensberry was mortally offended. It did not tend to sooth him, that the English Treasurer, Rochester, kept writing to him at the same time, in the most friendly strain, entreating him to endure the change patiently, and above all to restrain the ebullitions of his domineering temper.[2] This was mingled with various inquiries about the *King's money* in the Castle of Edinburgh, which, it was more than insinuated, had been diminished by unauthorised drafts. Queensberry eventually cleared his accounts, and proved that the balance was in his own favour to the amount of £15,000. But the count and reckoning was a sore and tedious thorn in his side, and neither his power, his temper, nor his loyalty, ever recovered from the effects of that long investigation. Then, co-extensive with his fall, was the rise into power of the Duke of Hamilton, the most inefficient, and least deserving of all the great ones in Scotland. Queensberry's Dukedom (at Claverhouse's instigation), had placed that better man on a level in the peerage with his brawling brother-in-law.[1] But, by this last turn, Hamilton became his equal as a statesman and a minister. He was now a Lord of the Treasury, of the Privy Council, and of the Secret Committee. Queensberry had done his utmost to keep down his best ally, the clear-minded Claverhouse. The result of his imperious humours, and selfish dealings was, that he fell, and Hamilton rose. Another humiliation which he had to endure at this time, seemed to indicate some double-dealing on the part of his flattering friend, Earl Murray. Parliament was about to sit in Scotland, the Commissioner to which was not yet appointed. On the 16th of February 1686, the noble Secretary had written to his declining patron,—" I cannot yet tell you what may be resolved concerning the Commissioner to the Parliament. I know none so fit as yourself; and I resolve very speedily to be free with the King upon it, though I doubt not there are *endeavours used*,—which for several reasons I have cause to suspect,—and shall be written to you. This is of great import to his Majesty's service. God direct him in it. I shall not fail to do *my* part, with submission."[2] One of his reasons for suspecting that endeavours were used, might possibly be that he was using endeavours in his own behalf. Parliament assembled on the 23d of April of that year, and the royal Commissioner proved to be *Secretary Earl Murray himself*. Balcarres was not of opinion that the choice was heaven-directed. In those valuable but melancholy Memoirs of the falling dynasty which he presented to King James in exile, that excellent and trustworthy nobleman informs his Majesty, that the first real *national* opposition to his reign in Scotland, (for the Conventicle rebellion, and the factious feud between Lauderdale and Hamilton he treats with contempt), arose in Earl Murray's Parliament, 1686. "That," he says, "which gave the great alarm, was the noise of your Majesty's intending a general liberty of conscience, to the ruin of the established Church. If that had not been too firmly believed, and the bringing back the Presbyterian party (scattered through the world) too much feared, there would have been little doubt of obtaining all your desires in that Parliament. But the *terror* of bringing back a party who had ever lain at catch for the bringing down of the Monarchy, and had cost your predecessors so much time, blood, and treasure to humble, made even your firmest and faithfullest servants comply with your demands but with an unwilling mind. The Earl of Murray not succeeding, both from these apprehensions and his small skill in managing so ticklish an affair, where there required no small art to be used, in a meeting full of bad impressions, difficult humours and interests, your Majesty dissolved that Parliament, and issued out a proclamation for a toleration and indulgence to all persuasions."

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[1] This refers to the mob's insult to the Countess of Perth, and subsequent riots.

[2] Letters from Rochester, among the Queensberry Papers. Secretary Earl Murray writes to his Grace, on the 21st April 1685 :—"This morning Earl Dumbarton tells me, that Lord Lundin was saying to him, that your Grace carried higher to the nobility than ever any Commissioner did before; that you *kept your hat on in the church*; and a great deal of that pitiful stuff, not worthy either of writing or noticing; but the end and design of venting such things is only to be looked to; he will himself probably give you some account of it. I would not give you the trouble of [my] writing such mean things, but that it may be fit you know them."

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[1] So Lord Balcarres repeatedly characterises Duke Hamilton in his Memoirs, as we shall afterwards find, and the character is curiously illustrated by the letter from Rothes to Queensberry in 1679, printed in the first volume of these Memorials, p. 387.

[2] Queensberry Papers.

Never was the saying *Quem Deus vult perdere* more fully exemplified than in the case of this unfortunate and faulty monarch. He not only dispensed with the services of his most faithful friends, and best advisers, but he put his own worst enemies, and the worst enemies of the State, in their places of trust. He actually fawned upon the fanatics, and courted a purr from the *Catti!* Sir George Mackenzie, his excellent, accomplished, and sorely-calumniated Advocate, who had dissented from the policy of universal toleration, was displaced to make way for that unprincipled ruffian and jail-bird, Sir John Dalrymple, the future minister of Glencoe. James Stewart, one of the greatest traitors in the kingdom, he suffered to be associated with his Secretary of State, Lord Melfort, and these two very soon resolved *indulgence* into the grossest tyranny, and rendered toleration intolerable, by the mercenary oppression of their official exactions. Some of the most able and honest of the Judges were removed, and a debauched *fanatic*, Alexander Swinton of Mersington, a creature described by Lord Balcarres as soon after heading a riot in Edinburgh, "with a halbert in his hand, and as drunk as ale and brandy could make him,"[1] was raised to the dishonoured Bench. Wonderful to relate, James did not drive Claverhouse from his Councils, though never at this time acting by his advice, and on some vital occasions acting directly contrary thereto. In 1686 he raised him to the rank of Major-General. Yet he still kept a coming traitor in advance of the true man; for James Douglas was made Lieutenant-General, and placed at the head of the King's forces in Scotland, a trust he almost immediately betrayed. Our hero, however, was made supreme over Dundee and Dudhope, as he well deserved to be. For, let it never be forgotten in the true history of his life and actions, that, at the very commencement of his reign there, he abolished the punishment of death for petty thefts.[2] The jurisdiction and dignity of *Provost* was now added to that of *Constable*. "On the 15th March 1688," says Fountainhall,

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[1] In Lord Lindsay's print for the Bannatyne Club, of these interesting and valuable Memoirs by his ancestor, Colin Earl of Balcarres, an important mistake occurs, which creates some confusion. One of the Lords of Session, then removed by the King, is there stated to be *Lord Tarras*. That young nobleman, Scott of Highchester, whose juvenile marriage with the eldest heiress of Buccleuch (she whose untimely death made way for Monmouth's Duchess Anne), raised him to a life-peerage, was one of the ungrateful traitors of the period. He very narrowly escaped death on the block, which he certainly merited, but was saved by his evidence against Jerviswood. In the old original print of Balcarres's Memoirs, 1714, these dismissed Lords are called "*Harruss* and *Edmistoun*," (p. 15). As there was no Lord, either of Council or Session, named *Harruss*, this misnomer would appear to have been hastily corrected into *Tarras*. An old MS. of these Memoirs (of which a good many old MS. copies are extant), gives the name *Harcarrs*. There can be no question that it was Sir Roger Hog of *Harcarse*, who was removed by the King in the month of May 1688, along with Wauchope of Edmonstone.

[2] On Friday, 29th October 1858, in a great speech at Birmingham, on reform, Mr Bright is reported to have uttered these words: "I have lately been reading a book which I would advise every man to read, the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly. He tells us, in simple language, of the *enormous difficulties* he had to contend with, to persuade the Legislature of the country to abolish the punishment of death, for stealing from a dwelling-house to *the value of five shillings*; an offence which now is punished by about six weeks' imprisonment. Lords, Bishops, and Statesmen opposed these efforts year after year; and since he commenced them there have been *some thousands of persons put to death* publicly for such trivial offences."

Mr Bright, at least, ought to appreciate the reform which the whig-maligned Claverhouse persuaded the Privy Council of Scotland to sanction, at once, in the Constabulary of Dundee, even in the so-called "Bloody year" 1685.

"there is a letter from the King making *Clavers* Provost of Dundee. So this, joined with his Constable's jurisdiction, makes him absolute there. Balcarres is ordained to instal him." These are all the prominent circumstances that mark the career of Claverhouse between his restoration to the Privy Council in the spring of 1685, and the foregoing date. Even Wodrow's calumnious falsehoods against him become exhausted after the "bloody year," as 1685 is called by the low fanatical pamphleteers, because murder and treason then met their proper reward. Towards the close of the year 1688, the scene opens of his last and greatest appearance on the stage of the troubles. *Exeunt* Argyle and Monmouth. Enter—*Proh-scelus-o-soceri-raptor-nequissime-sceptri!*

Notwithstanding all that had come and gone, the advent of King William, with his Privy Council of Scotch traitors and preaching fanatics, backed by a Dutch army, took Scotland quite by surprise. In the month of September 1688, the fact was suddenly announced to the Secret Committee, of which Balcarres was one, by an express from King James himself. For a moment this was regarded as a mere State manœuvre and pretext to raise money. But the nation was soon undeceived, and events now rapidly succeeded each other which hastened the ruin of the King, and secured the throne for the invader. The Privy Council of Scotland, indeed, of which Claverhouse at such a crisis was not the least important member, and doubtless the most energetic and active, lost no time in putting the country at once upon the most efficient footing of warlike defence. The military spirit, in favour of the existing Monarchy, was infused into all classes of the community. The militia was called out, and all civilians who were not in that service were enrolled under various denominations of volunteers. The castles of Edinburgh and Stirling were munitioned for war, and the great chiefs of the clans were ordered to have their claymores in a condition to co-operate with the regular army. In the midst of these spirited preparations against the Dutchman, down came that fatal order from the King, influenced by the vicious councils of Melfort, and the traitor Stewart of Goodtrees, that all the regular forces in Scotland, horse and foot, should march forthwith to England, to be under the orders there of the King's General, Earl Feversham. The foot were to be led by Lieutenant-General Douglas, the horse by Major-General Graham, and the whole commanded on the march by Douglas, as senior officer. Miserable mistake, in all its details. In vain Claverhouse, and Balcarres, commanding a troop in his regiment, opposed that order in the Privy Council. In vain were the whole Privy Council unanimously of opinion with its best military members. In vain the Secret Committee of Council sent by express to his Majesty a most feasible proposition for the modelling of an army of thirteen thousand men, composed of the clans combined with the militia, to lie on the border, and command the north of England, while the King's regular forces should maintain their effective positions throughout Scotland, for the preservation of that country and its capital. There can be no question, that the mainspring of the military dispositions, and placing of the troops throughout Scotland, had been Claverhouse. His voice in the Privy Council on such subjects was paramount, under every real alarm, as the whole tenor of his correspondence proves. Compared with his military genius, and activity in Scotland, his rival, Douglas, was a mere pig-tail General. Yet the latter had nominally the command now, and when that small but most efficient army of three thousand horse and foot, commenced its unfortunate march to England, in the month of October 1688, leaving Scotland to be rabbled by the Wild Cats, it was Douglas, (King William's second General at the battle of the Boyne, in the month of July 1690,) who led King James' troops, and commanded Claverhouse! At head-quarters, Melfort, and his treacherous, traitorous subordinate, did what they pleased with the unfortunate King. The unanimous proposition of the Scotch Privy Council was rejected by them in the most dishonest, unconstitutional, and daring manner, and the order reiterated for the immediate march of the forces from Scotland, without even the King's sign-manual.

"The order was positive and short,"—says Lord Balcarres,—"advised by Mr James Stewart *at a supper*, and wrote upon the *back of a plate*, and an express immediately dispatched therewith.[1] With a sorrowful heart to all your servants, your orders were obeyed, and about the beginning of October they began their march, three thousand effective young men, vigorous, well-disciplined and clothed, and to a man hearty in your cause, and willing, out of principle as well as duty, to hazard their lives for the support of the Government, as then established, both in Church and State." And upon the fatal effects of this ill-conditioned and factious order, emanating from a small clique of intriguing Scots statesmen and agitators about the King, the same upright nobleman thus comments to the exiled monarch:—"Your Council, and Secret Committee, had taken such methods, that even the most dissatisfied lived quietly, expecting the event; which was attributed entirely to the *just posting of the army*, though not considerable for number, yet so affectionate to your service that they kept all the nation in a due respect, though I cannot say love, to your Government. But so soon as your Majesty sent orders that the army should be brought together, and lie in readiness to march into England, all the discontented in the nation thought they had met with their just time, believing your affairs must be in a miserable condition in England when you was obliged to bring up so inconsiderable a force, and by that to leave a whole nation exposed to your enemies, which otherwise, upon many accidents, might have been so useful to you."

Had Claverhouse been upon his old footing of corresponding with Queensberry, we should have found among those valuable papers, some important and interesting communications from him on the subject. But now it is General Douglas who corresponds with his brother.

General Douglas to Queensberry.

"MOFFAT, *7th October* 1688.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—Yesternight I came here with difficulty enough, considering the badness of the weather. I'm not resolved to stir until I see the ammunition, which some say will be here this night. I met with an express from Carlisle, with the King's orders that I should march to Preston, and there remain till further orders. I have likewise got a warrant that horses shall be furnished in England for my baggage, during forty days; and this is all I know as yet concerning my present business. According as business goes, your Grace shall have due notice. Your son William's equipage is just now arrived here. I shall be very punctual in methods concerning him, or in what else your Grace is concerned in, being with much sincerity, may it please your Grace, your Grace's most affectionate brother, and most obedient servant,

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[1] This James Stewart of Goodtrees, brother of Coltness, was a thorough-paced traitor, and actually wrote part of that vicious trash, *Naphtali*. He was an active member of the Dutch Plot in 1666. See before, p. 158. Becoming implicated in the Ryehouse Plot, he fled to Holland. Engaged in Argyle's rebellion, he was at

"JA. DOUGLAS."

"After my writing of this, William is come, and informs me what your Grace gave him in commission. I'm obliged much to you for the concern your Grace has in me; but as to what can happen to me through people's malice, I'm very indifferent of it. No honest man can guard against villanous attempts."

"ALESON BANK, 10*th October* 1688.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—I'm now in haste going from this place, having just now got orders to send all the horse and dragoons to York, which accordingly I do by Major-General Graham. I march myself with the foot there, as Dumbarton writes to me; but the King's letter mentions not that I go any farther than Preston. How to reconcile the orders I know not; but be as it will, I shall do my best; though I never did see this practised before, to send away all the horse, and leave two regiments of foot open to the *insults of foreigners*, who are expected to land horse and dragoons. But, thanked be God, this inconvenience troubles me as little as the factions in Scotland have done. I send your son with the horse from this, as the safest. May it please your Grace, your Grace's most faithful servant,

"JA. DOUGLAS."

"PENRITH, 11*th October* 1688.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—The noise of the Dutch designs continues as before. This morning I sent Major-General Graham with the horse to York.[1] He will be there speedily, and if there be anything

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length taken, tried for high treason, and condemned to be hanged on the 22d of July 1685. He was reprieved, however, most undeservedly, through interest exerted in his behalf (according to Fountainhall) by the Earl of Dumbarton. This cheat-the-woodie became Lord-Advocate to the King of Glencoe.

[1] The horse with Claverhouse consisted of his own regiment of six troops, Livingstone's troop of royal Horse Guards, and Dunmore's regiment of dragoons.

ado, I fancy to have share among the first. Some people would make me believe that Major-General Mackartie joins me about Preston with a considerable force. But of this I hear nothing from Court, so I do not much credit it. However, if my Lochaber party come to me in time, I will be able to *deal with the Dutch*, if they overpower me not *extremely* by their number. Your son is well and hearty; he has always been with me since I was at Moffat.[1] We drink your health every day either in wine or brandy, and eats now and then a bit of cold meat on the march. May it please your Grace, your Grace's most faithful obedient servant,

"JA. DOUGLAS."

King James might have crushed the invader, or chased him from his shores, had he pressed forward at the instant, while the national feeling, and the prestige of the Monarchy were still in his favour, and treachery yet uncertain how to act. He assumed a bold front at first, reviewed troops eager for action, and seemed as if about to lead them. Then he wavered, shrunk back at the critical moment, and Fortune, disgusted, turned to the Dutchman. As if to grace his fall, however, his good genius induced him to raise his best and truest Captain to the peerage. Claverhouse had left Scotland early in October, commanding the cavalry, and under the orders of Douglas. But when he met his Sovereign the tables were turned. The King and Melfort's affection and admiration for *Claverose* proved too many for Secretary Earl Murray and the Duke of Queensberry. Even as the bold dragoon was dashing on to York at the head of his own crack regiment, and all the loyal cavalry, leaving his superior officer sad and sulky behind with the flat-foots he was training to treason, it was resolved up stairs that, in the coming struggle, our hero should figure as a peer. His patent as Viscount of Dundee (in which locality he was already Constable and Provost), bears date so early after his arrival in England as 12th November 1688. General James Douglas had now to hide his diminished head,—and was ripe for desertion.

The stirring and strange destiny of this remarkable Scotch laird, John Graham of Claverhouse, was now rapidly approaching fulfilment. Only ten years had elapsed since the young Marquis of Montrose, alas! now dead and gone, had urged him to be his lieutenant in a new troop of gentlemen cavaliers. From the very first, however, we find him distinguished above his fellows, and aggregated to the nobility, whom he influenced, and even promoted, rather than hunted. His companionships, his correspondence, his rivalries, his friendships, and his love, were all among the nobility, and the great leading statesmen of the period. At Court he at once became as familiar as if a peer of the realm. In 1683 he was, not a peer indeed, but the cause of peerages in others. If we trace the Dukedoms of Gordon and Queensberry to their source, we find this Captain of horse closeted with James Duke of York, and almost brow-beating royalty into the then somewhat unpalatable measure. A Scotch Secretary of State was with him, but it was *Claverose* who let Middleton into that secret, and brought him there. If we view him at Newmarket, he is discovered walking ten miles with the merry monarch, "besides courses and cock-fighting," and whispering into his ear something very like patronage of that imperious prime minister for Scotland who, to show himself exalted above his fellow men, kept his hat on in the House of God. It was not by truckling to the great, nor by tuft-hunting, nor by boon-companionship, or the dissipations of the age, that he had acquired this ascendancy among his superiors in rank and fortune. In the letters of the nobility preserved among the Queensberry Papers, we find passages, which, to publish, would be an offence both against manners and morals. In no one letter from Claverhouse, of all that we have discovered, however familiarly and privately written, careless of speech and spiced with temper as they are, do we find a single sentence that required to be suppressed. When that low pedlar of kirk-abuse, Patrick Walker, rails at him, it is in these terms—"The Hell wicked-witted, blood-thirsty Graham of Claverhouse *hated* to spend his time with wine and women, which made him more active in violent unheard of persecution, especially blood." The praiseworthy trait was surely very prominent to have been thus observed and turned against him from the stews and gutters of fanaticism. And now when the wild cats were overrunning

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[1] He ought to have been with his troop, in Claverhouse's horse.

Scotland, and rabbling the clergy, because of his absence, and in England noble and royal rats were hurrying pell-mell from the palace of the falling monarch, Claverhouse, not a hair's-breadth elevated by the title of Dundee, without a sear on his heart (despite the foul calumnies of a Wodrow and a Macaulay), or a stain upon his honour, girded himself for the fulfilment of those high-souled and prophetic pledges,—"However things go, I am resolved to do as a good subject ought, and a man of honour. I will by no means prejudice the King's service for my interest; nor will I do mean things to insinuate myself."—"But, or long, in spight of *them*,"—and mark, he is then referring to *Hamilton* and his clique,—"let the world see, that it is not in the power of love, nor any other folly, *to alter my loyalty.*" And so, at this sad and fearful crisis, when the story of Lear was being realised, and truth and devotion, and filial love and duty, were in ruins around him, the star of his chivalry and honour shone out brighter and brighter, until lost to the world in that last blaze of glory which dyed the heath of Killiecrankie with a purple not its own.

On the 20th of November 1688, about a week after the date of his patent as a peer, he is with the King and his army at Salisbury. There the doomed monarch, with troops of all arms eager for action under his review, a splendid game of war before him, his Kingdom the stakes, knew not how to play it. The proximate cause, and best reason why he lost his crown, was, that he knew not how to fight for it, while he of Glencoe, the worst at heart but the better at arms, did. James lent a nervous ear to rumours, reports, and alarms, of the treachery of his officers, and the disloyalty of his English soldiers, instead of leading them to battle, and daring them to proof. The brave and honest Earl of Dumbarton, made of other metal than his brother Hamilton, offered, with his own regiment of Scotch infantry, to sustain the shock of the whole Dutch battalions. General James Douglas made no such offer to lead his regiment, the Scotch Foot Guards, against the Prince of Orange. Treason was working in his heart already. "But," says the whig historian Dalrymple, "Lord Dundee, with a generous confidence, advised his Majesty either to fight the Prince, or go to him in person and demand his business in

England." The heart of the King failed him. He ordered the fatal retreat to London, where the rising tide of treachery and treason, and filial turpitude, set in like a torrent, and soon swept him from his kingdom. To the shame be it spoken, of that noble house which had been exalted and enriched by the now perishing dynasty, Lord Drumlanrig, Lieutenant-Colonel of Claverhouse's horse, and General Douglas, commanding the whole Scots forces,—he who had so recently led them from Scotland with vapouring declarations of his ability "to deal with the Dutch," and to resist the "*insult of foreigners* who are expected to land horse and dragoons,"—were among the very first to desert their sovereign. When James wrote that kind and paternal letter to Queensberry, in which he backs the young lord's anxious desire against the wishes of his father, to be allowed to serve the King in arms,—"Indeed, what your son the Lord Drumlanrig says to me, of desiring to go into the army, is so reasonable that I could not hinder myself from writing to you in his favour, that you would give him leave to go, and that he may not fare the worse for being an elder brother; and let not the care you have of him be a prejudice to him; I hope I need use no other arguments to second so reasonable a request as his is, for really you ought to let him go;"—and when, doing violence for this same ungrateful youth to his own better judgment and inclinations, he appointed him Lieutenant-Colonel under Claverhouse to that splendid regiment of horse,—he little dreamt how the trust was to be betrayed, and what a snake he was nourishing in his bosom.[1] Lord Balcarres refers the easy process of Drumlanrig's seduction to the yet more worthless Annandale.[2]

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[1] *Queensberry Papers.* See before, vol. i., p. 340, *note*; and p. 334-5, *notes*, in this volume.

[2] Annandale played a loose and disgraceful part throughout the whole Revolution. See before, p. 115, his conduct to poor Nevil Pain. When Claverhouse marched with the Scots cavalry to England, the old Earl of Airlie (Montrose's aide-de-camp in the reign of Charles I.) was absent from the head of his troop in Claverhouse's regiment. A report arose that he was dead. Annandale eagerly applied to James for that troop, and had the promise. But the gallant and loyal old chief of the Ogilvys overtook Claverhouse at Cambridge, sought the King in London, and claimed his own troop, with a determination that was not to be denied. The paltry Annandale then turned traitor, which appears to have been his natural

Queensberry he says, was still true to the King, though he showed it not in deeds. "I must do him the justice to say," he adds, "1 never saw any man more concerned than he was for the steps his son made in England, after your Majesty was gone." That Drumlanrig, however, was chiefly misled by his uncle, General Douglas, there can be little doubt. That dishonest commander even dared to tamper with Dundee. The King had now to learn, with an aching heart, which of his two squabbling Secretaries were right in their rival estimates of Claverhouse and Douglas, when violently debating in his presence how their precedency as brigadiers should be arranged. Earl Murray's interested preference of the brother of Queensberry, as "an officer of more experience and *conduct*," was now brought to a test that must have wrung the conscience of King James. To a chronicler more trustworthy than Macaulay we turn for the fact. Balcarres did not write fine history, but he could not write false.[1] He is speaking of the time when Hamilton dismissed the Convention, after the ominous departure of Dundee, and commenced his short and miserable reign over rabbled Scotland.

> "The night thereafter, they searched the town for some officers they suspected, yet found none but *one that had a mind to be taken*, Lieutenant-General Douglas. When he went to England with the army, he certainly knew nothing of any design among them; but he had not conversed long with the Lord Churchill, Kirk, and some others, but he grew one of the hottest of the party; insomuch that he proposed to my Lord [Dundee] *to betray, and carry in his regiment*, as I was in-

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bent. Airlie showed himself as efficient as ever. He commanded the body-guard of two hundred Scots horse that escorted the King to the army at Salisbury.—*Captain Creighton's Memoirs.*

[1] The plausible and tricky manner in which Lord Macaulay, in his florid narrative of these transactions, evades, or perverts, the very prominent and noble part enacted therein by Dundee, passing in utter silence the many well authenticated traits of heroic honour that distinguished him throughout, is nothing less than false history. He only names his courage in order to crush it with calumny. "Dundee had commanded a body of Scottish troops,"—the whole Scots cavalry,—"which had marched into England to oppose the Dutch; but he had found, in the inglorious campaign which had been fatal to the dynasty of Stuart, no opportunity of displaying the courage and military skill which *those who most detest his merciless nature* allow him to have possessed."—*Hist.* vol. iv., p. 278.

formed by the Viscount a while after. Before he made the proposition, he told him he had one affair of great consequence to *them both*, to tell, if he would *give his oath* never to reveal it; which when he had done, though he [Dundee] *abhorred* the motion, yet he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal. So soon as he [Douglas] cleared himself to Duke Hamilton of any design he had against them, he was dismissed. This he could easily do, for none in all the Revolution acted a blacker part. He not only *sent in a battalion of the Scots Guards*, but was on all the designs of betraying."[1]

In the following year, when the spur of Claverhouse was scarcely cold in his bed of honour, this disgrace to the character of a soldier and a gentleman, and to the name of Douglas, appears on the scene as second General to the Orange King. Having corrupted Drumlanrig, he had still, it seems, to persuade the *cautious* Queensberry (a lurker all his life), to be up and doing for King William. The strain of his letters at the commencement of 1690 contrasts curiously with those we have already produced, written by him at the close of 1688, an interval of little more than a twelvemonth.

General James Douglas to Queensberry.

"LONDON, 12*th February* 1690.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—I'm sorry to perceive by your letter that you are not satisfied, especially since I dare assure you the King does *design to employ you*, and speaks the kindest things imaginable of you. If, for a season, matters go not to your expectation, there is no ground you should be in perfect correspondence with his enemies. Though this be represented to his Majesty, I'm hopeful he does not believe it. I do not, and therefore will take all possible courses to persuade him that your Grace will never aim at anything contrary to the present Government; and whoever does, *maybe ere long they will not pass their time very pleasantly*. Two-and-twenty thousand strangers will not understand *raylerie*. Many of these we intend to employ in Ireland; and will certainly reduce that kingdom this summer, notwithstanding we are not ignorant that the French will have probably a good body of men there, that there is a club in Scotland, and some disaffected in England. All these clouds will soon disappear when the King is at the head of his army in Ireland, and brings over troops from Holland, to remain in England during his absence, and settles a sufficient number of good formed troops in Scotland. I hope your Grace will easily believe my intelligence, which you will find very certain. It's true his Majesty does not come to Scotland, and I'm sure his friends will never advise he should. What can be expected there but to meet with turbulent, discontented, and craving humours? It's better to pass by them now, till the matter of Ireland be decided, and then Scotland will be humble in consequence. The King desires I come through Scotland in order to the embarking his troops for Ireland. I'm glad this will give me opportunity of kissing your hands, being, with inexpressible sincerity, may it please your Grace, your most faithful servant, and most affectionate brother,

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[1] "The Duke of Queensberry's brother, General Douglas, who commanded the Scotch army, engaged either to shake its loyalty, or to render that loyalty ineffectual."—*Dalrymple*. And most completely he fulfilled the dishonourable engagement.

"JA. DOUGLAS."

"I pray your Grace present my most humble respects to my Lady Duchess, my niece, and William."[1]

When General Douglas failed to corrupt Dundee, doubtless they did not part simply on the footing of that *seal of secrecy* into which the Viscount had been cozened. The Colonel of King James's Foot-Guards had been brought at least to promise, that he himself would not perpetrate the treachery he had dared to propound to his high-minded colleague, who, at that perilous juncture, would be more anxious to reclaim than to expose the brother of Queensberry. Accordingly, we find Dundee himself alluding to the circumstance, in a letter to be afterwards given entire, where he says, of the Lieutenant-General,—"He is *the old man*, and has *abused me strangely; for he swore to me to make amends.*" But Drumlanrig, Lieutenant-Colonel of Dundee's horse, deserted to the Prince of Orange as the King returned from Salisbury to London; and a portion of his uncle's regiment marched off to the enemy's camp about the same time, without an attempt on the part of their commander to stop them.

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[1] *Queensberry Papers.* An amusing detection of Lord Macaulay's freedom of pictorial and dramatic history, is afforded by General Douglas's account of the battle of the Boyne, in a letter to Queensberry, dated from Dublin, 7th July 1690. Douglas, at that battle, was second in command to Schomberg (although Macaulay does not seem to know it), and fought by his side when the latter was killed. Describing that event, our matchless word-painter says,—"Without defensive armour he rode through the river, and rallied the refugees whom the fall of Caillemot had dismayed. 'Come on,' he cried in French, pointing to the Popish squadrons,—'come on, gentlemen; there are your persecutors.' Those were his last words. As he spoke, a band of Irish horsemen rushed upon him, and encircled him for a moment. When they retired, he was on the ground. His friends raised him, but he was already a corpse. Two sabre wounds were on his head, and a bullet from a carbine was lodged in his neck."—*Hist.* vol. v. p. 266. General Douglas, in the above-mentioned letter to his brother, gives it thus:—"We have lost a hundred men, and *old Shomberg shot by one of his French foot, through a mistake.*"—Queensberry Papers.

In the regiment of dragoons under Athole's second son, Lord Charles Murray (recently created Earl of Dunmore), there rode a Lieutenant, who, thanks to Dean Swift and Sir Walter Scott, has become better known to the world than any other subordinate officer of the period—the renowned Captain Creighton. To his curious memoirs we now turn, for some minute particulars of our hero's movements immediately after the retreat from Salisbury:—

> "The Lord Dundee was ordered to bring up the Scotch horse and dragoons, with the Duke of Berwick's regiment of horse, to Reading, where he joined Dumbarton with his forces, and continued there nine or ten days. They were in all about ten thousand strong. General Douglas, with his regiment of Foot Guards, passing by Reading, lay at Maidenhead, from whence one of his battalions revolted to the Prince, under the conduct only of a corporal whose name was Kemp. However, Douglas assured the King that this defection happened against his will; and yet when the officers were ready to fire upon the deserters, his *compassion* was such that he would not permit them. After this, the Earl of Dumbarton and Lord Dundee, with all the officers who adhered to the King, were ordered to meet his Majesty at Uxbridge, where he designed to fight the Prince. The Earl of Feversham got thither before the King and the army arrived. When the forces drew together every party sent an officer to the Earl of Feversham to receive his commands. *I attended his Lordship for my Lord Dundee*, and was ordered with the rest to wait till the King came to dinner, his Majesty being expected within half an hour. But it fell out otherwise; for the Earl, to his great surprise, received a letter from the King, signifying that his Majesty had gone off, and had no further service for the army. When I carried this news to my Lord Dundee, neither his Lordship

nor the Lord Linlithgow,[1] and Dunmore, could forbear falling into tears. After which, being at a loss what course to take, I said to my Lord Dundee, that, as he had brought us out of Scotland, he should convey us thither back again in a body; adding, that the forces might lie that night at *Watford*, six miles off. *My advice was followed*,[2] and I went before to get billets where to quarter the men. My Lord Dundee ordered all to be ready at sound of trumpet, and to unbridle their horses no longer than while they were eating their oats. The townsmen contrived to give out a report before day, that the Prince of Orange was approaching, hoping to affright us away with a false alarm. Whereupon we marched out, but at the same time drew up in a strong inclosure at the town's end, resolving to fight the Prince if he should advance towards us. My Lord Dundee dispatched me immediately, to discover whether the report of the Prince's approach were true, but I only met a messenger with a letter from his Highness to my Lord Dundee, which I received, and delivered to his Lordship. The contents of it, so far as I am able to recollect, were as follows:—

"MY LORD DUNDEE:—I understand you are now at Watford, and that you keep your men together. I desire you will stay there till further orders, and, upon my honour, none in my army shall touch you.

"W. H., PRINCE OF ORANGE."

"Upon receipt of this letter, our men returned into the town, set up their horses, and refreshed themselves. About three in the afternoon there came intelligence that the King would be at Whitehall that night, having returned from Feversham, whither he had fled in disguise, and was ill treated by the rabble before they discovered him. Upon this incident, the Lords Dundee, Dunmore, Linlithgow (Livingstone), and myself, who desired leave to go with my Colonel, took horse; and, arriving at Whitehall a little after the King, had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand."[3]

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[1] George Lord Livingstone, Linlithgow's eldest son, Captain of the troop of Guards. He succeeded his father as third Earl of Linlithgow in 1690. Both Kennet and Echard mention, that when the King's letter was read aloud to the forces by Lord Feversham, *many shed tears*. This is very likely; but the old dragoon's statement, that the three noblemen he names fell a-weeping on the first announcement of the news by their Lieutenant in waiting, must be taken *cum nota*.

[2] This little piece of egotism is not to be believed. Dundee was not the man either to require or allow advice on such a subject from a Lieutenant of dragoons, who was not even in his own regiment, but attending him as an orderly.

[3] Memoirs of Captain John Creighton, in Swift's works, edited by Sir Walter Scott. The latter paragraph cannot be relied upon as an accurate statement of the movements of these noblemen; and, as regards Dundee, we find it inconsistent with better authority.

The most apocryphal part of these memoirs of the old dragoon officer, is the too great prominence he invariably assigns to himself in his narrative of events which generally agree with other authorities on the subject, but always require to be tested. We are not disposed to doubt the fact of the letter from the Prince of Orange, in some such terms as he gives it, though not found elsewhere.[1] But there is higher authority than Creighton, proving that our hero was in London *prior* to the King's temporary return to Whitehall from his first ineffectual flight; and also that he had joined his sovereign at Rochester, and accompanied him back to London. It is matter of trite history, that, from the moment of the withdrawal of the King's forces from Scotland, that unhappy country was in a state of anarchy. All the scum of the fanatical rebellion came boiling to the surface. The capital fell into the hands of the worst of mobs, and became a prey to the most dreadful disorder. How law and justice fared on the occasion may be read in the facts that the Lord High Chancellor, Perth, failing in a miserable attempt to fly, was seized by a mob of ruffians, cast into a common jail, and treated like the worst of felons; while a gross Lord of Session, in a state of intoxication, led on the most villanous mob by which a city was ever insulted and rifled, and passed for a hero and a patriot, being a covenanting fanatic, who, like "pious Needham, dropped the name of God." "The rabble,"—Lord Balcarres informs the King,—"having nothing to resist them, entered the house [Holyrood], pulled down all they could find in the private chapel, demolished all things within the abbey church, which had been furnished some days before they entered, and plundered the house the

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[1] Macaulay admits the letter, but after this most characteristic fashion: "Dundee, *it is said*, wept with grief and *rage*. Soon, however, *more cheering* intelligence arrived from various quarters. William *wrote a few lines* to say, that if *the Scots* would remain quiet, he would pledge his honour for their *safety*; and, some hours later, it was known that James *had returned* to his capital. Dundee instantly repaired to London. There he met his friend Balcarres, who had just arrived from Edinburgh."—*Hist.* vol. iv. p. 279. For this inaccurate account, Macaulay simply quotes *Creighton's Memoirs*. The "rage" is a malicious interpolation of his own. Then what was there "more cheering" to Dundee in that note from the invader? Moreover, Dundee was in London with Balcarres, attending a meeting of Scots Privy Councillors, at the lodgings of the Duke of Hamilton, *before* the King had returned from Feversham, a fact inconsistent with Creighton's statement.

Jesuits had lived in. When their work was over, they opened the Chancellor's cellars, and mine, and made themselves as drunk with wine as before they had been with zeal. Two or three days they rambled about the town, and plundered the Roman Catholics, who were but very few. Some of their ladies they treated with *the utmost barbarity*. Nor did the Council anything to hinder these disorders. Those who hated such barbarities wanted power, and those who had, rather augmented than diminished them."[1]

From that Council its most efficient member, for such an emergency, was now absent. Claverhouse, the only man of action among them, the most fixed in his principles, the most true to his word, the most determined in purpose, and the most indomitable in nerve, had been suddenly withdrawn from the scene with all his invaluable cavaliers. And who were left to save the country and its capital from this jubilee of the wild cats? Perth, the pusillanimous, who attempted to save himself by flight, leaving the ladies of his own new-born faith to be "villanously used;" Athole, who never knew his own mind for a moment, and whose only principle of action was self-interest; Tarbat, whom Dundee justly characterises as "a great villain," grasping at power he had no mind to wield for the good of the community, and no capacity to make good for anything; Sir John Dalrymple, whose very name is characteristic enough. And these leaders were now ministered unto, in the ruined city, by all the leather and prunella of a discontented faction, by all the trash and treason yet unhanged of the conventicle rebellion. One honest man, indeed, was among them; one honourable and loyal statesman, a member of the Privy Council and of the Secret Committee, Colin Earl of Balcarres, captain of the 5th troop of Claverhouse's horse.

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[1] Balcarres's Memoirs, Bannatyne Club edition. The old MS. transcripts, and the old prints, put it thus,—"Some Catholic ladies they *used villanously*." Sir George Lockhart, the Whig Lord President, had written strongly on the subject to the Duke of Hamilton in London. In the printed catalogue of the Hamilton Papers, the following item occurs:—"President Lockhart to Duke Hamilton, then in London, *six letters* of intelligence concerning a Dutch fleet at sea, bound for England; the *tumults and plunderings* at Edinburgh and the parts all about, on that occasion; and how the mob, *instigated by the saints*, had driven away the Privy Council, and made the Lord Chancellor a prisoner.—*May—December*, 1688."

But he was deficient in the energy of action, the determination of purpose, and the power to command, in all which Claverhouse excelled. The Duke of Gordon was isolated, in the blockaded Castle of Edinburgh, a strength committed to him by a voluntary act of the King's, but which he held with a feeble hand, and eventually surrendered with a feebler heart.

When James marched to Salisbury, by way of doing battle with "*O-soceri-raptor*," Secretary Melfort wrote to his brother the Chancellor "all the hopes imaginable," says Balcarres, "but *the truth disguised*, and *the facts quite different from what the Viscount of Dundee wrote to me.*" This caused the distracted Chancellor, before his attempt at flight, to send Bailie Brand, an Edinburgh merchant, a creature recommended by Tarbat, to inform his Majesty of the state of affairs, and to receive his commands to the Privy Council. Brand proved a scoundrel, and proceeded at once, with all his information, to the quarters of the Prince of Orange, to whom he was introduced by another scoundrel, Gilbert Burnet. Balcarres then went himself. He arrived in London on or about the 12th of December, immediately after the flight of the King, which melancholy news greeted him on his arrival. Disappointed in the expectation of seeing his Sovereign, he summoned all the Scots Privy Councillors within reach to a consultation in the lodgings of the Duke of Hamilton, who had been living in London watching the turn of events. Those who came were all officers from the neighbouring leaguer of King James's paralyzed army, which his letter to Feversham, and that nobleman's subsequent order, had in fact dissolved. There came Lieutenant-General Douglas, Major-General Viscount Dundee, Captain Earl of Airlie, and Captain Earl of Dunmore. Hamilton, who now concluded the crown of Scotland his own, (an old craze of those Dukes), turned the meeting into a most discreditable brawl, but discreditable only to himself. He insisted upon Balcarres delivering up to him the letter addressed to his Majesty by the Privy Council in Scotland, and that (as he had the insolence in his passion to declare), for the purpose of informing the Prince of Orange and his Council, who were their Popish enemies in Scotland. Balcarres tendered a copy; but, with the approbation of all the others except *Ge-*

neral Douglas, refused to give up the principal; although, says the Earl, Hamilton insisted "with all the passion his natural fury, and *insolent temper* prompted."[1] Thus foiled, his Grace flung out of the room, storming with rage, and left his noble guests, who had done him too much honour by coming there, to their own devices.

Scarcely had this scene passed, when the new excitement arose of the seizure of the King at Feversham, and the sudden anxiety to save him from the mob, and lead him back in safety to his palace. Guards were sent for him, under the Earl of Feversham, and James himself tells in his Memoirs, that several loyal noblemen hastened to meet him on his return. Can we doubt that Dundee, whom he had so recently ennobled, and who had just been insulted by the unprincipled Hamilton, would spring, on the first note of the news, to attend the Sovereign whose Councillor he was, the Sovereign he loved, and whom he never forsook? James reached Rochester on Saturday the 15th of December, where meeting Feversham, he declined the parade of the Guards, whom he directed to be dismissed, and sent the Earl himself with a letter to the Prince of Orange, who arrested and incarcerated the loyal nobleman for his pains. Meanwhile, Secretary Middleton, Dumbarton, and Dundee, remained with the forlorn and agitated King at Rochester, according to the following anecdote preserved by the historian Carte:—

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[1] So it is given in the old print of Balcarres's Memoirs, 1714; and also in a contemporary MS. transcript in my possession, which had been acquired by the late Principal Lee; and in two other old MS. transcripts possessed by Mr David Laing; also in the old print of it in Somers' Tracts. The original, given by Balcarres himself to King James in France, has been lost sight of. Lord Lindsay's print of it for the Bannatyne Club in 1841, is, as his Lordship states, "Now printed from a verbatim transcript prefixed by James Earl of Balcarres, the son of the author, to *his own* Memoirs, preserved in the library of the present Earl, his great-grandson. Of the fate of the author's own manuscript I am ignorant." A close collation of Earl James' transcript, with the many old MS. transcripts of this interesting and important fragment of history, would have rendered Lord Lindsay's valuable contribution to the Bannatyne yet more valuable. We cannot help suspecting that Earl James had softened some phrases, and refined and polished somewhat throughout. The sentence given in our text stands thus mitigated in the Bannatyne print: "Though urged by his Grace with his *usual vehemency*."

"The Earl of Middleton[1] told me, that, when King James the 2d was at Rochester, his father, the Earl of Dumbarton, and Lord Dundee, were with him; and the fire wanting to be put to rights and renewed, the King was so deserted there was not a servant of his in the way. The Earl of Middleton, who had gone into the outward room to see for one, told the King there was none in the way but a servant of his own (David Middleton, afterwards steward to the Duke of Bedford, *whom I knew well*), and if his Majesty pleased he would call him in to mend the fire. The King desired it, and David came in. While he was adjusting the fire, he heard them continue an earnest discourse wherein they were engaged; and *Lord Dundee* said: 'Sir, the question is, whether you shall stay in England or go to France? My opinion is, you should stay in England. Make your stand here, and summon your subjects to your allegiance. 'Tis true, your army is disbanded by your own authority; but, though disbanded, not so dispersed but, if you will give me your commission, I will undertake to get *ten thousand* of them together, and march through all England with your standard at their head, and drive all the Dutch before you.' The King said, he believed it might be done; but it would cause a civil war, and he would not do so much mischief to the English nation, which he loved, and would come soon to their senses again. The Earl of Middleton thereupon said, that since his Majesty rejected the party of force, he should stay in the kingdom at any rate, though the remotest quarter. For though his going abroad might put them into a confusion for some time, it would not be more than a six weeks affair, by which time a new Government would be settled, and he would be ruined. The King soon after stole away for France. This, David Middleton told the present Earl he heard, but went away without hearing the rest of the discourse."[2]

Balcarres, continuing his exposure of the conduct of Hamilton, adds,—"But, three days after, when he heard of your Majesty's coming back from Feversham, and that things were like not to go on as he expected, *he sent for the Viscount of Dundee*, and made *great excuses for his passion*, and desired him *to go to us all* and offer his friendship; and, in his own lodging, *prays and intreats us* that we might make no more of it."[1] And why was Dundee, whom Hamilton hated because he ever felt his own nature rebuked in his presence, selected as the peace-maker? Because he had just been with the King, and had accompanied him back to Whitehall, where James returned on the evening of Sunday the 16th of December, hailed by the acclamations of the bewildered people,—*civium ardor prava jubentium,*—creating a momentary belief that the King was to have his own again.

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[1] John third Earl of Middleton, son of Claverhouse's friend, Secretary Middleton.

[2] Carte's Memorandum Book, vol. xi., 4to, p. 132, extracted in Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. iii, p. 299.

The belief was but momentary. Before the end of that same month of December 1688, the dethroned Monarch quitted his Kingdom for ever. The last of his Councillors with whom he communed there, with whom he conversed as friends unchangeable in their truth and honour, and to whom he gave his last instructions, were Colin Earl of Balcarres, and he of whom he once wrote to the head of the ungrateful House of Drumlanrig,—"I assure you *Clavers* is not a man to say things that are not." Shortly before his departure, a few brave men again urged him to summon the loyal to arms. But the time had gone by for such an appeal, and the King can scarcely be blamed for declining the attempt at the twelfth hour. From the son of the good Earl Colin, we gather what followed:—

> "He then said it was a fine day, he would take a walk. *None attended him but Colin and Lord Dundee.* When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked how *they* came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him, and gone to the Prince of Orange? Colin said, their fidelity to so good a master would ever be the same, they had nothing to do with the Prince of Orange. Lord Dundee made the strongest professions of duty. 'Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still attachment to me?' 'Sir, we do.' 'Will you give me your hands upon it, as men of honour?' They did so. 'Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cypher, or be a prisoner to the Prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of Kings. Therefore, I go for France immediately; when there, you shall have my instructions. You, Lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage

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[1] Balcarres's Memoirs, MS., collated with all the prints.

my civil affairs, and you, Lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland."[1]

Three short months had effected a vast change in the position and condition of our hero. Early in October 1688, he had marched from Scotland, as Major-General Graham, at the head of that splendid body of cavalry, having for his Captains the highest nobility of Scotland, but himself under the orders of Lieutenant-General Douglas. All of them at that moment were loyal. Even Douglas ready to eat the first Dutchman that opposed his march, instead of the snatches of cold meat he shared with Lord William. Their discipline was perfect, their equipments complete, their pay provided for,[2] and their courage indomitable. Before the end of the month of December, of that picked army of three thousand loyalists, it may be said—*erupit—evasit!* The King was gone for whom to fight they had been summoned, and from whom their leaders held their commissions. Major-General Graham was no longer under the orders of Lieutenant-General Douglas. But in this strange drama of transfigurations, more bewildering than a Midsummer Night's Dream, he had stumbled up instead of down. His highly-prized military command was obliterated. But on awaking from his dream of arms and glory, he found himself a peer of the realm of Scotland, the Lord Viscount of Dundee! The King's dethronement could not obliterate that. He had now no right to command the attendance even of an orderly dragoon. Yet he had just obtained a verbal commission, from the lips of his own Sovereign, as Commander-in-chief of all his Majesty's forces raised, or to be raised, in Scotland! The Scots cavalry, and also Dumbarton's foot, disorganised, and scarcely officered as they were, made a noble attempt to take the question of their allegiance into their own hands. Their titled leaders, Dumbarton, Dundee, Livingstone, Airlie,

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[1] Memoirs by Earl James of Balcarres, son of Colin, quoted by Lord Lindsay in his Lives of the Lindsays, vol. ii. p. 162.

[2] Lord Macaulay speaks of the Scotch troops being "left without pay or provisions in the midst of a foreign, and, indeed, a hostile nation." (*Hist.* vol. iv. p. 279.) But Lord Ranelagh, the Irish Treasurer, thus writes to Queensberry from London, November 13, 1688: "By the King's orders, I have furnished here *six hundred pounds* to the Scots Life Guards; a *thousand pounds* to Major-General

Balcarres, and Dunmore,[1] all loyal and staunch, were leading them no more, and gave them no sign. They could not appreciate the political principles that induced those great nobles to save their positions as leading statesmen and Privy Councillors, and submit to extinction as officers of that army of Scotland which had shown so formidable a front at Salisbury. Still less could they understand why, with loyalty in their own stout hearts, and arms in their own strong hands, they were not free to march back in a body to Scotland, instead of being shipped for Holland like cattle, whether conducted by noblemen or not. Their gallant escapade is elaborately recorded by Dalrymple. "All in an instant are in motion. While part are preparing for their march, others had already begun it. Some by orders, some without, and some in spite of them. They disarmed the few officers who opposed the sentiments of the rest They seized the money provided for the pay of the regiments;[2] and with drums beating, colours flying, and four pieces of cannon, marched off from Ipswich, the intended place of their embarkation (for Holland), to traverse one-half of England,—peaceably if they were not opposed, by force if they were." But with no leaders of rank or capacity to rally and guide them, their fate may be anticipated. Followed and surrounded by superior forces of all arms, they were soon compelled to come to terms, and to submit to the Invader. The attempt was alarming to the nascent dynasty. It occurred immediately after the crown of King James had been tendered to Prince William in England, and when Dundee had

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Graham's regiment of horse; and *five hundred and ninety pounds* to my Lord Dunmore's regiment of dragoons; which three sums are forthwith to be paid to my order at Berwick, where they are to be issued to the regiment of foot now there in quarter. My Lord Rochester and I do often remember your Grace over a glass of claret."—*Queensberry Papers.*

[1] It must have greatly distressed Dundee, that his old friend and companion in arms, the nephew of his bride, Lord Ross, he who witnessed his marriage-contract, had separated from his loyal compeers, and attached himself to the miserable clique of insurgents and fanatics who misruled in Edinburgh after the army had marched to England. Lord Balcarres names him as a leader among "the Presbyterian and discontented party," under which the city was rabbled at this time. Yet he had a troop in Claverhouse's horse. See before, p. 334-5, *notes.*

[2] But it would seem to have been the pay that was provided by King James. See before, p. 492; *note.*

just departed for Scotland, with an escort of so many, and no more, of his attached troopers as sufficed for that purpose. By a strange perversion of terms, for which matters were scarcely yet ripe, this attempt of the rest to "follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee," was called *mutiny*. "Both Houses," says Dalrymple, "in an address, termed the mutiny of the Scotch regiment, a rebellion, and advised the King to issue a proclamation against the fugitives as *traitors*." This so-called mutiny, a heart without a head, was easily crushed. But it proves what King William, and his Prime Minister for Scotland, would have been compelled to deal with ere triumphant in the Scotch Convention of 1689. Had Dundee at this time not acted upon a higher principle than the mere chivalry of his nature, had he chosen to follow the impulses of his fiery blood, and sink the statesman in the cavalier, he could have cut his way back through all England, at the head of the same body of horse he brought from Scotland, with only such few exceptions as would have made him all the stronger. He had never, indeed, led those squadrons in battle. But he had taught them to know him; and, somehow, his troopers loved *Clavers* even as the soldiers of the tenth legion loved Cæsar. At the chaotic crisis of the King's flight, who could have stopped him? A call of his bugle, a wave of his arm, would have brought every charger, with inflated nostrils and pawing hoofs, around him. And that glorious note, as struck in our own times from the harp of genius, with so just a conception of his chivalry and his truth,—

> "And each cavalier, that loves honour and me,
> Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee,"

would have been responded to on the instant by the flash of a thousand sabres.

But Dundee had far other thoughts at the moment. He and Balcarres had already organized their communication with the exiled Sovereign, and were already transmitting dispatches to him, and receiving his orders. To these two leaders of a forlorn hope, besides the few loyal nobles they could really count upon, Queensberry, Athole, and Annandale at this time actually professed adherence. But they brought no strength to the cause. Unprincipled in their politics, ever changing in their dispositions, without loyalty in their nature, and only self at heart, their loose adhesion was danger, and not support. There seemed more sincerity, however, as there was certainly more parade, in Arran's verbal demonstration of loyalty, in opposition to the Duke, his father, at that mob-like meeting of Scotch peers and gentlemen which Hamilton summoned to consultation in Whitehall, preliminary to the Convention in Edinburgh. But, as Dalrymple shrewdly observes,—"Even the most open attachments become suspicious, on account of the divisions in politics between fathers and their sons. While the Duke of Queensberry, the Marquis of Athole, and Lord Arran maintained connexions with James, Lord Drumlanrig, Lord Murray, and the Duke of Hamilton appeared violent in the service of his rival."[1]

This valuable whig historian (superior to Lord Macaulay both in matter and style), tells us also, that "William asked Balcarres and Dundee to enter into his service. Dundee refused without ceremony. Balcarres confessed the trust which had been put in him, and asked the King if, after that, he could enter into the service of another? William generously answered, 'I cannot say that you can;' but added, 'Take care that you fall not within the law, for otherwise I shall be forced, against my will, to let the law overtake you.'"[2] We see no great generosity in a reply that is more indicative of imperious tyranny than kingly appreciation of incorruptible allegiance.

William knew Dundee of old. He must have remembered the "white plumach," on the bloody day of Seneff, when "no Belgian wore a white but him alone." He could scarcely have forgotten the time when,—

———"lasso, per Belgia stagna, caballo,
Agmina liligeri fugeret victricia Galli,"—

a young cornet of his guard, at a moment when a horse was worth a kingdom to the floundering Prince, came with a good one to his aid, and,—

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[1] *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland.*—The Lord Murray mentioned is Athole's eldest son; not Secretary Earl Murray whose correspondence with Queensberry we have so often quoted, and whose name we ought rather to have spelt *Morray*, for distinction's sake, as he wrote it himself.

[2] For this, Dalrymple quotes "*MS. Memoirs written by the late Lord Balcarres,*" Earl James, Colin's son. The anecdote is not in Earl Colin's own Memoirs; but the passage referred to is quoted from the son's Memoirs, by Lord Lindsay, in his Lives of the Lindsays, vol. ii. p. 162–3.

> "*Hostibus eripuit, salvumque in castra reduxit.*"

As Balcarres had a personal interview with the new King at this time, there can be little doubt that so had Dundee. In all probability they both declined the honour of serving him, at the same interview, and in pretty much the same terms.[1] But a Convention in Scotland, to be held in March, under the auspices of Duke Hamilton, was determined upon by the triumphant Invader; and even the most loyal of the Scotch nobles were at length suffered to return home, to play their part, and do their best, or their worst, in that meeting of conflicting elements which Hamilton had persuaded William he could manage as he pleased.

"The first that came down, of either parties,"—says Balcarres,—"was the Viscount of Dundee and myself. When we came to Edinburgh, about the end of February (1689), we found that city in a great quiet, and generally well affected." The horrible anarchy which had previously prevailed being somewhat exhausted, and all the factious nobles interested to promote it having gone to London, the College of Justice, whom it best befitted, had organised an armed force which restored the peace, and saved the town from utter destruction. This, however, did not suit the views of Hamilton; and ere he arrived himself, he had sent down orders, in the shape of a proclamation from King William, to have that peace-force disbanded. Dundee and Balcarres, the moment they arrived, waited on the Governor of the Castle. To their dismay, on entering the gates, they met his Grace's furniture coming out. The Duke of Gordon was in the act of capitulating to render up that royal trust to the disorderly town. This was not disloyalty, but feeblenessand timidity. The two loyal noblemen convinced him on the spot, that he should at least hold it for King James, "until he saw what the Convention would do." But Duke Hamilton had determined that, upon this occasion, it should not be said that "Claverhouse and the Clerk are the chief directors."[1] There is not in the annals of statesmanship to be found a policy more nefarious, and of a meaner character, than that which Hamilton now adopted to effect his purpose. From the banner of the princely but degraded House he represented, all chivalry had fled. But the Wild Cats of the West were ready at his call. Renwick, indeed, had been recently hanged. *Ultimus Romanorum.*[2] Still the murderous spirit of fanaticism showed as lively as ever in the dominions of the nobleman who was now to rule unhappy Scotland. So recently as the 20th of June 1688, about three months before the King's forces were all withdrawn to England, "The news comes to Edinburgh," says Fountainhall, "that a party of dragoons, bringing one Houston, a field conventicle preacher, prisoner to Edinburgh, were fallen on in Galloway, by these wild fanatics of Renwick's faction, and he was rescued, and five or six dragoons killed or wounded. The Privy Council, by their proclamation, ordained the whole heritors of these three Western shires to meet, and cause search for the rebels, and take the advice of the *indulged ministers*, as having *most power* with the people there. This was *against their principles*, to meddle with *secular* affairs; but to leave that to the civil magistrates; and some few of the *wiser* excused themselves on that head." And yet, ever since the advent of the Prince of Orange, and withdrawing of the troops, these out-door ranters had been the privy councillors of the *Club* of disloyal and rebel nobles, and others, then formed in Edinburgh.[1] Hamilton was ever notorious for playing fast and loose with the rebellious spirit of the West. But he was no fanatic. He did not, like his immediate successor in power, the *torturing* Earl Crawfurd, interlard his discourse, or load his correspondence, with Scriptural quotations and Bible phraseology. Moreover, he had in reality been more of a *persecutor* than ever was Claverhouse. It was Hamilton who sent Captain Creighton on the special mission to take the life of that martyr, John Steill. It is Hamilton who writes to Queensberry in 1683,—"I find there are some *insolent rebels*, who are *very wicked fellows*, that lurk in the parish of Lesmahago, and the heads of Kyle, who are so bold that my servant who lives there as chamberlain looks upon himself as scarce *secure of his life*." It is in a letter of Hamilton's we find that sentence which, had it been discovered in a letter from Claverhouse, (whether justified by the circumstances or not), would have gone far to paralyse his defence,—"Three or four of them came to a farm of mine in Lesmahago,—*out of which I had ejected a widow, and taken her and most of her family and carried them to Glasgow, where they were banished*,—and tilled for some hours, and so frightened a new tenant I have got to have gone to it, that it will lay waste this year." Yet this was the spirit which Hamilton now invoked. This was the power he wielded. These truculent Thugs, with whom assassination was religion, were now the paid soldiers of the princely House of Hamilton, the Satraps that thronged the hall of his Convention!

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[1] We have no hesitation in rejecting, as one of the many falsehoods, magnifying himself and calumniating others, which Bishop Burnet concocted to be published after his death, that passage in which he says, "the *Earl* of Dundee" employed him to carry messages, at this time, to King William, for the regulation of Dundee's movements. Burnet, for whom Dundee entertained the most lively contempt, was the last man he would have selected for such a purpose; nor, indeed, would the Viscount have employed any go-between whatever. See before, vol. i. p. 41.

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[1] See before, p. 347. Hamilton's letter.

[2] Sir George Mackenzie, with pardonable self-gratulation, chuckles a little over the fact that it did not fall to his lot to hang Renwick ; who, after many ineffectual efforts to capture him, was at length taken, and hanged on the 17th of February 1688. Sir John Dalrymple, a perfect specimen of whiggery in the most unclean state, had contrived, in the prevailing chaos, and through the weakness of James, to become Lord Advocate, and upon the altar of *Scotch patriotism* it was that Renwick came to be immolated. "The covenanters cannot deny," says Mackenzie, in his *Vindication*, "but they zealously pressed Sir John Dalrymple, then Advocate, to hang Mr Renwick, a field preacher, for field preaching where some of his hearers were armed, because he was like to divide their church after they had got an *indulgence* from King James." So hanged he was, under the Dalrymple administration. It is amusing to see how Sir James Mackintosh disposes of the awkward incident :—"Blood had now ceased to flow *for religion*, and the execution of Renwick, a *pious* and *intrepid* minister, who, according to the principles of the *Cameronians*, openly denied James II. to be his rightful sovereign, is rather an *apparent* than a *real* exception ; for the offence *imputed to him* was not of a *religious* nature, and *must* have been punished by *every* established authority."—*Miscellaneous Works*, p. 427. But Renwick is not to be cozened out of his niche among the "Scots Worthies," after this Whig fashion. A yearly spasmodic preachment, in the open air, is still devoted to his martyrdom in the south of Scotland. Who was hanged in the Grassmarket "for religion," if Renwick was not ! Which of them should have been *spared*, if Renwick was *necessarily hanged ?* His case bears the same relation to that of Cameron, Cargill, Kid, King, &c., that the *hind* claws of a wild cat bear to the *fore*.

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[1] Balcarres.

"Some days before the Convention sat down," says Balcarres, "the Duke of Hamilton, and other Western Lords and gentlemen, brought publicly into town several companies of foot, and quartered them in the city, *besides great numbers that they kept hid in cellars and houses below ground*, which never appeared until some days after the Convention was begun."[1] There is no dubiety about the matter. These were fanatical bravos, collected out of the West by Hamilton and Sir John Dalrymple, chiefs who stood in the same relation to the conventicle cut-throats of the West and South, that Athole and Breadalbane did to the claymores of the North. King James had been so insane as to promote the once degraded Bailie of Glenluce to be Lord Justice-Clerk and an ordinary Lord of Session, on the 28th of February 1688, immediately after he had performed the exploit of hanging Renwick, in his vocation of Lord Advocate! Hamilton's chivalry was the flower of those same armed conventiclers who came to be called *Cameronians*, but might have been called *Cargillians*, or *Renwickers*, just as well. Edinburgh was now flooded by them. The lowest haunts harboured them. The streets were rendered dangerous by them. The castle was beleagured by them. Yes,—

> "With sour-visaged saints the Grassmarket was panged,
> As if half of the West had set tryste to be hanged;
> There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e'e,
> As they watched for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

And truly our hero made a narrow escape. His two deadly enemies were at the very head of affairs. Hamilton, who had ever hated him in proportion to his dread of the clear-minded incorruptible energies that so long kept the West, and the Duke too, in subjection to the government, had succeeded in placing himself in the chair of the Convention, and cowing all opposition. Sir John Dalrymple, whom Claverhouse had caused to be fined, and confined, in 1682, and whose ears he then threatened to box in presence of the Lords of the Privy

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[1] Balcarres. The characters of men who would allow themselves to be "kept in cellars and houses below ground," till they were required for coercive purposes, require no illustration.

Council, was now Lord Justice-Clerk, with a seat on the Bench, and Prime Minister to Duke Hamilton. What had Claverhouse to expect from the lord and master of the Wild Cats (now congregated *in cellars*), counselled as he was by the future Counsellor of Glencoe? ASSASSINATION! The man who, on the 30th of January 1692, deliberately and officially wrote that order, for the foulest wholesale midnight murder that was ever prompted from below—"*Let it be secret and sudden,*"—was not likely to withhold similar counsel from Hamilton in 1689 in regard to Claverhouse, with the means at hand, the law under their feet, and the strong desire in their cowardly hearts. Besides, he was their only stumbling-block; the only man of action and energy now standing for King James. It was Dundee, not the Duke of Gordon, that held out the Castle of Edinburgh. Dundee for a time was loyally seconded by Balcarres. But, as the event soon proved, that Earl's nerve and energies were totally unequal to the crisis. The Duke of Gordon was again capitulating. He was again in the act of giving up the fortress to Hamilton, by whose mob of myrmidons it was now blockaded. To enter was at the peril of life. The Convention had ordered every access to be strictly guarded, "that no person may go into the said Castle."[1] The Duke of Gordon and all his adherents were *intercommuned;* that is, all the lieges were prohibited, under the pains of high treason, from conversing or communicating with them; the law of civil excommunication, in short, which, when applied by the Government of the Stuarts, to traitors and armed outlaws, was exclaimed against as the acme of unconstitutional tyranny. Dundee and Balcarres, however, contrived to communicate again with the beleagured Governor, who then demanded a guarantee from them, under their own hands, that to hold the Castle was essential to the cause of King James. The writing he desiderated was conveyed to him next day, and the Duke once more backed out of his capitulation. To keep him right Dundee now risked his life. He made his way alone into the Castle, watched as it was by swarms of the deadly Westland Whigs. "But that," says

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[1] *Acts and Orders* of the Convention of 1689, printed by Mr Thomson in the folio edition of the Scots Acts of Parliament.

Balcarres, "which *confirmed* the Duke of Gordon most was, *the Viscount of Dundee* going into the Castle and letting him know the resolution of your friends to quit the Convention, and to call one in your Majesty's name to sit at Stirling." This scheme to paralyze the Whig Convention was on the eve of being attempted. Dundee had with him about fifty of his old troopers, devoted to his service. The Earl of Mar, who held the Keepership of the Castle of Stirling, solemnly promised to join. The Marquis of Athole, so valuable for his claymores, so dangerous from his timorous uncertainty, also protested that he was ready to proceed to Stirling. "But," adds Balcarres, "his irresolution to leave Edinburgh and go to Stirling *broke all our measures;* which delays upon such occasions never fail to do; but at length the day was fixed, and all your friends were prepared to be gone, and it was thought fit by them all that one should be sent to your Majesty to let you know our reasons for this step; this, Sir Archibald Kennedy undertook to do, and performed by waiting upon you in Ireland."

On the Saturday before the Monday (18th March) on which they had agreed to start, a circumstance occurred not likely to induce Dundee to postpone matters. He had repeatedly, as we learn from himself, in his place in the Convention, "complained of many people being in arms *without authority*, which was notoriously known to be true, even the *wild hill-men.*"[1] A pamphlet of the day states, that "the rabble, and wild hill-men went together in arms, in formidable multitudes, both in country and city, and the thanks of the Convention was made to them for their good services; they affronted the Viscount of Dundee daily upon the streets, and sometimes in the night attempted to murder him in his house; all which was made evident to the Convention, and no notice taken of it."[2] Immediately before the meeting of the Convention, on Saturday the 16th of March, information came to the Viscount that there was actually a plot hatching to murder him, and also his friend the ex-Lord Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie.

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[1] Letter, Dundee to Hamilton, of which afterwards.

[2] "The case of the afflicted clergy (Episcopalians) in Scotland truly represented." 1690.

The informant at the same time offered, if a warrant were obtained, to assist in the apprehension of six or seven ruffians, who were at that time together in a house concerting their murderous design. The moment the Convention met, Dundee announced this information to the President,[1] and called the immediate attention of the States to the protection of the lives of the lieges. Hamilton, than whom no man living better knew what this portended, and what was likely to happen, made some show of taking up the case. A witness was actually examined, in consequence of Sir George Mackenzie impressing upon the Convention, with all the powers of his eloquence, the constitutional necessity of the case; and the evidence thereby afforded exhibits, in a still more disgraceful and truculent light, the spirit with which the inquiry was immediately passed from, without any direction on the subject, in the face of Dundee's and Sir George Mackenzie's demand to have the matter thoroughly sifted at the bar, and some order pronounced. As the record of this has never been printed, and as our historian, Malcolm Laing, has been guilty of *suppressio veri* on the subject, we must give it here:—

Abridged Minutes of the Meeting of the Convention, 16*th March* 1689.

"A motion made for the security of the members of this meeting.

"The President resumes an information, that two men were heard say, they should use the persons of the Lords Dundee and Rosehaugh as they have formerly used them, and that they intended violence against these Lords.

"The motion urged, and *largely spoken to*, by Rosehaugh. Resolved to take the point of security *into consideration.*

"Then an information was exhibit to the meeting, that the Duke of Gordon, though *intercommuned* yesterday, came and was conversed with by some persons in the town, which was offered to be proven by Campbell of Moy, Moy younger, and Peter Gordon, writer, Edinburgh, witnesses. A warrant to macers to cite these witnesses.

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[1] Lord Macaulay says, that when informed of the design to assassinate him "Dundee *applied to Hamilton* for protection, and *Hamilton advised him* to bring the matter under the consideration of the Convention *at the next meeting.*"—*Hist.* vol. iv. p. 280. The only authority he quotes is *Balcarres's Memoirs*; in no copy of which, printed or MS., is any such statement to be found. Dundee announced it in the Convention, and to Hamilton as *President thereof.* His applying to "Hamilton for protection" out of the Convention, and only bringing the matter before the Convention by the *advice* of Hamilton, is a depreciatory invention of Lord Macaulay's.

"*Interim*, James Binnie, litster (dyer), examined anent the design to assassinate the two Lords; and deponed, that he heard two men, *yesterday, in his own house in Edinburgh*, say, they resolved to use *these dogs* as they were used by them; after asking for the lodgings of these two Lords; adding that they *should not escape them*, though it was not to be done for some nights."[1]

No further evidence on the subject appears in these minutes, or in any other record of the acts, orders, or proceedings, of Hamilton's Convention. But the rest we learn from Balcarres, though variously expressed in the various copies of his Memoirs. The enquiry, which seemed at first to be fairly promoted from the chair, was abruptly closed, the complaint of Claverhouse dismissed, and by a "majority of the House," the order of the day passed to, "under the *execrable* pretence that, as they were on *public* affairs, they could not postpone them for *private business*." The heroic Viscount, the only man really in danger (being the only loyalist worth their murdering), retired from that Convention with the firm determination, both to maintain his loyalty, and *not to be assassinated*. Had he hesitated in his conduct, had he wavered in his principles, his fate would have been sealed. Duke Hamilton and Sir John Dalrymple would have accomplished their revenge, in one form or other, against the loyal and lofty cavalier, whom no soul in Scotland, of rational mind, or any social position, eyed with the malice that actuated those two.

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[1] *Minutes of the Convention* 1689, *MS. Advocates' Library*. Malcolm Laing gives it thus:—"Historians have supposed that Dundee was *seriously afraid* of assassination, and that the *Parliament* [Convention] refused to listen to the evidence which he offered. But it appears that his *only witness* was examined, who declared that two men had threatened, in his house, to use Dundee and Mackenzie as they had been used themselves:—*Minutes of the Convention*, MS. As the men were *not named*, and Mackenzie continued to attend the Convention, it is *obvious* that Dundee *affected an alarm*." The logic of this conclusion is not worth impugning. Moreover, it is not true in point of fact. In the very record he is quoting (unpublished) we find the following:—"22d March, 1689: A letter read in the meeting from *Sir George Mackenzie*, giving the President an account of the *reasons of his absence*: and ordered, that the Clerks intimate to him, that he lead his witnesses before them, on the ground of his *danger*, for his not attending on the meeting." No more appears on the subject. Lord Macaulay, too, in referring to these unpublished *minutes*, has perverted them in a manner that is very discreditable to his great work. See his *History*, vol. iv. p. 289, and *note*; and compare with the entry in the MS. minutes, as quoted *verbatim* in our text.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Come open your gates, and let me go free,
And its room for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

Monday, the 18th of March, had been fixed for the departure to Stirling of the noblemen and other loyalists who were to hold a Convention there in the name of King James. They were constitutionally empowered to do so by a royal Commismission addressed to the Archbishop of St Andrews, the Earl of Balcarres, and the Viscount of Dundee, which had just reached them from Ireland, where his Majesty had landed shortly before. The leading noblemen had met for the purpose at their usual place of consultation, with the exception of Dundee, who doubtless was occupied preparing their very necessary escort. The scene in Convention, when Binnie was examined, had occurred on the previous Saturday. On Monday, however, the heart of the Marquis of Athole failed him again. He begged and entreated for *one day more* of delay, and prevailed. He also proposed an immediate adjournment to Hamilton's Convention, that suspicion might be lulled. His unprincipled fears infected the rest. Even Balcarres gave way. Miserable weakness, and most unfair to the absent Viscount. They were in the act of separating, when Claverhouse, unconscious of this failure of their nerves, (for principle or patriotism had nothing whatever to do with it), suddenly appeared among them, having his gallant escort all ready for the start. From a cavalier so fearless and consistent, the question, 'Where now?' must have been awkward to answer. His particular friend and coadjutor, Balcarres, seems to have undertaken the hopeless and sorry task of endeavouring to persuade him to follow *their* fears, and *their* faith, instead of that path of truth, honour, and resolute action, in which he was labouring to lead *them*. In vain Balcarres urged him to oblige and humour Athole, who (he said) *only* begged a delay of twenty-four hours! 'I depart even now,' replied the indignant Viscount: 'You may all return to the Convention; but there are others who are to meet me on the way, and I will neither disappoint them nor my Sovereign. I will pause at some little distance off, with my escort, to enable any of you to join who are so inclined, if you *can* quit Edinburgh after I have left it.' Such is the substance of Balcarres's own melancholy narrative, and nearly the words he uses. He must have written it in sorrow and in shame. "It was very evident," he says, "*his* going away would *give the alarm*, which made me *extremely earnest* that he might stay *one day longer:* but he had before made an appointment with some to go with him: *So he went straight away with about fifty horses.*" The only nobleman who went with him was George Lord Livingstone (4th Earl of Linlithgow), ex-Captain of the royal troop of Scots Guards. Balcarres ought to have gone too. Not many weeks after this scene, he found himself within the walls of the common jail, his Countess petitioning Hamilton for light, and air, and medical aid, to her husband,[1] while Claverhouse was caracoling like a Bayard, and as free as the eagles of Corryarick. And so these nobles, of a far descent, turned their trembling steps, crest-fallen, helpless, and useless, back to the brawling Hamilton,[2] while Claverhouse, the peer of yesterday, rode "straight away!" The torch of King James's last prime minister in Scotland for *civil* affairs, was burnt out. The star of the Lindsay had fallen. The star of the Graham glowed red as Mars:—

> "Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
> Ere I'll own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
> And tremble, false whigs, though triumphant you be,
> You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

[1] *Acts and Orders* of the Convention 1689, printed with the folio Acts of Parliament.

[2] Balcarres thus describes Hamilton in the Parliament of 1690. He says, that the King's friends, "abandoned and out-voted in everything, had nothing to do but to sit and hear Duke Hamilton *bawl and bluster, according to his usual custom;* and then acquiesced to all that was proposed; and Sir James Montgomery and Sir John Dalrymple *scolded like kail-wives*, that *rogue*, *villain*, and *liar*, were their usual terms."—*The print of Balcarres's Memoirs*, 1714.

"The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And long-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."

There is more of historical truth and accuracy in this spirit-stirring ballad, than in all the florid pages of Macaulay. Since the day when the bold Buccleuch took Kinmont Willy out of the Castle of Carlisle, and challenged Lord Scrope with that bugle-blast,—"O! wha dar' meddle wi' me"—a finer display of free lances, a more picturesque and dramatic incident of knightly bearing, and haughty defiance, had never occurred to prove that Scottish chivalry was not extinct. In the face of day, through lurking and hovering swarms of those deadly Hamiltonians, watching him at every turn, men who he knew were conspiring to murder him, and who had just been significantly told that to do so would be good service to "Religion and Liberty,"—the Scottish Cavalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, rode proudly and conspicuously away, as to the pageantry of a tournament! Not a Lesmahago lurcher, not a Glenluce cat, dared cross his path.[1]

The forlorn and anxious chief of the Gordons was looking out, like sister Anne, from the Castle wall, a telescope in his hand.[2] There was enough to employ it. The Westland whigs were rabbling the useless old rock, and the town was crowded besides with the servants and retainers of the members of Convention. Suddenly he descried a body of horse coming westward by the long straight road on the opposite bank of the North-loch, that ridge of about a mile in extent which now forms the beautiful terrace named Princes Street, but which then was the country between Edinburgh and the Forth. Applying his glass, the Duke easily recognised the graceful Viscount on some new adventure boun, and certainly not under the orders of the Convention. He had extricated himself from the tumultuous and dangerous city in the most dignified and "*nemo me*" manner. Having mustered his gallant escort, he made his way good through the Netherbow port, a castellated gateway between the town and the Canongate, where he appears to have met with no obstruction. After this, wheeling short to his left, he entered the alley called Leith Wynd, leading to the suburbs at the north-east quarter of the town, and so up the brae to the base of the Calton Hill, where he attained the east end of the "Lang-gate," or way, as the line of Princes Street was then called. This was the direct road westward to Stirling. By this exit from the town, he was enabled to turn the east flank of the North-loch, and to place that defence between himself and his enemies. As he rode onwards, he would have the Castle full in view before him, with the loch beneath on his left hand, occupying the long valley which now contains the *railway* to Glasgow, and Princes Street gardens. Doubtless his own keen eye was bent the while upon the lofty object of his solicitude, from whence the Duke descried him. And albeit not given to the melting mood, that eye might well be dimmed by a tear, as his heart swelled with disappointment and indignation. For had not his very best friend, Balcarres, (who, in company with him alone, had pledged his honour and fidelity to their departing Sovereign), and his most powerful associates, Athole and Mar, but that instant deceived and deserted him, turned from him to join his worst enemies, and left him isolated in his loyalty, to fight for a broken Crown, and a Monarch forsaken and betrayed? "*Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!*"

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[1] Lord Macaulay, *more suo*, endeavours to extract *cowardice* out of this conduct of Dundee. "Brave as he undoubtedly was, he seems, like many other brave men, to have been *less proof* against the *danger of assassination* than against any other *form of danger*." What stuff is this! Macaulay means to say, that Dundee dreaded assassination when there was *no reason to dread it*; and so he perverts history with this frothy declamation,—"He was *haunted* by that *consciousness of inexpiable guilt*, and by that *dread of a terrible retribution*, which the ancient polytheists personified under the awful name of *the Furies*. His old troopers,—the *Satans and Beelzebubs*,—who had shared his perils, were ready to be the companions of his flight."—(*Hist.* iv. 292). Malcolm Laing goes on the opposite tack of whig abuse of Claverhouse. He says that Dundee *affected an alarm which he did not feel!*

[2] Diary of the siege of Edinburgh Castle, 1689, by a party within it.—MS. *Advocates' Library*.

The unhappy Governor, whose will wavered with every wind, on seeing him approach, threw out a signal which Dundee, of course, would understand. Having risked his life a few days before, when he secretly entered the fortress by some obscure postern, in order to keep the Duke to his trust, he risked it now again, by one other daring conference held within sight of the enemy, for the same purpose. Halting his cavaliers under charge of Lord Livingstone somewhere near the West Kirk, on the elevated ground a little to the north-west of it, called the *Kirk-brae-head*, he himself dismounted, and in cavalier trim as he was (for surely in no condition to part with his boots and spurs, or sword), proceeded, with great daring, and wonderful activity, to accomplish that deliberate and conspicuous conference with the Duke of Gordon which has become celebrated in history and song. The north face of the rock towards the loch is, as all who have ever been in Edinburgh well know, a stupendous precipice utterly impracticable. The side that faces westwards is said to be not inaccessible; but wind, limb, eye, and nerve, must be in rare working order, to reach the wall at the top, even as it stands now. It seems doubtful whether the old walls have not been superseded by the present; perhaps at the time when those ungainly barracks were erected which form so conspicuous an object from the west. Huge conglomerated masses of the ancient masonry may still be seen, here and there, at the base of the rock, as if rolled down as the easiest mode of disposing of them. The alterations in the last century must have somewhat changed the surface of the rock on the west side, where the accumulated debris now sustains a few small trees and shrubs, and pasture for goats. The dragoon of the present day who, booted and spurred, and in marching order, would climb the rock on that side, so as to converse with one on the battlement, must be endowed with muscular power in no ordinary degree, and very expert as a cragsman. In all probability, the ascent showed more rocky and rugged at the time when Dundee performed this unique exploit, and in boots somewhat more cumbrous than the glittering patents which now deck the feet even of a Colonel of the Heavies. There is no fact, however, better proved than that *Dundee did it.* The steepness of the ascent, and the circumstance of the great tumult and bustle of the ill-conducted siege being on the opposite side of the Castle, may account for the postern in question not being so well guarded by the enemy as to prevent the conference; which, however, as we shall presently find, was far from being so conducted as to escape observation.

The subject of that conference cannot be doubted. The Viscount, who had been recently both keeper of the Castle and of his Grace, had to enlighten the latter as to the latest rows in the Convention, and to inform him of the dispatches to himself from the King in Ireland; and how, that very morning, the chicken-hearted king of claymores had cast to the winds all chance of a Convention being held at Stirling, and had lured back with him Balcarres and Mar to the footstool of Hamilton; he had to entreat him, nevertheless, to hold out the Castle for King James, while the Convention sat in Edinburgh, and to keep himself in readiness to join the royal standard in the north, which Dundee was to unfurl there whenever his promised commission as commander-in-chief should arrive from Ireland; that meanwhile he was bound for his own castle of Dudhope, (*via* Linlithgow, Stirling, and Dunblane), where he intended to pause for orders from his royal master. And having thus conferred, the Montrose of his times descended the rock, within sight of a gathering mob of idle gazers, crouching cats, and Convention spies. Casting his leg over his impatient charger with the most lordly contempt of all such spectators, this Prince of Cavaliers gave the order to ride on.

"He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelstone crags, and on Clermiston lea,
Died away the wild war-note of Bonnie Dundee."

And now let us follow his former friends and allies, and see how they fared in Hamilton's Convention, which they must have entered with a mien somewhat less dignified and gallant. Dundee had certainly taken no pains to avert the danger which Balcarres urged as a reason for his stay, namely, —"It was evident his departure would *give the alarm.*" The ominous absence of the observed of all observers in that Convention, and the tell-tale countenance, if not hang-dog looks, of the Marquis of Athole, must have kept the meeting in a state of nervous suspense, and Hamilton especially in hot water. It was like watching the approach of a thunder-storm; which came at last with a crash, and then there was peal after peal. One suddenly entered the hall, with the information, "that the Viscount of Dundee stood with a party of horse drawn up on the *north side* of the town: Orders given to the Magistrates of Edinburgh to *inquire after* the Lord Dundee and the party of horse, and to report immediately." Figure the countenances of Balcarres, Athole, and Mar! Then came peal the second. "The *information renewed by two witnesses on oath* (!) anent the Lord Dundee being on the head of a party of sixty horse, and of his *intercommuning with the Duke of Gordon over the Castle wall:* Order thereupon given to the Earl of Leven, to beat *drums*, and gather together the *train-bands*, and *such others* as will form with him about the town; to secure that no men be put in the Castle, nor any sally made out of it; and to *dissipate* any body of men in arms without warrant of the Estates." The examining two witnesses on oath, as to Dundee's being then and there in the act of intercommuning with the sad Gordon over the Castle wall, was probably an artful dodge to gain time.

> "For the Provost, douce man, said, e'en let him gae,
> The town is weel quit o' that deil o' Dundee."

Leven having, with great valour and energy, performed the dangerous part assigned to him, of beating the *tom toms*, there came peal the third. In rushed an excited peer. "The Lord Montgomery reported to the meeting that the Lord Dundee *was seen going towards Queensferry*, after his having *intercommuned* with the Duke of Gordon: The meeting ordered an *express* to be sent with a *letter signed by the President*, for the Lord Dundee to *return* to the meeting, betwixt and *Friday next*, with *certification*."[1]

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[1] *Minutes of the Convention* 1689, *MS. Advocates' Library.* The "Acts and Orders" of the Convention from 14th March to 5th June, when it was turned into a Parliament, are printed in the folio acts, from the books in the Register House. But, by what we cannot help regarding as an unfortunate omission, Mr Thomas Thomson has only printed the MS. *Minutes* from the date 5th June 1689, when the Convention was turned into a Parliament. He has left unpublished all those *Minutes* from 14th March to 5th June which relate to the sittings of the *Convention.*—See Acts of Parl. 1689, and *Appendix.*

All these orders, somewhat dilatory, we should think, for such a purpose as catching Claverhouse, were issued while the meeting was in a high state of excitement and confusion, occasioned chiefly by the senseless and blustering demeanour of their President, Hamilton. With the exception of that inimitable portrait of him by Rothes, which we have already recorded, there is none so graphic as what Balcarres furnishes in more than one page of his Memoirs. His Grace could display no energy except in the shape of fury, usually arising from fright, and always evaporating in froth. So long as Dundee remained, he had contrived to conduct matters in the Convention with such personal decorum, and outward propriety of direction, that, as Balcarres tells us, the wilder Whigs began to doubt whether they had not entirely mistaken their political organ. Alarm, however, now combined with his natural temper to raise a storm that threatened a tragedy, but ended in a miserable farce. The scene is too well narrated by Balcarres to be given in other words than his own :—

> "While they (Dundee and the Duke) conferred, some of those employed to blockade the Castle perceived them, and ran to the Convention, and told there was a great body of horse assembled, and the Viscount of Dundee talking with the Duke of Gordon, which was thought a crime of the *highest nature*, after they had outlawed him. Their *fears* increased the belief that some general design was *formed against them*. The Duke of Hamilton had hitherto behaved himself with temper and equality; but, like smothered fire, his natural temper upon this occasion appeared in all its violence.[1] He told the Convention, that now it was high time to look to themselves, since Papists, and enemies to the settling of the Government, were so bold as to assemble in a hostile manner; and, since he doubted not there were *several sitting amongst them were in the same design*, therefore it was his opinion *the doors should be locked* and *the keys laid upon the table*, and some of their number sent out to *beat drums*, and assemble all the well affected to *religion and liberty;* that apprehending such designs of their enemies, he had brought *some foot from the Western shires*, which he

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[1] The quotation in the text is from Lord Lindsay's edition. In the old print, 1714, and in the old MS. copies, the phrase is thus varied—"At last the Duke of Hamilton, *in a mighty fury*, &c."

> offered to employ in the public cause. What he said was approved by all parties. Several others bragged of men they had brought to town, and magnified their numbers. The Earl of Leven was appointed to assemble them, which when done, *never was seen so contemptible a rabble.* Nor was it to be doubted, if your friends had known their own strength, or had not judged their enemies far more considerable than they were, but they might easily have accomplished their designs in declaring for your Majesty, and put themselves out of hazard from their enemies."

In short, the good Earl Colin frankly and fully admits the case against himself, and those other less worthy nobles who had betrayed the King in that Convention, and deserted Dundee in his utmost need. Nor is there one word of Balcarres's exposition, on the subject of the ruin of the King's cause, by the misconduct, timidity, and insanity of the King's "friends," that has the slightest application to the conduct of the Viscount Dundee.

That solitary representative, at the moment, of Scotland's honour, courage, fidelity, and freedom, must needs have laughed in very bitterness, when he learned the result of that retrograde move on the part of his illustrious colleagues. That "faint-heartedness" was the sole cause of their deserting him, is expressly stated by Balcarres; and the immediate consequence to themselves partakes strongly of the ludicrous. When, in obedience to the shouts of Hamilton, which must have caused Athole to tremble, and the tails of the wild cats to thicken, the lock was turned in the door of the Convention, and the keys laid down before the President, no doubt with a clank that echoed his blustering, the nervous renegades appear to have considered that their days were numbered. The gentle simplicity of Earl Colin's own confession to the King is too comical, and the account too authentic to be omitted:—

> "Such of your Majesty's friends as were *locked up in the House*, and *guarded* by the *most violent* of the party, looked upon themselves as *undone;* nor did anything *save them* but the irresolution and disagreement of your enemies, as I was informed. The Duke of Hamilton and his party (for now I will call it so, having *never declared himself before that day*), having the most considerable part of your friends in their

power, and finding the Viscount of Dundee became no stronger, and that he was *marched off*, ordered one Major Buntin to follow him with such horse as he could bring together; and, thinking themselves out of all hazard, the Duke dismissed the Convention, to the *great satisfaction of your friends, little expecting to come off so well.* Thus all the noise, and apprehension of *both sides* ended; and likewise ended all the hopes of setting up another Convention at Stirling, the Marquis of Athole having renounced the design, and the Earl of Mar likewise, and the Earl of Annandale joined the other party, with several members from the shires and burghs. By this change, and *many of your friends forsaking the House*, they had the Convention near all of a piece."

Nevertheless, Athole's loyalty once more flared up, not in the form of doing anything desperate himself, but of urging another to do it. The Duke of Gordon still held the useless, unprovided Castle, between his finger and thumb. There were big guns about it, however, including "Mons Meg," without a carriage, and with a trepan in her skull like the late Earl of Argyle. But they were ugly looking things, yawning at the town. They made a terrible noise when well crammed with powder, and had the audacity at times to send a bullet bouncing about among the wild cats near the West Port, after an awkward fashion that caused them to skip into their cellars. Such insults, however, were rarely offered to the town itself, although there was a mighty alarm that Bonnie Dundee's parting words to the gay Gordon, were, 'double shot your guns, and blow the Convention sky-high.' But advice of the kind, however greatly provoked, never came from Dundee. Neither was the occasion of his quitting the town that on which he would have chosen to urge the desperate deed. There is no dubiety about the matter. It belongs to the thousand and one accusations against Dundee, that have no foundation in fact.[1] We have the truth distinctly stated by Balcarres. *After* Dundee's departure the spirits of the loyalists were a little restored by the arrival from London of the Duke of Queensberry, accompanied by the Earl of Dunmore, both of whom at that time declared for the King.

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[1] Sir John Dalrymple, failing terribly in his usual candour and accuracy, says—"Balcarres, *but still more Dundee*, then *urged him* (Gordon), to fire upon the city, in order to dissolve the Convention; and when he refused, they formed a plan to distract the Convention, by summoning a new one to meet *at Stirling*; an expedient which they, with the Archbishop of Glasgow, by a special commission from

> "The Duke of Queensberry's arrival from London with the Earl of Dunmore, (says Balcarres) gave encouragement to try *another* project to break the measures of the Convention. The Duke, from the beginning of your misfortunes, had appeared sincerely in your interests; nor could he be blamed in anything but his *too long stay in London*, and not being present at the first meeting of the Convention, as he *promised* to all your friends; and if it had been *performed*, we had been by far the strongest party; and if Scotland had then declared for you, when you was almost master of Ireland, the prince of Orange had passed his time but ill in England, considering how powerful France was upon the other side. These considerations made us extremely concerned, after we found we could not succeed in the Convention, either to assemble another to counteract them, or to oblige them to leave Edinburgh, which would have occasioned a delay till they could set up another, which they intended at Glasgow if forced from Edinburgh. The means proposed by your friends to effect this was, to have the Duke of Gordon to fire upon the town from the Castle, which would have obliged the Convention to leave it. In all this design no one appeared more forward than the *Marquis of Athole*, and it was of great consequence to us to have him so (*after* the Earl of Mar had *forsook us*, by which Stirling Castle was lost), as his Highlanders were zealous in your cause, and able to have protected your friends, who intended to retire to the North, and wait for your orders from Ireland. That which made us depend upon him, notwithstanding the many slips he had made, was the great influence his son, the Earl of Dunmore, had with him; and he used all his endeavours to keep him to his duty, and acted in all your concerns with zeal and affectionate gratitude, till he was made prisoner. The Countess of Errol, who had found a way to keep a constant correspondence with

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James, had a power to make use of."—*Memoirs of Great Britain.* For this Dalrymple quotes no other authority than "Lord Balcarres," who says *nothing of the sort.* Sir Walter Scott, in his Tales of a Grandfather, quoting no authority whatever, but doubtless relying upon Dalrymple, thus adopts the calumny :—" But though Dundee had been able to persuade the Duke to stand a siege in the Castle, he could not prevail upon him to fire on the town ; an *odious severity*, which would certainly have brought general hatred upon him, without perhaps having the desired effect of dislodging the Convention."

the Duke of Gordon all the time of his being blocked up, *undertook to let him know our advice and designs;* which she did accordingly, but without effect, his Grace absolutely refusing to do anything more than defend himself, without your Majesty's particular orders.[1] *This* project *likewise failing*, of making the Convention quit Edinburgh, your friends saw there was no more to be done, which made them retire to their own houses in the country.[2] These were, the Earl of Hume, Viscount of Stormont, Viscount of Oxenford, Earls of Panmure and Southesk, Lord St Clair, the Sheriff of Bute, and Mr Henry Maule, brother to Panmure."

It was *Athole*, then, and not Dundee, who urged this insane measure upon the Duke of Gordon; and it was conveyed to his Grace by the Countess of Errol, *after* our hero had failed to accomplish the Convention at Stirling (for which his sovereign had commissioned him), and was departed to the destined scene of his glory. That the King's cause at the meeting of Hamilton's Convention was strong in Scotland, in so far as professing loyalists, and nominal adherents among the nobility could make it so; that that cause was ruined by the spiritless vacillation of his friends, and their miserable mismanagement of his affairs, is sufficiently proved by Balcarres. The turning point at the commencement was the election of the Duke to the chair of the Convention. But the loyalists played a bad card against him in the Marquis of Athole. Still the majority for Hamilton was but *fifteen*, and quite unexpected. And when the surprise came, the mode in which the discomfiture was taken by the King's party betrayed the melancholy fact, that not a nobleman on that side had a heart in his body bigger than a pea, except the doomed hero of Killiecrankie.

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[1] This was Lady Anne Drummond, wife of John 12th Earl of Errol, daughter of James 3d Earl of Perth, and sister to the unfortunate Chancellor. She was a determined and busy loyalist, and an intimate friend of Claverhouse's, who makes frequent mention of her in his letters. But he *knew his own way* into the Castle, and was not the man to have so employed a lady, had he really desired to give such counsel to the Governor. The whole tenor of Balcarres's narrative distinctly implies that this *last project* was not urged upon the Duke of Gordon until the failure of the *Stirling* project, and Dundee's departure.

[2] Which they did not do until after Dundee had departed. Nor is it anywhere alleged that, prior to the occasion in question, any such proposition came to the Duke of Gordon from any quarter.

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[1] That Hamilton had an unexpected majority of *only fifteen*, we assert in the face of Lord Macaulay's History. He pretends that Hamilton's success at the commencement, and violence at the conclusion, of the Convention, was the true temper and type of the assembly itself, and that he was merely the echo of it. He says, moreover—"The votes were *counted*, and it appeared that *Hamilton had a majority of forty*. The consequence was that about twenty of the defeated party instantly passed over to the victors."—*Hist.* iv. p. 384. False History. What are his references? "*Act. Parl. Scot., March* 14, 1688-9; *Balcarres's Memoirs; History of the late Revolution in Scotland*, 1690; *Life of James* II. p. 342." Let us test this imposing array of authorities; an ordeal which Lord Macaulay's History was not framed to undergo. 1st, The *Acts of Parliament* he quotes state it thus:—"It being put to the vote who should preside in the meeting, his Grace William Duke of Hamilton, by the *plurality* of votes, was elected President." 2d, *Balcarres* gives *no numbers*, but says,—"Duke Hamilton was chosen President, *contrary even to their own expectations*," (Edit. 1714, and MS.); and calls it "this *unexpected accident*." (Lord Lindsay's edit.) 3d, The *History of the Revolution* 1690, is a little wretched anonymous volume, published in London of that date, of no authority whatever, wherein the plurality is called *forty*. 4th, This blunder was repeated by the *compiler* of *King James's Memoirs*, an authority which Lord Macaulay elsewhere *emphatically rejects*. And had he no other source of information? Yes; he elsewhere repeatedly quotes "*MS. Minutes of Convention*;" and that best authority records the vote thus:—"14*th March* 1689.—After the protestations of precedency, at calling of the rolls, and against Argyle sitting, as being forfeited and not restored, the Duke of Hamilton chosen President *by fifteen votes more than the Marquis of Athole*."

There is no end of Lord Macaulay's sins against the accuracy and fairness of History. In the imperfect Memoir of Dundee, 1714, which he so violently assails because it does some justice to Dundee (see before, p. 5), it is stated, in reference to Killiecrankie:—"The first officer that left his post in Mackay's army was the Lord Leven; the glistening and clashing of the Highlandmens' swords and targets *scared his horse* so much, that he [the horse] ran six miles before he [Leven] *could* draw bridle." Now mark Lord Macaulay's note upon this:—"The author of the Memoirs of Dundee says, that *Lord Leven* was scared by the *sight of the Highland weapons*, and *set the example of flight*. This is a *spiteful falsehood!*"—(*Hist.* iv. p. 378). Nay, this is *Macaulese*.

SECTION III.—*Shewing how Dundee fulfilled his pledge to the King. Philip of Amryclos. The Ennius of Dundee. His Gramiad. Dundee's dispatches, illustrative of his Campaign in the North. Battle of Killiecrankie. Death of Dundee.*

Balcarres says that Major Buntin "never came within sight" of the dangerous Viscount,[1] which is most likely. Little reliance can be placed upon the good story told by Captain Creighton (who was not with Dundee), that, finding the gallant Major, who is said to have had eighty horse with him, treading on his heels, our hero fell behind his own escort in order to whisper into the ear of his pursuer, that if he offered to molest him, "he would send him back to his masters in a pair of blankets;" and that the Major, taking the hint, immediately wheeled to the right-about, and returned with his troopers, in a whole skin. Apropos to that incident we must refer to another and very interesting authority, which merits a few words of introduction.

James Philip, or Philips, of Amryclos or Almericlos, in the shire of Angus, appears to have been the son and heir of Mr James Philip, a bailie of Arbroath, and to have inherited a small property in that part of Forfarshire.[2] Thus he was a neighbour of Claverhouse's in the country, and probably an esteemed friend, being very intellectual and highly educated. Undoubtedly he was, from personal acquaintance, a most enthusiastic admirer and lover of Dundee, whom he followed throughout his great campaign, and, as he tells us, had the honour to carry the royal standard.

"Regia et ipse meis portabam signa lacertis."

Yes: However abused by such writers as the preacher Wodrow, and the pedlar Walker,—the wide transfusion of whose monster pamphlets has lowered the tone of Scottish History, and in some measure even debased Christianity in that country,—Graham of Claverhouse is not without a record consistent with his real character, and worthy of the best and noblest Scotch gentleman of his times. But out, alas! the very genius and learning of the classic tribute, full of history, and poetry, and elevation of sentiment, have cast it into such abeyance, that Lord Macaulay, stumbling upon an antiquarian record of it, treats it as "a lost epic," while those never-dying worms of fanatical calumny are twisting and crawling still even in his own illustrious pages. We have already noticed how the accomplished bard of the victorious Viscount proudly likens himself to the ancient poet Ennius, attached to the side of the elder Scipio in all his campaigns, and celebrating his martial fame in immortal verse. To that extraordinary effort of unrewarded and unjustly neglected genius,—*Panurgi Philocaballi Scoti Grameidos Libri sex,*—we cannot here attempt to do justice, by analysing the plan of the poem, or reviewing its merits. It was composed, he tells us, under circumstances the least favourable to such efforts of genius; "partly amid the din of arms; partly in the gloom of a squalid dungeon, and under the depression of cheerless adversity."[1] For all this he claims the sympathy and support of the young Prince of Wales, whom he invokes as his patron,—"*Tu carminis hujus numen eris.*" Hopefully he anticipates a glorious Restoration, and promises to celebrate it in yet loftier strains; meanwhile he must sing the Graham:—

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[1] The old print, 1714, and the MS. copies so state it. The modern print omits the fact.

[2] "*August* 17, 1653.—James Philp of Almericlos, heir of Mr James Philp, bailie of Aberbrothick, his father," is retoured as such to various crofts and lands, of no great extent within the regality of Arbroath.—*Inquisitiones Speciales, Forfar.*

"James Philps of Amryclos, in Angus, *Azure*, a cheveron between three talbot heads couped, *argent*."—*Nisbet's Heraldry.*

"Tempus erit, nec vana animum præsagia fallunt,
Cum dabitur veneranda patris magni ora tueri
Jam reducis, rerumque iterum tractantis habenas:
Et te cum terris videam dare jura Britannis,
Martia majori dicam tua bella cothurno:
Sic mihi ad Elysias fælicitur ibitur umbras:
Interea magni cantantem prælia GRAMI,
Arma inter media, et *squalorem carceris atri*,
Me fove, et in dubiis affer solatia rebus."

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[1] See before, p. 15; and note at the end of this volume on the author of the *Grameid.*

The prophecy was not fulfilled, either as regards the Restoration of the King, or the patronage of the poet. Let us hope, however, that the latter may yet be redeemed from oblivion, under editorial auspices worthy of the work and its subject. Meanwhile we must take him along with us, as our chief authority in tracing the last brilliant track of his hero's career. For his record possesses a quality of which the pages of Macaulay cannot boast. "Nor shall my narrative," he says, "consist of loose reports and doubtful traditions; but of those things which mine own eyes have seen, and mine own ears have heard:"—

> "Non tamen hæc dubia referam mihi tradita fama,
> Sed quæ *oculis coram vidi*, quæque *auribus hausi*."

In glowing and flowing hexameters, which Lucan might not have despised, his accomplished imitator runs rapidly over the troubles that introduce upon the stage of civil strife, "the Graham, a new Phœnix sprung from the ashes of Montrose." Him he displays bright amid the surrounding darkness, unchanged amid the wreck of truth and chivalry, the failing of the child's affection, the soldier's faith, and the nobleman's honour, the paralysis of law, the desecration of religion, the destruction of public liberty, and the dethronement of public virtue. "Sad," he says, "was that day to the Graham, when he beheld the monarch, who had just appeared so bravely in trim of war in his camp at Salisbury, suddenly stealing from the shores of his own kingdom, all unarmed, and conveyed in a little two-oared boat." He then discovers his hero, the Graham, in Hamilton's Convention, "openly avowing, in the midst of the assembled nobles, that he took part with his guiltless Sovereign, but called the Gods to witness that he loved not civil strife, and would appeal unwillingly to arms." He next describes him as marked for destruction by "the spiteful hatred of a lurking faction, and the deadly plotting of the Presbyterians," and so compelled to quit the town with his trusty band of cavaliers, and holding his last conference with the Gordon as he passed the Castle. Nor does he fail to record, with sarcastic humour, how "*Buntinus the slow* was sent, with edgeless sword, to arrest him in his career, and bring him captive back.

But sooner shall the mole capture the tiger, or the little lark turn upon the merlin, or the partridge assail the falcon, or the doe do battle with the stag-hound, than that *old fogie* dare to cross swords with such a cavalier, or venture even to look upon his countenance, radiant in wrath,"—

> "Quem *piger* obtusis sequitur *Buntinus* in armis,
> Cæptum ut sistat iter, captumque reducat ad urbem.
> Talpa, prius, tigrem premeret, vel alaudula nisum,
> Et petat accipitrem perdix, et dama molossum,
> Quam *nebulo vetus iste* instructo milite talem
> Ausit adire virum, fulgentiave ora tueri."[1]

Dundee had first drawn bridle at Linlithgow. On the 19th of March, the Convention, "upon information that the Lord Dundee staid about Linlithgow, did issue an order for the heritors, and militia of Edinburgh and Linlithgow, to draw together and *dislodge* him." At the same time a warrant was put into the hands of a herald, "with coat of arms and a trumpeter to pass, and after sound of trumpet in the usual way," to charge both Dundee and Livingstone to return within twenty-four hours, under pain of treason; with intimation that if they obey, they "shall be indemnified, in so far as they may be charged for taking up arms at this time." Next day, the Convention hear of the object of their dread being at Stirling. Forthwith another order is issued, requiring the Magistrates thereof to "call together the inhabitants," and, with the assistance of the garrison, to "seize on the said Viscount of Dundee."[2] But again,—"The Provost, douce man," &c. Having crossed Stirling bridge on the 19th of March, our hero passed on with his cortege to Dunblane, where he remained all night, being there occupied with Drummond of Balhaldy, the son-in-law of Lochiel, who gave him hopeful accounts of the loyal disposition of the Clans.[3] From Dunblane he wrote his first letter of excuse to the President of the Convention, as we learn from himself. And we may well suppose that his indefatigable pen did not fail that night also to send an intimation of his approach to one in the castle of Dudhope, the most deeply interested of all in his movements at this time.

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[1] Major Hugh Buntein of Kilbryde was after this appointed Muster-Master-General of the forces raised by the Convention, to be commanded by Mackay. He would hardly have been so favoured had the Major overtaken Dundee, and then run away from him.

[2] The Minutes of Convention, MS., and the *Act. Parl.* 1689.

[3] Lochiel's Memoirs. Memoirs of Dundee, 1714.

> "And she, *Dundonald's wilful* flower,
> His *coroneted* bride,
> How bears her breast the trying hour,
> Still clings she by his side?"

Wandering drearily,—"*gravi jamdudum saucia cura,*"—amid the orchards, and gardens, and shrubberies of that right loyal castle, hard by the hostile walls of an ever disloyal town, might be seen a gentle lady of high degree, far gone in the way of those who love their lords. The stirring and stormy days of their *noces* were as nothing to the double, double, toil and trouble that had arisen since. And now the adventure was to save and restore a fugitive King, and a falling throne, not to scatter a bog-trotting Conventicle. By this time the Conventiclers had rather the best of it. Crouching in holes and corners, under the auspices of their former oppressor, Hamilton, they were watching to spring upon Claverhouse. The anxious lady at Dudhope knew all about it. The pen so active to others would surely not be idle to her. Many a most interesting missive, with, haply, its band of floss-silk, joined or severed by those fair and trembling hands, must have long since descended into the tomb of all the Capulets, for want of a cunning old Q. to preserve it. They had not met since he was Viscount. Not since the hour he had ridden sadly, yet proudly, from Scotland, at the head of all the Scottish horse, a commoner, yet commanding six peers of the realm, whose sabres would be lowered to him, and hastening to the leaguer of his Sovereign in arms against the ungrateful and audacious Dutchman. And crowded within the space of a few months, how much was there to tell her! The throne without a Sovereign, and Claverhouse without a command! The empty title of Viscount! The Revolution in London—the Convention in Edinburgh! The miserable mismanagement of a hopeful cause there! How had demeaned themselves the terrified Perth, the feeble Gordon, the treacherous Mar, the shirking

Athole, the shrinking Balcarres, and "that great Prince Hamilton," with his body-guard in cellars! And haply a careless, or familiar notice would sometimes occur, of the stirring Countess of Errol; as brave as her brother was timid, (was she pretty?), might cause the young Viscountess to wince as she waited and wept. Then would come sad dreams, and haunted visions, of savage cries and clash of arms in crowded streets; scowling Burlies and Rathillets, gnashing their fiendish teeth, and clutching their murderous shabels; and the white drapery, stained with gore, of a Prelate's daughter, flitting through the scene, and ever changing into my Lady Errol! And then,—

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flud?
What's yonder floats? Oh, dule and sorrow!
The comeliest knicht was ever slain
On the bluidy streets o' *Edwinesburgh*,

"Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bluidy streets o' Edwinesburgh,
Till *Hamilton* cam him behind,
And run his body *thorough*."

And lo! it was a dream. But the sounds, and the sight long wished and wearied for, come in reality at last; and the ears which the troubadours tell us are the quickest to hear, and the eyes that are the sharpest to see,[1] have caught the clatter of hoofs, and the neigh of chargers, and the very jingle of the bridles, and the glint of the armour, and the flash of steel, nearer, and nearer, and nearer, until the trumpet-note of that well-known herald of *Claverhouse's Horse* startles the dullest ear about Dudhope, and the *Viscount* and *Viscountess* meet for the first time, and she is in the arms of her own true knight. And who were there to see? Dundee had arrived with a cortege somewhat diminished. Lord Livingstone, ex-Captain of the royal guard, had made his bow to one he still acknowledged as his commander, some sixteen miles from Dudhope, and went to join his half-brother, the Earl of Strathmore, in his

[1] "Oh, lovers' eyes are quick to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering."

castle of Glammis. Other officers of inferior rank, who had begged the benefit of his escort, in like manner dropped off by the way, to go to their respective homes. But his loving brother David (still heir-presumptive of the new peerage), was with him, and doubtless an officer or two besides, such as he could best trust. And surely the young Viscountess, about to become a mother for the first time, had not been left alone in the old castle with her serving-maids? If the Viscount's mother, Lady Jean Carnegy, was then in life (a fact not ascertained), doubtless she would be there. Or even the lady's own zealot mother, in the face of whose opposition Claverhouse had carried off his prize, might by this time have softened into the humanities of nature, and forgotten "the persecutor," in her anxiety for a daughter. And of her paternal race of Dundonald, there was one who had shewn herself worthy (though she might not be willing), to welcome the return of the heroic Viscount, and to be the companion of his noble bride. Grizzle Cochrane, she who assumed the character of a Dick Turpin, and twice robbed the post on the King's highway to save her father's life, was the daughter of the paternal uncle of Lady Dundee.[1]

Be all this as it may, the family circle whom our hero had been able to draw round him at this crisis, in the castle of Dudhope, was not permitted to rest long undisturbed. About a week after the Viscount's arrival, a strange note was heard that announced another visitor. It was neither the bugle of a knight, nor the trumpet of a cavalier. The fifty troopers started and stared. It was none of the calls they were accustomed to obey. The alarm which disorganised the household of the Baron of Bradwardine, on that famous morning of the raid of Vich Ian Vohr upon his cows, speedily followed by the ambassadorial visit of the armed henchman of the Chief, could be nothing to the reality of the scene of excitement in Claverhouse's castle of Dudhope, on Wednesday the 27th of March 1689. On that morning arrived Hamilton's herald (for there was neither King nor Court in Scotland at this time, but Hamilton and his Cats), arrayed in all the gorgeous panoply of tabard and trumpet, and blew and brayed that audacious summons at the castle-gate, causing its courts and halls to reverberate with the Hamiltonian bluster, that John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, must lay down his arms, and return forthwith to the Convention, or be degraded, and doomed, as a traitor to,—the westland Duke, the westland dominies, and the dirty Dutch! Time was, when "Claverhouse and the clerk" carried all. Now, it was Hamilton and his herald! And a terrible bawling and calling he kept, at cross and castle, court-door and kirk-door, till the King of Glencoe discarded him, having first been heard to say, he wished Scotland were a thousand miles off, and Hamilton King of it, that he might be rid of both at once! Well for the fame of William had it been so.

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[1] A very pretty Scottish ballad, commemorative of this delectable family tradition, and written by Lady Wake, sister of the Bishop of London, has been set to music.

If Claverhouse had been the "savage" even Sir Walter Scott once called him, he would indeed have sent these messengers "back to their masters in a pair of blankets," *minus* tabard and trumpet. But, like his prototype, Montrose, Dundee avoided, as far as possible, resisting even the semblance of constituted authority, except under the sanction of a royal commission from his own Sovereign. As yet he was only verbally commissioned as Commander-in-Chief by King James, and was still anxiously waiting for the commission itself from Ireland. He did not even urge the measure of the Convention at Stirling until the royal authority for himself, the Archbishop, and Balcarres, to do so, reached them in Edinburgh. But it must have been a nervous business for the herald and his trumpeter to fulfil their mission to Dudhope. And had it not been well known in his own time that Claverhouse was not a savage, but "every inch a soldier and a gentleman," Hamilton would have found some difficulty in persuading the Lyon himself to go. For was there not Satan snorting in his loose-box, and Beelzebub and Apollyon lounging in the hall?[1]

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[1] It is provoking, as well as amusing, to read the elaborate ingenuity with which so liberal and intelligent an enquirer as Mr Robert Chambers, labours to reconcile the contradictory characters assigned to Claverhouse, through ignorance of his real character, which was in fact the most consistent one of his times. "It may seem strange," he says, in his anecdotes of Killiecrankie,—"that the *Bloody Claverse* of

Dundee delighted more in writing a letter, or drawing a dispatch, than in drawing sword or pistol. None of the nobles could match him at the pen. Even his orthography (somewhat Frenchified) was much less savage. He did not spell *charity* as Hamilton did, "chirittie;" nor the word *meeting*, in this form, "mitteing," as Athole wrote it. But he had rather a difficult missive to compose upon the present occasion. He was *in transitu* from simple political opposition, to declared war. His condition at the moment was that of armed neutrality. Instructions had previously reached him from his Sovereign, by the King's messenger, Mr Hay, that he was to remain quiet, and not to raise the royal banner until the arrival of a large force from Ireland, which his Majesty promised to send as soon as possible. During this state of matters, Dundee had now been a whole week in his own castle, watching and soothing the young Viscountess, and doing his best to avert the danger, to a lady in her situation, and to his own heir, of those rude shocks and alarms to which their domestic life was continually exposed. May we not picture him writing his answer to that heraldic summons, in his lady's boudoir, tearful eyes looking over his shoulder, and proud lips approving the high spirit those tearful eyes had somewhat tempered?

Dundee to Hamilton.

"DUDHOPE,[1] *March* 27, 1689.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—The coming of an herald and trumpeter, to summon a man to lay down arms that is living in peace

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Ayrshire should have become the Great Dundee of Athole. But the thing is by no means paradoxical," &c. "People are apt to think that, because he *persecuted a pious set of people*, whose *only error* was one of *opinion*, he must have been himself an impious and profligate man. Quite the reverse." (*History of the Rebellions*). We have no room for the elaborate reasoning that follows this postulate, landing the ingenious reasoner himself in the confession, that "it is almost vain to argue about the character of a man like Dundee." The whole argument falls to the ground, like a house of cards, before this simple fact and true solution, that "the *Bloody Claverse* of Ayrshire," is an *absolute myth*; and the vulgar cant that "he persecuted a pious set of people, whose only error was one of *opinion*," a groundless assertion in all its assumptions. *See before*, p. 410, *note*.

[1] Lord Macaulay says, that when Dundee quitted the Convention, he "retired to his country seat, in the valley through which the Glamis descends to the ancient

at home seems to me a very extraordinary thing, and, I suppose, will do so to all that hears of it. While I attended the Convention at Edinburgh, I complained often of many people being in arms *without authority*, which was notoriously known to be true; *even the wild hill-men;* and no summons to lay down arms under the pain of treason being given them, I thought it unsafe for me to remain longer among them. And because a few of my friends did me the favour to convey me out of the reach of *these murderers*, and that my Lord Livingstone and several other officers took occasion to come away at the same time, this must be called *being in arms.* We did not exceed the number allowed by the Meeting of Estates. My Lord Livingstone and I might have had each of us ten; and four or five officers that were in company might have had a certain number allowed them; which being, it will be found we exceeded not. I am sure it is far short of the number my Lord Lorn was seen to march with. And though I *had* gone away with some more than ordinary, who can blame me, when *designs of murdering me was made appear?* Besides, it is known to everybody that, before we came within sixteen miles of this, my Lord Livingstone went off to his brother my Lord Strathmore's house; and most of the officers, and several of the company, went to their respective homes or relations. And, if any of them did me the favour to come along with me, must that be called *being in arms?* Sure, when your Grace represents this to the Meeting of the States, they will discharge such a groundless pursuit, and think my appearance before them unnecessary. Besides, though it were necessary for me to go and attend the Meeting, I cannot come with *freedom and safety;* because I am informed there are men of war, and foreign troops in the passage; and, till I know what they are, and what are their orders, the Meeting cannot blame me for not coming. Then, my Lord, seeing the summons has proceeded on a groundless story, I hope the Meeting of States will think it unreasonable I should leave my wife in the condition she is in. If there be anybody that, notwithstanding of all that is said, think I ought to appear, I beg the favour of *a delay* till my wife is brought to bed; and, *in the meantime*, I will either give *security*, or *parole*, not to *disturb the peace.*[1] Seeing this pursuit is so ground-

castle of Macbeth."—*Hist.* iv. p. 340. This historical flourish means to indicate the jointure house of the Glen, in Glen Ogilvy, lying to the north of Dundee and Dudhope, in the parish of Glammis, and between and the old castle. Dundee went to his castle at Dudhope, and remained there for weeks before going to the Glen, on his way to the North. But ornament was of more consequence to Lord Macaulay than accuracy.

[1] How Lord Macaulay twists and perverts this, see next page.

less, and so reasonable things offered, and the Meeting composed of prudent men and men of honour, and your Grace presiding in it, I have no reason to fear further trouble.

"I am, may it please your Grace, your most humble servant,
"DUNDEE."

"I beg your Grace will cause read this to the Meeting, because it is all the defence I have made. I sent another to your Grace from Dunblane, with the reasons of my leaving Edinburgh. I know not if it be come to your hands."

General Mackay, in his Memoirs, written after he had been destroyed, and Dundee immortalised, has the meanness to characterise this letter (of which he gives no extract), as a "very disrespectful," and "an uncivil letter to the Convention." The Dutch General was thinking of the very disrespectful and uncivil manner in which he himself had recently been disposed of at Killiecrankie. Dundee, in that letter, calls Hamilton and his clique "men of honour." The severe courtesy of the rebuke was not palatable to noblemen who could boast of none. Lord Macaulay, *more suo*, shirks the letter, and perverts its contents. Without the slightest allusion to it, or the circumstances under which it was written, he thus makes use of it:—"Dundee *protested* that he had *no intention of opposing* the new Government. He declared himself ready to return to Edinburgh, if only he would be assured that he should be protected against lawless violence; and he offered to give his *word of honour*, or, *if that were not sufficient*, to give *bail*, that he would keep the peace." Fortunately, we have been able to let Dundee speak for himself. His "opposing the new Government" was perfectly understood to be a matter of course. He had done so from the first. That he would now pledge himself to the contrary, was an idea as little imagined by his enemies as it was remote from his own mind. The question was not as to his "return to Edinburgh," but his returning to *the Convention*. Had his safety from assassination been guaranteed by Hamilton, who had all the power to do so, he would have returned to his place in that Convention, and to his loyal opposition there. No conclusion had yet been come to that William should reign. Dundee would have voted with the fearless and high-minded few who refused to declare the throne vacant, or to offer the crown of Scotland to William and Mary. That he "protested" he would act otherwise, is an assertion which Dundee's own letter proves to be utterly untrue.[1] On Thursday the 28th of March, this letter being read to the Convention, the herald was ordained to verify the citation of Dundee. On Saturday the 30th, "the Viscount of Dundee's letter to the President, anent the reason of his absence after a charge to appear, on pain of high treason, was again read, and the execution of the charge verified on oath, by the herald and witnesses; and it was ordered that the herald should proceed to denounce the Viscount, notwithstanding of anything in the letter; which was accordingly done, by calling the Viscount thrice within the house, and thrice at the great gate of the said house, and denouncing him both in the meeting and at the market-cross of Edinburgh, in the manner used in cases of treason."[2]

About the very time that Dundee was proclaimed traitor at the Cross of Edinburgh, his commissions, as Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, were signed by his Sovereign in Ireland, and dispatched by a messenger of the name of Brady. A royal letter accompanied the commissions, couched in terms calculated to inspire Dundee with fresh enthusiasm and the highest hopes. But this Brady was either a fool or knave, it matters not which. The letters and orders were intercepted by Hamilton, and that was read in the Convention which had been only written for the King's friends. In a separate letter, from Melfort to Balcarres, the figurative but violent threat was rashly used by that mischievous statesman, without any authority from his abused master, that some of those now in power would soon be made "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Hamilton took this to himself; as, indeed, says Balcarres, did every leading Whig in the Convention. Then arose a new storm, compounded as usual of Hamilton's fright and fury. He wreaked his unconstitutional vengeance upon the depressed and innocent Balcarres, but could not reach Dundee. A riff-raff of a Commission, composed of the forfeited Lorn, and the two scolding "kail-wives" (as Balcarres characterises them), Sir James Montgomery and Sir John Dalrymple, by way of representing the Peerage, the Barons, and the Burghs of Scotland, were dispatched on the high mission of offering to the Dutch adventurer that crown which he himself despised. Meanwhile the Convention adjourned, "after they had voted a full power to the Duke of Hamilton to imprison whomsoever he suspected." This was voted on the 8th of April. On the 11th, the clique, with great glee, proceeded to the market-cross of Edinburgh to read the Act of Convention, and proclaim William and Mary King and Queen of Scotland. "There," says Balcarres, "the Duke of Hamilton, to show his zeal, did the meanest action that he *even* himself could do; for he *officiated as clerk*, and read to the people, from the Cross, the Act of Convention." And now his vial of wrath and valour burst on the defenceless head of Balcarres, whose hand knew not how to keep it. Again Leven was ordered to take the field, to call together two hundred of his foot soldiers, (which then meant a mixture of town tabbies and westland cats), and to proceed forthwith to lead captivity captive, Balcarres with the one hundred, and Dundee with the other. Hamilton himself might have accomplished the first adventure, with a file from the cellar, and a tap on the shoulder. There was no fight in Balcarres. He was led from his own peaceful dwelling in Fife, like a lamb to the slaughter, and, by one of the most atrocious acts of lawless power ever perpetrated, cast into the common jail, like a felon for the gallows. Farewell to gentle Colin. But to capture "that Deil o' Dundee" was another story. A hundred foot soldiers, such as Falstaff would have declined to march through Coventry with, were wise enough not to try. Our hero paraded his fifty troopers, and his staff of young cavaliers, conspicuously in the sight of the disloyal town of Dundee, displayed the royal standard on the hill that overlooks it, called the Law of Dundee; and then trotted off in high spirits, across the Sidlaw hills, to Glen Ogilvy. The Leven squad looked askance at the formidable Dudhope, and afar off at the dangerous Glen, and returned to their masters *re infecta.*

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[1] Dundee's letter was published the year after his death, in the well known pamphlet, entitled, "*The Case of the present afflicted Clergy in Scotland.* London, 1690." And Mr George Smythe reprinted it in his contribution to the Bannatyne Club, in 1826. Lord Macaulay's text proves that he had seen, and had in his mind, the letter itself (which he *perverts*, although he does not allude to it), while quoting *Balcarres* for that to which Balcarres *does not allude.* See his *History*, vol. iv. p. 340, and compare with Balcarres's Memoirs and Dundee's own letter.

[2] Minutes of the Convention, MS., and folio edition of the Scots Acts of Parliament-

It was prior to the 16th of April that Balcarres was incarcerated. Thereafter, Leven having failed against Dundee, as "*Buntinus piger*" had done before, the Dutch Commander-in-chief, whom King William had just dispatched with troops to Scotland, devised a cunning scheme to entrap the Constable of Dundee, as if he had been a tiger in a jungle. We have Mackay's own word for it; and his account of the caution with which he proceeded is very amusing. "The General," says Mackay of himself, "ordered Sir Thomas Livingstone to fall into the province of Angus, with instructions how to hinder his (Dundee) forming a party; to *surprise* his horse and seize his person, if possible, and to *lodge* his own dragoons so that Dundee's horse should not *affront him.*" Now, these were Dunmore's dragoons, recently transferred from that loyal nobleman,[1] to Sir Thomas Livingstone, but in which the loyally inclined Captain Creighton (who knew how to temporise) still rode, and now commanded a troop. Had our hero only known that their loyal affections were all with him who had so often commanded them, he might easily have effected a junction before Mackay himself reached his rendezvous at the town of Dundee, with his Dutch infantry and Colchester's dragoons. As it was, when Sir Thomas Livingstone arrived there with his troops from Stirling, where he had been stationed to watch and command the loyal districts of Perth and Angus, the Lord of Dudhope was no longer in that castle, but snugly ensconced in his other dwelling in Glen Ogilvy, on his way to the North. The next attempt was to entrap him there. "Towards the 20th of April," continues Mackay, "Sir Thomas Livingstone, according to his instructions, having formed a design to surprise Dundee in a country house of his, called Glen Ogilby, though *very well and secretly led on*, was nevertheless disappointed by the retreat of the said Dundee before Sir Thomas came out of his quarter." Meanwhile Mackay himself was in Edinburgh, still beleaguering the Castle, which that feeble exquisite the Duke of Gordon[1] neither knew how to hold nor how to yield, nor whether to abide by his too highly rewarded allegiance, or denude himself of his barren loyalty. Sir Thomas Livingstone having reported, as Mackay says, "his *mislucked design*, and the Lord Dundee's motion north," King William's General resolved to take the field against this formidable fugitive himself. In vain Duke Hamilton, who dreaded being left under subordinate protection, anxiously remonstrated. The object was too important to be sacrificed to the personal fears of the President of the Convention, and Mackay determined to follow the chase in person. Dundee, he said, must be caught, at all hazards, before he reached the Spey. The climate of the South seemed to demoralize the Gordons. Their Chief had abundantly proved that he was harmless besouth the Forth, even with the citadel in his hands. But benorth the Grampians, the clan was ever loyal and chivalrous. Gordon Castle was now held for King James by the Earl of Dunfermline, the Duke's brother-in-law, who was already marshalling the gay Gordons under the banner of their house.[2] The presence of Dundee would be like the trumpet to the war-horse. The Earl of Mar must not suffer him to pass his Braes. Athole must be down upon him in the Blair. The Master of Forbes must intercept him by the Dee or the Don. The Laird of Grant must drown him in the Spey. This was the programme of Mackay, as he tells us himself. His plans were well laid, and would have succeeded against any leader whatever, of his times, in Scotland, except *Montrose Redivivus*. And now Dundee seemed the very pet of Fortune, until Victory caught him in her crimson arms, and decreed his apotheosis. Mar, crushed in body and spirit by his own shame, sickened and died suddenly in his Castle of Alloa, at the very time he was expected to arrest his recent associate in loyalty. Athole, who had just been urging the Duke of Gordon to bombard the Convention, protested to Mackay, with all the meanness and falsity of his nature, that he was devoted to William and Mary. But his Bailie in Athole, the noble Stewart of Ballechin, revived in the men of Athole all their glorious memories of Montrose, and they were ready to repudiate and scorn their Murray chief. The Laird of Grant, Lord of Strathspey, was still lingering in Edinburgh, when Mackay imagined that he had started before him, and was watching the fords of the Spey. Nevertheless, the Dutch commander flattered himself that he had Dundee and his fifty troopers in a hose net, and that it was impossible for them, what with the power of the Marquis of Athole, and his disloyal son Lord Murray, (Hamilton's son-in-law), the Grants, and the Forbeses, ever to reach the country of the Gordons.

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[1] Lord Charles Murray (whom James created Earl of Dunmore), the Marquis of Athole's second son.

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[1] His Grace the first Duke of Gordon is described as being very handsome, particular in his dress, and extremely fine and airy in his manners.

[2] "I wish the Gordons here were transplanted to the North, and exchanged with any other branch of that family, who are so very loyal *there*, and so disaffected *here*."—*Claverhouse to Queensberry*. See before, p. 205.

And now, in the latter days of April 1689, commenced that memorable and picturesque campaign, forming as perfect a supplement to Montrose's wars as if he had conducted it himself, which culminated in the victory of Killiecrankie. Hugh Mackay of Scourie, the pragmatical and somewhat grotesque Scoto-Dutch General, was well known to Dundee, and Dundee to him. They had served together under the Prince of Orange against France, and were both at the great battle of Seneff, in which the Prince was worsted, and where, indeed, as we have seen, he might have been buried in a bog, but for the timely succour brought him by Claverhouse, then riding as cornet in his own Guard. According to the tradition of Mackay's family, he it was whom the Prince, some time afterwards, preferred to the command of a regiment to which Claverhouse aspired; and not the son of an Earl of Portmore (as Lochiel's chronicler has it), there being in fact no Earl of Portmore at that period. These relative antecedents of the three principal personages, concerned in the stirring drama of Killiecrankie, the Prince namely, and his two favourite Scots officers, Claverhouse and Mackay, add not a little to the interest of the story, in contemplating this last struggle against King William's reign.

The Laird of Scourie certainly repaid the Prince of Orange for his early preference and preferment. King James had the weakness to solicit the services of his son-in-law's three Dutch regiments (which Mackay commanded), to suppress Monmouth, a service accomplished, as it happened, without their aid, but for which the too grateful monarch rewarded their commander with the rank of General, and a seat at the Board of the Privy Council of Scotland. Loaded with these unmerited honours, Mackay forthwith returned to the service of Holland, to reappear in England as General of the invading army. As Dundee withdraws from the Convention, his rival is sent with his Dutch regiments into Scotland, to support that mob-like cabal, and supersede Hamilton's volunteers in the cellars. With expressions from the Convention of the meanest gratitude to William of Orange, his General is immediately declared Commander-in-chief of their forces in Scotland, which had yet to be created; and with special instructions, as his preliminary duties, to wrest the citadel from the hands of the Duke of Gordon, and to effect the capture, dead or alive, of the more dangerous and daring Viscount. Mackay's own account, of course as favourable for himself as possible, of the Tartar hunt that now commenced in the North, is very minute, and to it, in the first instance, we turn.

Circumstances, he says, were favourable for the adventure. There was a pause in the excitement at Edinburgh. The crown of Scotland was in the act of being presented (by that strange trio of Scotch traitors) to the new King of England. The Scotch Convention was adjourned, and waiting to be turned into a Parliament. Dundee as yet had formed no party. He was attended by less than three score of troopers. So Mackay dispatched the young Master of Forbes (burning to distinguish himself against this new Phœnix of the Grahams) to the North before him, with instructions to collect his clan, to counteract by every possible means the personal influence of Dundee, and, above all, to furnish the General with accurate information as to every movement of the Viscount. Rejoicing and confiding in these cunning devices, the illustrious Scourie set out for his rendezvous, which he had appointed at Dundee, accompanied by a hundred and twenty English dragoons, of the Earl of Colchester's regiment, and two hundred chosen firelocks of his three Dutch regiments. At Dundee Sir Thomas Livingstone joined him with the Scotch dragoons, of which Dunmore had been deprived, and with this superior force Mackay hurried northwards in keen pursuit of the gallant quarry, but in great perplexity as to the route he ought to follow.

At Brechin, however, he received intelligence which rather astonished him. Dundee and his fifty troopers (for at this time he had no more), had already been all over the North, at Castle Gordon, and across the Spey to Elgin and Inverness, and were now actually returning southwards, across the Grampians, right in his teeth, and would be at Fettercairn, in Kincardine, that very night, on the way to Brechin. The Dutch General instantly dispatched his nephew, Major Mackay, with fifty horse and fifty foot to seize the bridge of Gannachy over the North-water at Fettercairn, and now felt sure of his prize by break of day. Arrived at Fettercairn, however, he neither caught Dundee nor could obtain tidings of his whereabouts. It was perhaps just as well for Mackay, who had arrived there with diminished forces. For, when reviewing his troops at Brechin, he had to leave behind him eighty of his English dragoons, "all sore backed and in disorder," and their Major so sickly that he was fit for nothing but to be left in charge of them. He was compelled, he says, "to halt at Fettercairn, at the foot of those hills which separate the southern from the northern provinces of Scotland, called in history the Grampian Hills, till he should have certain notice which way Dundee had taken, and for that end dispatched several poor countrymen (with money in hand and promise of more at their return with sure intelligence), upon country horses, after him, towards both ways which he might have taken, who brought him notice that Dundee, having understood the General's motions, made a feint as if he passed by Braemar towards the south, into Angus, but that after some miles march,"—he had again turned northwards, and taken refuge in the Gordon domains, going by Strathdon to Strathbogie, or Huntly Castle. On to Strathbogie, *multum gemens*, none joining him as he had hoped for, and no man, as he sorely complains, bidding God bless him by the way, follows the Dutch commander. There he was met by the vexatious intelligence that Dundee and his horse had again crossed the Spey, twelve miles from Strathbogie, at the very ford that ought to have been guarded by the Laird of Grant. Mackay, when across the Dee, fell in with his emissary the Master of Forbes, who had collected a few hundred foot, and forty of his own clan mounted, with which contingent he declared himself willing to join in the pursuit. But they were ill armed, undisciplined, and withal, as Mackay says, "so unlike the work," that, somewhat unwisely perhaps, the disgusted mercenary declined their services, and civilly bowed them off.[1] Passing rapidly on to the Spey, he followed the chase through Aberdeenshire and Murray. When seven miles from Elgin, a letter came to him, which Dundee had written to the magistrates of Elgin ordering quarters to be immediately prepared there, not merely for his cavaliers, but for some seven hundred claymores, who had just joined him under Macdonald of Keppoch, at Inverness. This alarming missive the Elgin authorities immediately forwarded to Mackay; who, by his own account, scarcely knew what to do. He greatly dreaded a defeat from Dundee, as ruinous to himself and to the Government that employed him; for, he says, the whole North would rise with Dundee on his first success. On the other hand, were he to retire from him, Dundee would become master of Inverness and Elgin, along with the districts of Murray, Ross, and Caithness, and be supported by the whole power of the Gordons. These latter considerations outweighed his fears. So, taking heart of grace, on he pushed to Elgin, helter-skelter, horse and foot going those seven miles together at the same pace, determined to be there before Dundee. And before him they were, for Dundee came not at all; neither could any one tell whither he had gone. Jaded and baffled, but somewhat relieved at the same time, Mackay found himself in the unfriendly and still frozen regions of the North, far from "the comforts of the Salt Market," and utterly *flabbergasted.* But it is time to turn to his tormentor, and to follow our hero's extraordinary movements more in detail.

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[1] Mackay describes the Master of Forbes as "a young youth whom he hoped to make useful to the service, though as yet *bashful* before his enemy, having never seen any."—*Memoirs*, p. 42.

Disappointed of his commission and orders from his Sovereign, by the failure of Brady, and seeing no immediate prospect of military resources from Ireland, Dundee determined to raise the standard without them. It was high time. His troopers were (to use a phrase of his own), eating the bread of idleness. A bevy of young cavaliers were gradually joining him, and impatient for action. The Viscountess, according to the Standard-bearer, had now been safely delivered,—"*Sævos Lucinæ experta labores*,"—and that interesting source of anxiety was removed. Guided, indeed, by the spirit of the great Marquis, and under circumstances wonderfully similar, he hastened to open the campaign in the north, without an army, with no money but the very little he could command at the moment of his own resources (already severely taxed),[1] and without the co-operation even of those nobles who professed to be with him, but who were all at gaze in various melancholy attitudes of doubt, defection, and durance vile. Lord Livingstone, the only nobleman who had accompanied him on his departing from Edinburgh, had lost heart, and after feigning sickness at Glammis, as his first reply to the citation of the Convention, cried *peccavi* immediately afterwards, and was pardoned because of his insignificance.

Doubtless the forward and menacing movements of Mackay had somewhat hastened those of Dundee.

> "The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes?
> Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of MONTROSE."

So he is reported to have said; and it would be stupid to doubt it, for that was precisely what he did. Independently of his own name and race,—the wild regions of his desperate adventure, his own isolated condition as the King's chosen

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[1] The Convention seized everything of Dundee's that they could lay their hands upon. Yet the Viscountess (as we shall find), contrived to furnish him with some funds, which proves her devotion to her husband and the cause. In the Acts and Orders of the Convention, appears the following, of date 7th May 1689: "The Committee of Estates being informed that there is a considerable quantity of meal belonging to the Viscount of Dundee in a cellar near Sheriff-brae, exposed for sale, they give warrant to Archibald Mure, bailie of Leith, to try where that meal is, and to secure the same until further orders be given thereanent, and to arrest the price of any of that meal that is sold."

General, the Celtic tribes he hoped again to inspire, the royal cause for which he was now to " put it to the touch to win or lose it all," and the whole plan and progress of his campaign, must have kept Montrose for ever in his mind.

Claverhouse was no friend to the " Highland Host" system. He never approved of " pouring in the Highlanders upon them," as a mode of crushing the fanatical risings in the South and West. That, as he said himself, " bred not in our breast."[1] For dispersing the armed Conventicles, and apprehending their murderous bravos, the " wild hill-men," his simple plan was,—dragoons and garrisons; firm and peremptory measures with the misguiding rich; just and lenient dealing with the misguided poor. But to rouse, encourage, and unite the latent and scattered loyalty of Scotland, required a very different system. He never doubted that the first field for such combination was the Highlands, and the first effective instrument the Claymores. The prestige of a great military demonstration, and a crushing blow struck at the first assailants as early as possible in the campaign, would, he well knew, render the South just as loyal as the North. It would win all the wavering nobles, and encourage the King to head an army in Scotland; thereby saving Ireland from invasion, and greatly shaking the power of the Dutch usurper, even in revolutionised England. This was the plan of Dundee from his first quitting the Convention. Nor did he ever for an instant lose sight of that plan, but was in the act of carrying it out with the greatest vigour, ability, and success, when death overtook him at Killiecrankie. Lord Macaulay's depreciatory narrative, and speculations, relative to that greatest phase of Dundee's career, is, throughout, crude in the conception, inaccurate in the facts, and malicious in the *animus.*[2] Dundee only spent those few weeks of the months of March and April 1689, at his own castle of Dudhope, because waiting for the birth of his child, for his credentials from Ireland, and for a more propitious season of the year. But he had already assured himself of the dispositions of the clans, and held an anxious consultation on the subject with

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[1] See before, p. 369, Claverhouse to Queensberry; and p. 441, Secretary Earl Murray to Queensberry.

[2] See in particular, Lord Macaulay's History, vol iv. pp. 340, 342, 384.

Drummond of Balhaldy, the son-in-law of Lochiel, at Dunblane, on his way from the Convention to Dudhope. And from the grandson of that Balhaldy we learn, that—"Dundee had private information from all quarters, that so soon as his Lordship could get a body of troops together, and that the season of the year was fit for action, they would risk their lives and fortunes under his command, and in King James' service."[1]

Dundee undertook this great adventure upon the highest principle. King James had come to his senses, when too late, as to his treatment of some of his Protestant friends, whom he had degraded, and the deserts of his fanatical enemies, whom he had so rashly promoted. But he had no intention, as Dundee knew, of forcing Catholicism upon Scotland. As for Episcopacy, that form of the Christian Church was, in fact, desired by the real intelligence and Christian feeling of the country. Presbyterianism, insisting, as it then did, for identification with Argyle's Solemn League and Covenant, and all its clerical tyranny, was a disgust and a terror to the truly pious and patriotic in Scotland. Every man of common sense knew that the Scotch Presbyterians were as unfit to hold the reins of civil and civilised Government, as the Quakers, or the Jumpers, or their own insane off-shoot, the "Sweet Singers." That, with all their pretensions to the contrary, neither the Christian religion, nor the liberty of the subject, were safe in their hands as the ruling power, all ages, since Presbyterianism arose, have testified in various degrees, according to the times. King William never doubted it for a moment, as might be proved by many a Presbyterian anathema, very soon launched against their Dutch deliverer from the Vaticans of out-door preaching and fanatical pamphleteering, with the same will, but not the same power, that placed him on the throne of Scotland. Was Dundee wrong in acting upon the assumption of this universal truth? Wrong in assuming that the *national will* had not been fairly represented, or honestly ascertained, by Hamilton's Convention? The Scoto-Dutch General himself assures us of the fact. "The Convention," he says in his Memoirs, "taking into consideration the *unto-*

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[1] Drummond of Balhaldy's Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron.

ward humours of *many* of the nobility and gentry, the combination of the *Highland clans*, who apprehended the Earl of Argyle's appearing greatness,[1] and the general disaffection of the *northern provinces*, as well as the *borders*, and of several of the *chiefest corporations* of the kingdom, not excepting *Edinburgh*, whereof the *greater part of the inhabitants* appeared not well pleased with the late happy, and for the general interest of the Protestant religion, as well as the liberty of Europe, so necessary a revolution, resolved to levy upon Scots pay six thousand foot, in ten regiments; twelve troops of horse, making six hundred; and a regiment of three hundred dragoons." A large slice, this, of Scotland. But faint hearts never won. The King's friends, with the solitary exception of Dundee, instead of using their own strength, submitted to their opponents' rottenness. And miserably these faint hearts suffered for it. They were treated as the meanest of criminals, while Dundee died amid the shouts of victory, and glorious anticipations of ultimate success.[2]

Dundee's gallant start is most enthusiastically described by the *Ennius* of his campaign, Philip of Amrycloss. This is the only chronicler of the period who has duly recorded the Viscountess, and the circumstance renders his unpublished narrative doubly interesting. We are loth to break up his grand hexameters into a feebler translation in prose. But the facts he so minutely narrates must be repeated in terms less difficult for the general reader than those of the recondite epic. While borrowing largely, however, from the narrative of the poet, the extracts will afford some idea of the classic production itself, of which we shall take occasion also to afford a few specimens, from the original in his own hand-writing.

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[1] That is to say, the revival of Argyle's reign of terror, which had been as atrocious in the Highlands as in the Lowlands, under the feudal system as under the fanatical.

[2] In the Acts and Orders of the Scotch Convention, may be seen a miserable petition from the Countess of Balcarres to Hamilton, dated 13th May 1689, pleading for her husband, poor Earl Colin, condemned to solitary confinement in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, expressly debarred from writing materials, and not permitted to see a friend. In consequence of this petition, he is allowed relaxtion to the extent of seeing one or two friends, named, and his physician; but this only as a great favour, and "in consideration of the danger of his health." He had done nothing but join Dundee against Hamilton; and had he done so more decidedly, this would not have happened to him.

> "Dire was the alarm in the distracted city on the departure of Dundee. The leaders of the Convention were terrified, expecting an immediate explosion. The Presbyterian zealots, frantic at the escape of their prey, were storming about their broken Covenant. The nobles could think of nothing but war. The youthful mind was all a-gog for arms. Few dared to disown the Dutch tyrant. Some brave hearts, yet alive to a sense of honour and rectitude, adhere to their King. I myself follow the royal standard, and the Graham, even as the poet Ennius of old attached himself to the heroic Scipio. For I, indeed, may boast a theme as glorious as his, a hero no less magnanimous than the greatest of Greece and Rome. Nothing could daunt Dundee. The disastrous expedition to England had bereft him of the brave troops with which he had crossed the border.[1] His loyal schemes were foiled by the miserable intrigues of the nobility. He was disappointed of his hopes from Ireland, and cheated of his credentials. Yet, with a remnant of his winged horse, his old veterans in arms, he rushes across the Grampians, and beyond them, even to the frozen north, white with perpetual snow, where the martial mountaineer worships the very name of a legitimate Sovereign, and is ever ready to immolate the traitor that would attempt, by stratagem or by violence, to possess himself of the insignia of a people's chief. He inspires his cavaliers with the same loyal spirit. A circle of generous youths surround him, and hail the Standard of their King, once more displayed on Scottish ground. Mackay, meanwhile, is ordered to pursue him to the utmost limits of the North, and to crush him at a blow. Leaving the siege of Edinburgh Castle (which the inglorious Gordon soon rendered, to his shame), the Belgic General hurries northward, breathing fire and sword, and leading on his numerous and motley bands of horse and foot, to conquer or die in his adventure against the Graham. But Dundee is the first

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[1] It is amusing to find Duke Hamilton, who, immediately afterwards commanded the *Catti* in the cellars of Edinburgh, and became entirely dependent upon the most truculent of the wild hill-men, and the absence of Claverhouse's horse, for the success of his Convention, thus commenting, as a *loyalist*, upon that fatal mistake of King James's :—"*November* 21, 1688, *Wednesday* :—In the morning I visited Duke Hamilton. He discoursed with *great zeal* for the *King's service*. He said he was very sorry the forces were drawn out of Scotland, which he feared would give opportunity to the *disaffected people* to be troublesome."—*Diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon.*

to take the field. He leaves his stately towers, and his beloved wife. She, though having just experienced the cruel pangs of Lucina, affords a glorious example, rare in her sex, rarer still in this age, of devoted loyalty, and Amazonian spirit, in a lady of gentle blood. Her husband's glory brings the only sorrow that afflicts her heart. But that heart is as great as his own. She herself prepares the hero's arms, and thus spontaneously exhorts him as he departs: 'Go, then, my greatest care; go, and may the God of Heaven be with you. Go, to subdue the Batavian tyrant, who, like another *Enceladus*,[1] is warring against the Gods. Follow your glorious fate, where King and Country call you; where honour, and loyalty, and the ardour of your own noble nature, prompt you. Go where glory waits you!' Thus spake she, all unconscious of a last farewell. Yet the heavy sigh, and sad countenance belied her lips. And far as her eyes could penetrate through space, she strained them after the departing figure of her heroic husband.

"But he, mounted on his charger, and distinguished by his panoply of Tyrian purple, arrays in martial order his adventurous cavaliers, even in the face of the town, and occupies the very summit of the Law of Dundee, *(Taoduni vertice montis.)* And there he casts abroad, to the breezes of the Grampians, the royal banner of his northern camp. His choice comrades, young exulting cavaliers, all gallantly mounted, and refulgent in arms, muster around him, and follow the Graham as he rushes to the field. Over the loftiest summits of the Sidlaw hills he leads them rejoicing, *(per celsa cacumina Sudles ibat ovans.)* He pauses three days in his castle in Glen Ogilvy. Scouts are sent out to ascertain the force, and watch the motions of the approaching foe, greatly superior in numbers, but not in vigour. From the severity of the winter, the rivers are still clogged with ice, and the lofty mountains covered with snow. Nevertheless, under the constellation of the vernal equinox,[2] he wends his way through the deep shadows of a sombre night, bearing the Standard onwards towards the remote *Thule* of his adventure. Meanwhile, Mackay, hedged in by a dense squadron of English dragoons,[3] and accompanied by his own foot regiment of gross Dutchmen, creeps in the wake of his vigilant enemy, ingloriously and in vain. For, far in advance, the Graham presses his cavalry over the mountain tops, and gives them the rein through the valleys beneath. Through torrents, and rocky defiles, and thickets tangled with thorn, he impels his course. He leads his cavaliers in gallant array through the open plains. The tempest stays him not. Nor the levin bolt—nor the torrents tumbling from the precipitous mountains—nor the blasts and glaciers of the frozen North—nor the hurricanes of the tempestuous north-east:—

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[1] *Enceladus* was the son of *Titan* and *Terra*, whom Jupiter buried under Mount Ætna for attempting to dethrone him.

[2] "*Phryxeo Sidere.*" *Phryxus* was the hero of the Golden Fleece, and the constellation *Aries.*

[3] The Earl of Colchester's dragoons.

> "Non tempestates illum, non nubibus ignes
> Elisi, celsisve voluti montibus amnes,
> Nec juga cana gelu, non motæ aquilone procellæ,
> Sæva nec hiberni remorantur flamina cauri."

> ["A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
> No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.
> No joys to him *unhallow'd* sceptres yield,
> War sounds the trump—he rushes to the field;
> The march begins in military state,
> *While ladies interpose, and slaves debate*;[1]
> Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
> And Winter barricades the realms of Frost:
> He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay!
> Hide, *bleeding* Glory, hide Pultowa's day."]

"And now, all in the highest spirits under the leadership and auspices of the Graham, we first arrive at the poor and barren town of Kirriemuir, and at once pass the North Esk by its bridge. Next we climb the rugged mountains of Kincardineshire, and cross the rapid Dee. From thence onward, by Kincardine O'Neil, to the Don. Having also crossed that river, we arrive at the town of Keith,[2] *famous for the gifts of Ceres and Bacchus.* From Keith we press on to Gordon Castle (so

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[1] We have here taken the liberty to transpose a line of Johnson's, occurring in the same magnificent poem, as it applies so aptly to Lady Errol's mission to the Duke of Gordon in the Castle, and the squabbles in the Convention, after Dundee's departure. *See before*, p. 514.

[2] A letter from Dundee himself tests the accuracy of this, and fixes the date of his being at Keith (in Strathisla, near Gordon Castle), where he appears to have paused for a time (no doubt paying his respects to *Ceres* and *Bacchus*), and commenced his first endeavours to bring Lord Murray, (Athole's impracticable heir), to the standard and allegiance which his loyal clan adhered to, despite of his ill-conditioned exertions to prevent them. To him it is that Dundee addresses the following note from Keith:—

"KEITH, *April* 21, 1689.

"MY LORD:—I would certainly have sent Major Graham to wait on your Lordship this night, as I wrote to you, but that he was stayed on the road with company, beautiful with its lofty battlements), whose towers we soon leave behind us, and cross the surging current of the rushing Spey. Then to Elgin, distinguished by its towering and noble cathedral. This, too, we leave, and reach the Lossie, with its yellow sands. Crossing the Lossie, at length we repose in the sweet fields of Forres, where the gladsome Murray displays her fertile plains.

"Tandem inter dulces Forressæ insedimus agros,
Monstrat frugiferas ubi læta Moravia messes."

"But here, tidings reach Dundee that inspire him with hopes of obtaining auxiliary forces even from the ranks of the enemy; hopes that the Scotch dragoons would return to their allegiance, and to their banner, from which the enemy had seduced them. He resolves to countermine his arts. Dundee was as subtle in art as he was fierce in arms. Accomplished as a warrior, he yet knew how to circumvent the foe, and never plunged rashly into peril. He wheels his cavaliers. Back he brings them, even across the waters of the dark rolling Dee, by the very route he had led them north. Here, however, he learns that the Dutch General, his forces augmented by thousands, was close at hand, pressing on to the far north, determined to do or die. Ever vigilant, he discovers dense masses of the foe in various directions, as if about to surround him. At once he decamps; recrosses the Dee at Birse, and passing the beautiful place of Aboyne, urges his horsemen through the woods and mountains of Cromar. Again he effects the passage of the devouring Don, where the lofty Kildrummie rears its huge pile of towers. He speeds past the deserted halls of the ignoble Forbes. Then on to sweet Strathbogie [*Huntly Castle*], and those fair fields the Bogie waters. There gladly he bids halt our weary steeds and seek repose for man and horse."

"Castra movet; rursusque ad Byrsam flumine Deiæ,
Transmisso, nitidas Abboyni præterit ædes,
Et nemora et montes Cromarræ transilit altos
Acer equis, Donique rapacem transfretat amnem,
Ardua ubi ingentem attollit Killdrimea molem
Murorum, et vacuam Forbesi ignobilis arcem
Pervolat; hinc dulces quos Bogius alluit agros
Invisit, pulchramque ad Bogi flumina vallem,
Atque ibi, lætus, equos, defessaque corpora curat."

without my knowledge, till it was too late. He shall be with your Lordship to-morrow at the hour appointed. I am, my Lord, your most humble and faithful servant,
"Dundee."—*Leven and Melville Papers.*

"But no sooner had the first rays of the morrow's dawn escaped through the golden gates of the East, than the harsh clang of the trumpet sounds to horse, and Dundee is again in the saddle. This time, he sweeps through merry Keith like the wind, and on to Gordon Castle, beside the rapid Spey. There, my Lord Dunfermline in person had mustered the chivalry of the loyal Gordons, which he now places under the Standard, and joins forces with Dundee.

> "Illic præcipitem Speiæ prope fluminis undam,
> *Fermelodunus* adest, stipatus robore gentis
> Gordoniæ, socia arma ferens, atque agmina jungens."

"All in great glee, we recross the Spey, and so back to beautiful Elgin, and delightful Forres; and thence to Darnaway, with its airy turrets and noble valley; and onwards past Auldearn, till we view in the distance the lofty Castle Stewart, the yellow shores of Ross, and the cloud-capt towers of Inverness.

"But now there came intelligence of great bodies of mountaineers, all standing for the King, and armed bands, in Highland weed bedight, of the variegated tartan *(agmina picta croco)*, marching in all directions through the fields, and hurrying to the gates of Inverness, as if to besiege it. Instantly Dundee gives the rein, and applies the spur, nor checks the excited steeds until he draws bridle under the very walls of the town. There, with glad eyes, he gazes on the Gael in arms! To greet him, stepping between the squadrons of horse, who receive him with frantic cheers, comes Keppoch their chief, the audacious Macdonald, a man whom love of plunder would impel to any deed of daring or of crime. Yet was he a sight to see, with his shield studded with brazen knobs, and '*all plaided and plumed in his tartan array!*'

> "Quodlibet in facinus spoliorum impulsus amore,
> *Keppochus*, et clamyde, et clypeo conspectus ahenis
> Bullato clavis, *pictisque insignis in armis.*"

"Dundee, having closely inspected the numbers, the vigour, and the martial bearing of these mountain warriors, bids them stand to their arms, that he may instantly lead them to do battle with his pursuer, the insolent Dutchman. Keppoch, king of thieves, devoted to spoil, and heedless of glory, basely debates the matter to and fro, and frames excuses for delay. For he is now pressing hardly upon the miserable town. Some of its chief citizens, even its civic rulers, he detains, bound as captives, in his tent. But the ransom is paid, they are liberated, and their minds relieved from terror. Nevertheless, Keppoch rapidly marches his claymores to the mountains, driving before him great herds of cattle, robbing villages and dwellings as he goes, devastating the fields far and wide, and pillaging even the poorest cottages. And then, leaving all wrapt in flames behind him, he retreats to the hills, and hides himself among the rocks of his inaccessible mountains. It was a severe disappointment to Dundee. The opportunity was lost of a great blow. But his was not the soul to be subdued by a stroke of adverse fortune. His high heart ever bent on deeds of daring, his good sword ever ready for the fight, he stands, in the midst of perils and encompassed by foes, indomitable still,—'*as rocks resist the billows and the sky.*'"

"——— ut rupes circum stagnantibus undis,
Mole sua pelagi insultus immota retundit."[1]

Drummond of Balhaldy, the faithful chronicler of Lochiel, throws some further light upon this misadventure at Inverness. "Dundee," he says, "from the North (Gordon Castle) sent an express to Lochiel to inform him of the situation of affairs there; which having been intimated to all the chiefs in that neighbourhood, they agreed to send a detachment of eight hundred men, under command of Macdonald of Keppoch, to conduct his Lordship into that country." But Keppoch was at feud with the Macintosh. The town of Inverness had taken part with Macintosh against Keppoch. So the latter, instead of joining Dundee, as arranged by the chiefs, marched against Inverness, seven hundred strong, Macdonalds and Camerons, and with the result as told above.[2] The author of the *Gramiad* adds, that Dundee, grievously disappointed by Keppoch, "left the blue waters of the Ness, but not without a laurel:"—

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[1] *Grameidos* Lib. II., *v.* 126, *ad v.* 330.

[2] *Lochiel's Memoirs*, pp. 236, 237. Lord Macaulay's prevailing desire to depreciate the capacities and the scheme of Dundee, (as he had previously *brutified* the character of Claverhouse), causes him to indulge in the following *Macaulese*, in his account of Dundee's joining Keppoch under the walls of Inverness, on the 1st of May 1689 :—"The *new situation*," he says, "in which Dundee was now placed, the *new view of society* which was presented to him, naturally *suggested new projects* to his inventive and enterprising spirit. The hundreds of athletic Celts whom he saw in their national order of battle were evidently *not allies to be despised*. If he could form a great coalition of clans, if he could muster under one banner ten or twelve thousand of these hardy warriors, if he could induce them to submit to the restraints of discipline, *what a career might be before him !*"—*Hist.* iv., p. 342. Had Dundee dropped from the clouds to meet Keppoch ? Had he never seen a Highlander in *wede of war* before ? Did he know nothing of the "Highland Host," which had been twice poured upon the rebellious districts, in conjunction with his own conventicle campaigns ? Keppoch was in force (with more claymores than his own,

> "Fert ægre amissam tanti certaminis ausam,
> *Haud sine laude*, tamen, linquit jam cærula Nessi
> Flumina."

The allusion is explained by Dundee himself, in one of his dispatches to the King to which we must now turn. While at Gordon Castle, towards the end of April, he dispatched an Irish gentleman of his own troop, of the name of Dennis M'Swine, to the King, in Ireland, with a full account of all his proceedings from the day he left the Convention. These dispatches, unfortunately, have never been recovered; but they are thus epitomised at the commencement of a subsequent dispatch, carried by Mr Hay in the month of June, and received by the King on the 7th of July 1689:—

> "By the *last* information, sent by Mr M'Swine, account was given how the Viscount of Dundee parted from Edinburgh; how he staid at his own house for above a fortnight after, guarded by a party of *fifty horse;* and how, after a party of the Scotch dragoons came over to [the town of] Dundee, with a party of Mackay's foot, he marched towards Inverness, encouraging all persons to stand out, letting them see by his example there was *no danger* in it. The account was also given, how he went through Murray, and was *come back* to Castle Gordon, when *M'Swine was dispatched.*
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> "The Viscount of Dundee marched [from Castle Gordon] to the Cairn-o'-Mount, designing to go near Dundee, encouraged by the promises the Scotch dragoons had sent him, that they would declare for the King. But, by the way, having intercepted a messenger of the Master of Forbes returning from Edinburgh, found, by Mackay's letter, that he was to be at Edinburgh that night, with two hundred foot and a regiment of English horse; and they, with the dragoons

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before Inverness, just because of Dundee's *own scheme* of "a great coalition of clans," and as the immediate (though hasty) result of Dundee's correspondence with Lochiel, and other Chiefs of Clans. Lord Macaulay presses his depreciatory nonsense so far as to say (in the same page)—"Dundee seems *at this time* to have *known little*, and *cared little*, about the Highlanders. For their national character he *probably* felt the dislike of a Saxon, for their *military* character the *contempt* of a professional soldier." Had Dundee never heard of Montrose's victories?

and foot that came there before, were to pursue him wherever he went. The Lord Viscount waited at the Cairn-o'-Mount till Mackay was within eight miles, and then *marched back towards Castle Gordon*,[1] where the Earl of Dunfermline, with forty or fifty gentlemen, joined him; and from thence through Murray to Inverness, where he found the Laird of Keppoch at the head of seven hundred men, the most part volunteers. They plundered Macintosh's lands, and the neighbourhood; which Macintosh in a manner deserved, because the Viscount had *written twice* to him, to declare for the King, and had got no return. The Laird of Kilravock, with three hundred men, was on one side of Keppoch, and the town of Inverness in arms on the other. The Viscount sent to Kilravock to know his design. He professed loyalty, and so was allowed to guard his country. The magistrates of Inverness came and informed him that Keppoch had forced them to promise him four thousand merks. My Lord Dundee told them that Keppoch had no warrant from him to be in arms; *much less to plunder;* but that necessity had forced him out; and told, he would give his bond that at the King's return (since they had not yet declared the Prince of Orange king) they should have their money repaid them. After which he desired Keppoch to march his men with him, and he would go and *engage Mackay*. But the men, partly the Camerons, said they could not without consent of their master. But the truth was, they were *loaded with spoil*, and neither they nor their leaders had anything else in head. So they went home plundering on the way."[2]

It was now the first week of May. Our baffled hero, whose cavalry, even with the accession of the Gordons, scarcely exceeded fourscore, and who had not a single foot soldier, finding it absolutely impossible to turn upon Mackay, who was more than a thousand strong, foot and horse, marched southwards to the country of Glengarry, a loyal chieftain, whom he hoped to find more practicable than Keppoch. Again leading his severely taxed cavaliers over snowy mountains, and through pathless valleys, he now came down the south-east side of Loch Ness, from Strathnairn into Stratherrick, and so by the Fall of Foyers to the Castle of Invergarry. His enthusiastic bard thus describes their progress:—

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[1] This, as well as the narrative in the *Gramiad*, and Mackay's own narrative, corrects an important error committed by Lochiel's chronicler, who says that Dundee had actually reached his own Castle of Dudhope, and found " his lady in childbed," before he had to retreat to the North again, owing to the advance of Mackay. —See *Lochiel's Memoirs*, p. 237, and compare.

[2] *Secretary Nairne's Papers*, published by Macpherson, vol. iii. p. 352. This important and interesting document is docqueted, " News from Scotland with Mr Hay: Received 7th July 1689." Nairne was Secretary, under Melfort, to King James in exile, and these original papers of his were found by Carte the historian, in the Scotch College at Paris.—*See Macpherson's Introduction*. Dundee's *first* dispatches, sent by M'Swine from Gordon Castle in *April* 1689, do not appear in this collection, which is a great loss, as doubtless they contained his own account of the conference with the Duke of Gordon over the Castle wall, and all the particulars of his quitting the Convention.

> "Through Stratherrick he pursues his way, the horses scrambling over pathless mountains, white with perpetual frost, to where, surrounded by its gloomy marshes, stands the castle of Invergarry, proudly crowning its lofty rock. From thence, retracing his steps by the same route, beset with vast and horrid crags, he passes on to the sacred shrine of *St Coemgen*, and pauses there."

> " Perque *Herichum* graditur valem, Tarsumque nivalem
> Scandit, et æternis boreæ juga cana pruinis
> Invia pulsat equis, ubi, cincta paludibus atris,
> Arxque superba alto jacet *Invergarria* saxo:[1]
> Hinc redit, atque eadem loca, rupibus horrida vastis,
> Transit, et ad sacrum sistit *Kilyquhymenis* ædem."

Well might Dundee worship there. At Kilcummin, or the Church of St Coemgen, (where now stands Fort Augustus), situated at the south-west extremity of Loch Ness, Montrose accomplished his grand gathering of the Gael which sealed the fate of Clan Campbell at Inverlochy. " In witness whereof we have subscribed these presents at *Killiewheimen*, the penult days of January 1645,"—is the concluding clause of a bond yet existing, attached to which may be seen the magnificent signature of Montrose, followed, in tumultuous disorder, and every form of pot-hook, by those of the chiefs of Duart, Lochbuy, Keppoch, Glengarry, Clanranald, Strowan, Lochiel, Appin, Macgregor, Macpherson, Gordons, Grants, and Mackenzies —all solemnly swearing to stand by the Monarchy, and by each other.[2] Fulfilling to the letter his promise, to go where the soul of Montrose would guide him, Dundee adopted the same plan. Exercising an ubiquitous and Herculean diplomacy, that reminds us forcibly of his great prototype, he now accomplished, by means of many a desperate march, anxious conference, and laborious missive, that cordial co-operation of the intractable chiefs, which gave him hopes of being at the head of a grand army of claymores before the end of May. In this most arduous course, mental as well as physical, of creating an army, Dundee passed from Invergarry and Kilcummin into the wilds of Badenoch, with a keen eye turned to the Braes of Angus, and the banks of the Tay. He now felt confident of having secured the clans for his foot. But his brigade of cavalry, however devoted to him and the cause, was very slender. Intelligence had reached him that two active officers, both men of estate and influence, Blair of Blair,[1] and Pollock of Pollock, were busily engaged in Perth, organising a regiment of horse for Mackay, by order of Hamilton's Convention not yet turned into a Parliament. That time might not be wasted before the clans gathered, Dundee conceived the daring scheme of meanwhile scattering these levies, taking the whole of their officers prisoners, recruiting his own Exchequer (which was extremely low) with what public money he could pick up in Perth, or elsewhere, and then dashing on to Dundee, for the purpose of augmenting his fourscore horse with the two troops of Scotch dragoons, who were longing for him there. So, suddenly coming down from the forest of Badenoch, through Blair Athole and Dunkeld, he fell, with the swoop of an eagle, upon Perth, and "fluttered their Volscians in Corioli." It was a brilliant raid. The man cannot be named in Scotland, of the time, that could have done it, or would have tried it, but himself. On Friday the 10th of May, descending from Blair, he surprised Dunkeld. Before the day dawned on Saturday the 11th, he was master of Perth, with a force which, as the revolutionary Government admitted, only consisted of seventy sabres. But his faithful troubadour, whose tuneful harp has hitherto been suffered to hang silent on the willows, shall now tell the story:—

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[1] The noble Castle of Invergarry, here so graphically noticed, was destroyed by the Duke of Cumberland in 1745.

[2] See our Memoirs of Montrose, 1856, vol. ii. p. 478-479.

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[1] William Blair of Blair, married to Lady Margaret Hamilton, daughter of William second Duke of Hamilton. He was thus nearly connected with the President of the Convention, who had become Duke of Hamilton in consequence of his marriage with Duchess Anne, Lady Margaret's cousin-german.

Raid on Perth, 11th May 1689.

"While Mackay, spiritless and inert, is still lagging by the mild waters of the Ness, fancying hostile banners on every breeze that stirs the woods, fearing an armed host in every flock that strays across the plain, the indomitable Dundee again holds on his way, rejoicing, through dreary wastes, and leads his band in safety across the Grampians to the braes of Athole. By the lake of the Garry, which divides itself into a triple fountain, through the dense woods of hazel, by the crooked windings of the Tummel, he pursues his way.[1] And now he arrives at the lofty battlements of Blair. From thence suddenly descending upon Dunkeld, he seizes the western gate, which is open. Here, lighting by chance upon the leader of an armed band, who had just collected the royal taxes from the neighbouring villages, he captures him unawares, and in a bloodless encounter, deprives him at once of his arms, and of the public money. After this, he pauses to refresh his wearied men and horses. But so soon as Sol had hid his flaming head in the ocean, and Night had invested the Pole with the silver radiance of the stars, again the blown and bridled steeds are urged on their arduous route. With rapid march, crossing the Tay by a dark and dubious ford, he approaches Perth. Halting at the second milestone from the town, he selects just twenty horsemen out of his whole array, and, leading them himself, glides through that city's lofty gate. And before the little lark had sung his wonted matins, or Aurora tinged the ocean with her golden tresses, he had made himself master both of the market-place and the posts of the sentries, and was scampering on his excited charger as a conqueror through the town! Meanwhile, the rest of his troopers, breaking loose from the various officers under whom he had left them drawn up, rush tumultuously to the walls of Perth, forcing open the gates, and each finding a way for himself. All the avenues are now in their possession. Here and there, disorderly bands, broke loose from discipline, storm the houses. Some search for money, some collect arms, some seize horses. In the midst of this great spoil, a few choice spirits of the young cavaliers stumble upon the commander himself, Blair of Blair, in his bed, whom they rouse, snoring in a deep slumber, not having yet slept off the effects of the last night's debauch:—

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[1] "Per densas *coryli* silvas, et curva Timellæ." The Tummel is here probably named for the Garry; which, however, does not lose its waters and its name in the Tummel until below the pass. The mention of the dense hazel woods affords a feature of that country in 1689.

"Ipsum, inter spolia ampla, ducem jam lecta juventus
Forte *Blarum* somno stertentem suscitat alto,
Cum nondum hesternam decoxit mane suburram."[1]

"At length, collecting together the crowd of captives, men and officers, horse and foot, they compel them to arrange themselves on the grassy Inch; and having secured the spoil, they raise aloft the standards of the foe, amid shouts of laughter *(magno cachinno)*, and tear the golden *orange* from the colours of the vanquished.

"*Malaque* de victis convellunt *aurea* signis."[2]

"But now, laden with the spoils of the enemy, the victorious cavaliers, proudly caracoling in arms, reform their ranks, and rally round their own banners. High in the midst of the glittering throng, the fiery Graham, refulgent in arms, sits proudly on his charger, and thus addresses them:—'Under the olden happy auspices, we have done this deed. Beneath the royal standard, we have struck a blow for the race of Stuart. With avenging arms we have overthrown the enemy, and spoiled the rich city of Perth. And now, forward, to fulfil our destiny.' He said, and the several troops having been marshalled in order by an officer of distinction, with dignified composure *(placido vultu)*, he gives the word to march. But no sooner does he find himself in the open plain, than, putting his horse to its speed, he gallops past his lines with the air of a conquering hero. And now, he recrosses the rolling Tay, to where rise the regal turrets of the *Palace of Scone*. From thence, proceeding in the direction of the sacred temple of the rich district of *Cargill*, he calls a halt at the fair castle of *Stobhall*.[1] Here, sending out an armed force, he collects revenue from the neighbouring villages, in the name of the King. But in the dead hour of night, when all nature seeks repose, the ever-wakeful Graham, himself the first to arm and mount, bids sound the brazen note that calls to horse. Scattered around in all directions, his troopers fling their stalwart bodies into the saddle with a bound, and each seeks the well-known ensign of his captain. Dundee at their head, thus exhorts them on the way. 'My brave men, be stout of heart, as ye are strong of arm, and learn to endure every hardship of war. Love for a dethroned and exiled monarch, anxiety for his innocent heir, stirs my soul, and pierces my heart. It is this that impels me to a perilous war. The honour and glory of a great king demand our services. And the image of our country, tottering to its fall, unless our arms sustain it, must nerve our hearts. Never shall we repent of having served under the standard of our King.' He said; and now suddenly he leaves behind him the walls of *Cupar-Angus*, and *Meigle*, and the towers and church of *Collessie*, and the pleasant plains of the *Isla*, and onward pursues his way to the smoking chimneys of *Glammis*, a towering edifice, superb with its stately pinnacles, and porticoes, and courts, all testifying to the genius of a great master in his art. And here, reposing his lusty limbs on the greensward, again he orders forth some light horsemen to collect revenue in the name of the King. Nor is it long ere they return with money, and horses, and arms. This done, the trumpet sounds, and again the cavaliers are thundering on their way. At no great dis-

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[1] On Sunday, 12th May 1689, at an extraordinary meeting of the Committee of Estates,—"A letter was read, written by the Provost of Perth, bearing that the Viscount of Dundee had come from Inverness on Wednesday last (the 8th), and, *by Dunkeld*, came to Perth on Saturday (the 11th), by *two o'clock in the morning*, with about a hundred and twenty horses, or thereby, where he surprised the town, and seized upon the lairds of Blair and Pollock, of that Ilk, Captain and Lieutenant of the troop ordered to be levied in the shire of Perth, and *some of the troop*, and *country gentlemen*, and that he had got *forty horses* from them, and, *about eleven o'clock* (A.M.) had retired from the town northward again."—*Acts and Orders of the Convention*. This record gives us the precise dates, and completely verifies the heroic bard. But the Magistrates had nearly doubled the number of Dundee's horse. One of the officers captured was *Lieutenant James Colt*. When examined as a witness in the process of forfeiture against Dundee after his death, Colt "Depones, that when he was taken prisoner, he heard the Viscount speak these words: '*You take prisoners for the Prince of Orange, and we take prisoners for King James, and there's an end of it*.'" (*Records of Parliament* 1690). This had been the curt and very proper reply to an argumentative expostulation, probably on the part of Duke Hamilton's unfortunate friend, Blair of Blair.

[2] *Malum aureum* is Latin for an orange, or golden apple. This probably was a gilt ball at the end of the pole of the standard. Perhaps, in compliment to the new dynasty, it had been made to assume the shape of an orange.

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[1] Stobhall was a seat of the Earl of Perth's, at this time a prisoner in Stirling Castle, and treated in a manner disgraceful to the government of Hamilton. The village of Cargill, where are the remains of a Druid's temple, is a little higher up the Tay than Stobhall. But Dundee had *dined* at Scone, after his raid on Perth, as is proved by the following amusing record in the Acts of the Convention: "13th May 1689: A missive letter from the *Viscount of Stormont* to the President was read, bearing that the Viscount Dundee had *forced his dinner from him at his house of Scone, on Saturday last*, and, therefore, desiring that his *intercommuning* with him being *involuntary*, might be excused." The Committee, however, are not pacified, and Stormont is cited, and tyrannised over on the subject for some time. His father-in-law, Scott of Scotstarvet, and his uncle, Sir John Murray of Drumcairn (a Lord of Session), happening to be at Scone at the time, are in like manner cited as *delinquents*, and put to much trouble. The dinner, and the *ordering of it*, must have been a rare ploy.

tance, a new ally hails their leader. It is *Hallyburton the huge*, sworn foe to the name of Dutchman. Beside him comes *Fullerton*, who derives his patronymic from his land. *Renton*, too, renowned in arms, is with them. Heroic spirits all, and ready for the field, they come to place themselves under the banner of the Graham.[1] Thus recruited, he advances against the rebellious town of Dundee, hoping there to induce his former companions in arms to return to the Standard."[2]

Our hero had, of course, formed no design of taking the town of Dundee with a few troops of cavalry, and a staff of hot-blooded cavaliers. The place was surrounded by a high wall, and could then be easily defended against a considerable army; as Montrose found, who failed to take it after he had taken Perth. But, in his dispatches to the King, already quoted, the Viscount mentions that, when turned northwards again by Mackay's occupation of Brechin, he was on his way to Dundee, " encouraged by the promises the *Scotch Dragoons* had sent him, that they would declare for the King." The history of this celebrated regiment is curious and interesting. We happen to see them at this moment, not in our mind's eye merely, but, as it were, in the body, man and horse, by virtue of an unbroken descent that is not to be controverted. That long red line of shell-jackets, and grey and white horses, visible from the window where we now write, streaming down from their barracks at Piershill, to their exercise on the Portobello sands, are the Scotch dragoons that rode with Claverhouse through " moors and mosses many o !" on his wedding night! They were then known as "Old Tom Dalyell's Dragoons," the Commander-in-chief. At his death, Lord Charles Murray, the Marquis of Athole's second son, got them, and was created Earl of Dunmore by King James. But they were continually under the orders of Claverhouse, in combination with his own

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[1] Lieutenant Colt, in the process of forfeiture, depones to the fact that Dundee had only seventy horse with him when he attacked Perth, but that ten more joined him on the Monday (13th May) thereafter. These, probably, were Hallyburton and his friends. This huge hero, Hallyburton of Pitcur, greatly distinguished himself at Killiecrankie, where he fell. Lord Chancellor Campbell loved to call attention to the fact, that his mother's family was a branch of Pitcur.

[2] *Grameidos*, Lib. ii. *v.* 358, *ad v.* 472.

distinguished regiment of horse. They are the *Apollyon* and *Beelzebub* of Lord Macaulay. George the Second's Dettingen heroes. The great Napoleon's mingled dread and admiration at Waterloo. The *Scots Greys!* A little *Rip Van Winkle* conjuring applied to them would astonish the ladies bathing under their gallant inspection. In the month of *October* 1688, they were rattling on to York and London to do battle with the Dutchman. Then,—"*invectus equo, Tyrioque insignis in ostro,*"—(as the *Ennius* of Dundee depicts him),—the Prince of all Dragoons led them on. In the month of *December* immediately thereafter, by a legerdemain of revolution to themselves perfectly inexplicable, they were transferred to the service of that same invader, against the Sovereign they desired to serve, as if they had been the pivoted soldiers of a Dutch toy. Their demigod, *Clavers*, suddenly vanished from their cognizance into the peerage! Their Colonel, Dunmore, superseded by one Sir Thomas Livingstone of the Dutch foot! And such of their old officers as still remained with them, looking mysteriously, like owls in a waking dream. Their gallant but hopeless attempt to return to Scotland without the leave of their superiors has been already noticed. Remodelled as they now were, from the disorganised and scattered brigade of cavalry that had followed Claverhouse in splendid condition from Scotland, Mackay flattered himself, that under the command of such staunch revolutionists as Sir Thomas Livingstone, and one Captain Balfour, they were secured for the Prince of Orange. Nor does he seem to have suspected, that those of their former officers who still held commissions in the corps, only did so for the purpose of serving King James, and had never taken the oath of allegiance to King William. Among these, William Livingstone, brother and heir presumptive to James, second Viscount of Kilsyth, continued to be Lieutenant-Colonel. Their new Colonel, Sir Thomas Livingstone, long wedded to the Dutch service, represented an old cadency from the family of Kilsyth, and so may be said to have commanded his chief. For this William Livingstone eventually became third Viscount of Kilsyth on the death of his brother. A more interesting circumstance marks his career. In due time after the death of Dundee, but before succeeding to his own title, he married the interesting widow, and very narrowly escaped sharing her tragic fate in Holland, and that of their young babe, who perished with her, by the fall of a house.

The Earl of Dunmore did not readily relinquish the hope of recovering his regiment for King James. After his own dismissal, he gave a dinner at a tavern in Edinburgh, shortly before the meeting of Hamilton's Convention, to such officers as he knew to be willing to join him in the plot. These were, Lieutenant-Colonel William Livingstone, Captains Livingstone, Murray, and Creighton, and Lieutenant George Murray. To meet them,—" all my ain lads," as Creighton says Dunmore called them,—he was so foolish as to invite that double-dyed traitor, General James Douglas (who had just arrived from London), against a strong remonstrance from Creighton himself, who tells the story. Dunmore quieted his fears, by telling him, that,—" *my Lord Dundee had assured him*, that the Lieutenant-General had given him his *faith and honour*, to be with him in five days, if he marched to the hills to declare for King James,"—a statement which we shall find confirmed by Dundee himself. Creighton adds, that,—" dinner was no sooner done, than we heard that King James was landed in Ireland. Then Douglas, taking a beer-glass, and looking around him, said,—' Gentlemen, we have all *eat of his bread*, and here is his health,'—which he drank off on his knees, and all the company did the same. Then, filling another bumper, he drank, *damnation to all who would ever draw a sword against him.*"

Such was the condition of matters in the *Scotch Dragoons* when Mackay took them with him, as part of the army of King William, to hunt Dundee in the North,—he who, just five months before, had led them from Scotland against the Prince of Orange ! Unconscious of what dangerous vipers he was handling, the pious Scourie, whose word of command issued from his nose, left two troops of these dragoons at Dundee, as a reserve under Lieutenant-Colonel Livingstone, and Captain Balfour, and took the other four troops and their officers along with him, to follow the chase. But Captain Creighton informs us, that the moment Mackay ordered the regiment from Stirling before him, to rendezvous at Dundee, William Livingstone (whom, in narrating the story to Dean Swift, he calls Lord Kilsyth), opened a secret communication with the Viscountess of Dundee, in Dudhope castle, Creighton himself, as he tells us, being the emissary:—

> "Major-General Mackay, coming to Edinburgh at this juncture, was ordered to march the forces which he brought with him against my Lord Dundee. These forces consisted of three or four regiments of foot, and one of horse, besides Sir Thomas Livingstone's dragoons. They stopped in their march a night or two at Dundee. The first night I got privately into the castle (as it had been agreed between my Lord Kilsyth and me), and there *assured my Lady Dundee*, that the regiment of dragoons in which I served should be at her Lord's service whenever he pleased to command; whereof her Ladyship gave notice next day to her husband, who sent me a note, by a *ragged Highlander*, which I received as we were on our march from the town of Dundee towards the Highlands. The contents of my Lord's note were: 'That he had written to the King to send him two thousand foot, and one thousand horse, out of Ireland, and that as soon as those forces were arrived, he would expect me with a regiment of dragoons.'"

Mackay himself confirms the anecdote in his own Memoirs. While Dundee, under every difficulty and disappointment, contrived, in a marvellous manner, continually to communicate with his Sovereign and the Secretary in Ireland, he was so fortunate as to be able also to keep open a source of information that touched his heart more nearly. Across the Sidlaw hills, the Grampians, the Dee and the Don, letters from his devoted wife came to cheer and encourage him, even at Gordon Castle, as he "dwelt beneath the holly bush, beside the rapid Spey." His descent upon the town of Dundee, was at the instigation of the Viscountess, that he might possess himself of the two troops of Livingstone's dragoons, still quartered there, under their Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain Balfour. "What proofs have you, that the Scotch dragoons will betray me to Dundee?" said Mackay to a deserter from Dundee's camp. "Because," was the reply of this real traitor, "because,—besides that Dundee usually assured his Highland Chiefs that he was *sure of the dragoons*, but that it was not yet time to call them, being more useful to him where they were, that he *saw him read letters from his Lady* to the same purpose, naming particularly the fore-mentioned officers." The result of his dash at Dundee is narrated in glowing terms, and glorious hexameters, by his accomplished standard-bearer:—

Raid on Dundee, 13th May 1689.

"A rumour that the great Graham was advancing the standard against the town of Dundee, had reached it before him. All is terror and confusion. The streets are barricaded with waggons, trunks of trees, and huge stones. The walls are strengthened with earthen mounds. The gates are double locked and barred, and every dwelling made secure. The Graham, having sent an advanced guard thundering before him to clear the principal way, comes on with all the imposing pomp of war. He clothes himself in his armour. Strong plated mail for breast and back; and on his head a helmet under a skin of black fur.[1] Accompanied by a distinguished staff of cavaliers, active and swift as feathered Mercury, he at once rides to the summit of the Law of Dundee. The base of the hill, and whole declivities, are occupied by the rest of his cavalry. He drives in their outposts. Their horsemen, sent to reconnoitre, fly before the formidable hero, refulgent in arms, and escape within the gates, even as the swooping flap of the eagle's wing sends the trembling doves to their coverts. These carry dismay within the walls, where all is tumult and terror. They expect the town to be fired, and every soul put to the sword. In the midst of wailing and discord, some rush to boats, taking with them all the valuables they can carry. Others insist that the gates shall be opened to the illustrious Graham, and renounce all allegiance to the Dutch tyrant, whom they execrate. Others, again, maddened with drink, rush about the streets and into the houses, calling to arms—one with a broken spear, another with an old axe, a third with a rusty sword. And thus old and young crowd and jostle on the walls and the trenches, and place pieces of old useless ordnance at the threshold of their gate, and hoist a red rag on the top of a rock, draining the while Dutch courage from intoxicating cups. But their counsels are distracted. The military leaders who had been stationed there to hold the town for the Dutchman, are of conflicting sentiments. *Balfour* will not suffer the Scotch dragoons to quit the walls. *Lord Rollo*, who commanded a new levy of horse in the neighbourhood, had fled from his camp into the town, where he hides his unhappy head at the very name of the Graham. But the principal leader, he who derives his distinguished patronymic from *the living rock*, and who in his secret soul, is all for the Graham and King James, longs to bring back his dragoons (recruited with three hundred citizens), to their old banner, and would have them cut their way through with the sword. Amid this contention, troops and leaders remain bewildered and inoperative.[1]

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[1] In the process of forfeiture against Dundee, Lieutenant Colt, one of the prisoners he took at Perth—"Depones, that he was present when the said Viscount attempted to attack the town of Dundee, and *saw him draw up his men, with his armour upon him.*" Another of the prisoners, Lieutenant Nisbet—"Being interrogated of what stature and visage the said Earl of Dunfermline was, depones, he was a middle-sized man, weel-favoured, and high-nosed."—*Records of Parliament.* These witnesses also attest the fact, that Dundee was followed by a brilliant staff of officers, both at Perth and Dundee. They depone to having seen "attending the Viscount," the Earl of Dunfermline (Gordon's brother-in-law), James third Lord Dunkeld, Grant of Ballindalloch—"who got Pollock's of that ilk best horse after Pollock was made prisoner at Perth,"—Cleland of Faskine, Hallyburton of Pitcur, Dundee's brother David, Major Graham of Boquhapple, and Major James Middleton. On the 14th of May, immediately after the raid of Dundee, Hamilton issues warrants for citing the Earl of Dunfermline, Lord Dunkeld, Sir Alexander Innes of Coxtone, Sir Archibald Kennedy of Cullean, John Cleland Faskine, Graham of Duntroon, younger, Murray of Abercairny, younger, David Graham Dundee's brother, and James Wauchope brother to Niddry, for having "joined with the Viscount of Dundeee."—*Acts and Orders of the Convention.* These all followed him to Lochaber, through that desperate march.

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[1] Our heroic bard, whose ingenuity is great in accommodating proper names to his sonorous hexameters, here indulges in a pleasantry. The leader deriving his distinguished name from the living rock—"*a vivo ducit qui nomina saxo, inclyta*,"—obviously means William *Living-stone*. Captain Balfour, however, appears to have paralysed his influence with the dragoons. In Dundee's dispatches to the King, these exploits are thus shortly mentioned :—" Mackay being at Inverness, the Viscount took occasion to slip down through Athole to St Johnston (Perth), where he surprised the Laird of Blair, seized him, his Lieutenant, Pollock of that ilk, trumpet, standard, and all the troopers that were in the town, with two Lieutenants of Mackay's, and two or three officers of the new levies, most of which are sent to an island of the Macleans, which is said to be like the Bass. After which, he went to Dundee, thinking to gain the two troops of Scotch dragoons, but could not prevail, *because of Captain Balfour*, who commanded them. Yet he forced them to leave Dundee, but could do no more, because the town was in rebellion, and the town barricaded."—*Nairne Papers.* Livingstone is omitted in this account, but unquestionably he was there in command. How the bewildered dragoons were forced to leave the town of Dundee is not explained in the dispatch, nor is the fact recorded in the epic. Mackay thus narrates it :—" Dundee having ranged some days through the provinces of Angus and Perth (both very ill affected), and got the number of his horse augmented, which was *his principal errand there*, and *braved* two troops of Livingstone's dragoons, left at Dundee *under the Lieutenant-Colonel thereof*, by which occasion he showed that he was either a traitor or a coward ; for, notwithstanding that he was at least as strong as Dundee, and his horse in better case, he did not budge out of the town ; after, I say, Dundee had passed some four days to fortify his body of horse, with some

"Meanwhile Dundee, in full possession of the hill from which he had driven their sentinels, draws out his squadrons, glittering in arms, in the sight of the town. Careering to and fro, he reviews them in his rapid course, and offers battle in the open plain. But the enemy dare not quit their defences. Conspicuous from his beautiful armour, he now advances in front of his lines, and explores in person every access to the rebellious town. With perfect impunity he displays himself to the crowd of citizens on the walls. Not a single man at arms advances to meet him. Excited and indignant, he retraces his steps to the declivities of the Law, and, wheeling his squadrons to the right, leads them to a high table-land, from whence he overlooks the whole of the town. And now four hot-blooded youths, burning to bring on a battle, but without orders from their leader, spur their steeds to the very walls, discharging their pistols, and insulting the lurking enemy with shouts of defiance. These, however, safe behind their walls, receive them with an overwhelming volley, and one of the youthful challengers, pierced with a bullet in the breast, is hurled from his horse, and his life's blood dies the field. Dundee, startled by the firing, and believing the enemy to be issuing from the town, once more advances the standard, and forms his line of battle before it. But, silent and secluded as bees in a thunder-storm, they still cling to their defences, while the voice of the hero of Killiecrankie *(Killycrankius heros)*, is daring them to battle. Having waited in vain for the foe he thus insulted, as the shades of evening close in, Dundee turns from the town, and pursues his way. Then, indeed, twelve youths in glittering armour and flowing plumes, rush out of the gates to harass his rear. Attracted by the clatter and the dust, he sends forth an equal number to meet them, and they are driven back, and fain to return from whence they came. At length, all in high spirits, through the watches of the silent night we wend our devious way, until we reach the Castle of Glen Ogilvy, where, encamped beneath its lofty walls, the exhausted cavalry find a grateful repose.[1]

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gentlemen and their servants which joined him, he retired into the Highlands by the same way he came."—*Memoirs*, p. 20. Scourie was not in the secret. Captain Balfour had succeeded in staying the dragoons, that they might not fraternise with Claverhouse.

[1] This raid upon the town of Dundee occupied from 5 P.M. (of the 13th May 1689), to night-fall. Dundee then crossed the Sidlaw Hills during the night, to his own place in Glen Ogilvy, where it is to be hoped the Viscountess (whose jointure house it was) and their infant were with him, although the bard mentions her no more. If they met there, or at Dudhope, upon this occasion, it was for the last time. On the 14th May Dundee's *quondam* friend, Lord Ross, presiding in Hamilton's absence, thus writes to the Duke :—" MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—Just now we have

"Thus, while Mackay, the inglorious, is still lingering and lounging at Inverness, Dundee, with his flying camp, is invading the cities of the South, and striking terror into the hearts of the Convention. But now, that he may keep tryste with the shield-bearing giants of the Grampians, he has again to cross their snowy ridges, even to where the vast forests of Lochaber are ever struggling with the storm. Onward the hero hastens. He sweeps by *Cupar-Angus*, and *Dunkeld*, and through the beautiful valley of the finny Tay *(piscoso flumine)*, and scours across the dark plain of *Appin*. The Castles of *Weem* [Castle Menzies], and *Comrie*, and *Garth*, flit behind him. On he goes, through countries horrid with shaggy thickets, till he comes to *Loch Rannoch*. Then, making a circuit round the long reach of its rolling waters, and wending through dreary woods, all shattered by the tempests of the North, he emerges upon the road that leads to Inverness.

"And here, while we are reposing our wearied bodies in some grassy fields, he sends forth a small party to reconnoitre hill and dale. Not a vestige of an enemy is to be discovered. Then the Graham, as he orders the march, thus harangues us:—'Brave companions in all my perils, now is the time when I expected some foe to meet us. If this Dutch General had a heart in his bosom at all, he would have opposed us here, struggling as we are through the wild passes, and entangled in the forests of the North. He dare not face the Standard! He flies from us, or he hides! But if Heaven spare me on this side the grave, I shall ferret out this traitor to his native land, whether he lurk within the walls of a fortified city, or in the depths of a hidden cave, and drive him into exile beyond the Belgic strand.' So speaking, again he leads us by mountain precipices, and rocks that pierce the sky, through floundering bogs and flooded gullies, and everlasting fens. And now many a gallant steed, stumbling into some horrid pitfall, becomes fixed in the clay, and stabled in the slime, so as to defy our united efforts to save it. Their riders, constrained to leave them as carrion, e'en clap the saddles upon their own broad shoulders, and tramp it on

an express that the Viscount of Dundee had attacked the town of Dundee at 5 o'clock last night. It will be fit, therefore, that your Grace return to Edinburgh without delay; which, in the name of the Committee, is signified to you by your Grace's most humble servant, Rosse, P."—*Acts and Orders of the Convention*. The Convention, in a state of great excitement and alarm, write to General Lanier for English troops to protect the town of Dundee; and also to Mackay at Inverness, who was quite ignorant of Dundee's movements, and had been writing to them in high terms of his own activity in the North, when he receives this startling hint, that he has failed in his main object, of taking the flying Viscount, dead or alive!

foot! I myself am thus compelled to forsake my good horse, and to foot it all through the pathless wildernesses and the flooded rivers, and among the shaggy rocks of this northern desolation, till we pitch our night-camp high at *Loch Treig*.

"'*But when the Sun his beacon red had kindled on Ben Nevis' head*,'—the trumpet of the Graham again sounds to horse, and all must rouse them from their mountain lair. Although by this time the beauty of Spring was showing in the lowlands, and the sign of the *Tyndaridæ*[1] flaming above our heads, we have to gather our benumbed limbs from frozen couches, while our matted locks are stiffened into lumps of ice, with long icicles depending from our shaggy beards. Still, on we go, through frost and snow, *excelsior*, *excelsior*, through craggy defiles, where never human foot-fall had been, or horse's hoof had struck an echo before. The eagle's wing could scarcely cleave the density around. The labour of Hannibal was not greater when he cut the Alps with fire and vinegar. Not a human dwelling to be seen! Not a curl of smoke! An interminable chaos of mountain and of mist, and the haunts of wild beasts, confound the eye on every side! Nor Roman, nor Cimbrian, nor Saxon, ever planted standard here, where Sol himself can scarcely dart a ray. But the wild march ends at last. Dundee, leaving these regions of desolation behind him, treads on level ground and grassy banks as he crosses the deep waters of *Glenroy*. And now, into her glad bosom lofty Lochaber receives the Graham. *(Abria jam gremio Gramum accipit ardua læto.)*[2]

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[1] Verna licet patulos vestiret gloria campos,
Tyndaridumque polo Sidus præfulserit alto,
Membra pruinosis convellimus algida stratis," &c.

The Sun enters the Tyndaridæ, or *the Gemini*, a little after the middle of May. Dundee had named the 18th of May for meeting the Chiefs in Lochaber, and was there accordingly somewhere about that time.

[2] *Grameidos*, lib. ii., *v.* 474-730.—In the dispatch carried to Ireland by Mr Hay, dated from Lochaber, 28th June 1689, some facts are mentioned of the raid on Dundee, which are omitted in the Epic: "The Viscount caused seize the drums and baggage of the Laird of Dun, and other of the Earl of Mar's officers, and chased the Lieutenant-Colonel, and might have seized whole companies, but was not at the pains; yet frightened and scattered them so that they have not been heard of since. After which, having seized £300 of cess and excise, the Lord Viscount took his march through *Athole* and *Rannoch*, up to Lochaber, to keep the diet of the Rendezvous."—*Nairne Papers*. By an obvious misprint (in consequence of the word *Drum* having occurred immediately before), the Laird of *Dun* (Erskine), is there called the laird of *Drum*, a family upon which no taint of disloyalty ever rested.

But Abria's bosom was not Abraham's. Our bard immediately proceeds to depict the horrors of Loch Aber, just as he had described those of Loch Rannoch and Loch Treig. The passage in which he does so is one of the few which Lochiel's biographer, Drummond of Balhaldy, has translated into English verse, from the MS. copy of the *Grameis* that had come into his possession. It is one of those fragments, interspersed through the Memoirs, which had afforded Lord Macaulay a very accidental glimpse of what he is pleased to quote (with characteristic *reticence*) as "an English translation" from "a lost epic," by one Philips, a Jacobite. Balhaldy, who does not give the Latin, occasionally hits it off with a heroic vigour and flow of versification not altogether unworthy of the original, as this specimen, with which we may vary our prose translations, will serve to illustrate:—

> "Arrived on Abria's skirts, we nothing spy
> But mountains frowning in the cloudy sky,
> And rugged rocks which round in fragments lie.
> Impetuous torrents rage in vales below,
> And pools and lakes their lazy waters show.
> Thin cottages the unequal fields adorn,
> O'erspread with briars, and rough with prickly thorn;
> With warring winds and storms the air is tost,
> And the ground hardened with perpetual frost;
> A desert wild, impatient of the plough,
> Where nought but thistles, shrubs, and bushes grow,
> And barren heath; and on the mountains high,
> Deep snow in frozen beds afflicts the eye;
> While streams benumbed with cold forget to flow,
> Stiffen to ice, and into solid grow."[1]

But the creature comforts of Dundee and his distinguished companions were doubtless ministered unto with all the hospitality this great country of tartan chiefdom could afford. Balhaldy, after the above translation, adds: "His Lordship was received by Lochiel with all imaginable honour and respect, and was furnished with a house at about a mile's distance from his own, and all the other conveniences that the country could possibly afford." Lochiel was a gentleman who had known and admired Montrose, and had been at the court of Charles II., where he was even familiarly treated by the merry monarch. He and Glengarry were in every respect fit to associate with the martial and elegant Viscount, whose whole life had been spent between court and camp. These great chieftains were, moreover, high-minded men, to which Mackay himself bears an involuntary and somewhat ludicrous testimony. While the General of the Convention was fortifying himself at Inverness, with a large force round him, but continually writing to headquarters for more troops, he was also endeavouring to realize a project suggested to him by Mackenzie of Tarbat, whom James had raised to the peerage under circumstances already noticed. This degenerate son of Kintail gave Mackay to understand that there was no real loyalty, honour, or chivalry among the Highland chiefs. He assured him that it was a mere money question. That they dreaded *Argyle Redivivus*, not because of the treachery, oppression, and cowardly cruelty of that clerical usurpation, but because *MacCallummore* had contrived to acquire feudal superiorities over them, the arrears of which would be reclaimed, as well as various grants of land consequent upon the double forfeiture of that notorious family. 'Buy the chiefs off,' said Tarbat, 'and they will trouble you no more.' The English Government gave into the scheme, and furnished £5000! Poor Scourie, with the military genius of a Dutch corporal, and the fat soul of a Dutch merchant, tried it on Lochiel and Glengarry, but ventured no further. He shall tell his own story, where he speaks in the third person:—

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[1] Memoirs of Lochiel, p. 239.

> "Instead of employing Tarbat in that transaction with the Highlanders touching Argyle's pretensions, the Government pitched upon the Laird of Calder, a Campbell to his name, and kinsman to the Earl of Argyle, in whom the Highlanders concerned could not be supposed to repose so much trust; nor did his behaviour in after times testify much that he meant very sincerely with the Government, though a Privy Councillor. However, the General (Mackay), during his abode in the North, having known the King's mind as to the Viscount of Tarbat's proposition, wrote to *Lochiel* at two several times, *but had no return*, notwithstanding that he *proposed fairly to him* under the present Government. He wrote also to a gentleman, chief of one of the

families of Macdonald, *called Glengarry*, who returned him a civil answer, but instead of hearkening to his proposition, proposed to him the example of *General Monck*, who restored King Charles; which *broke clearly off* all further thoughts and endeavours of accommodation by the General."[1]

Balhaldy tells us that Lochiel handed the letters from Mackay (which contained magnificent bribes of preferment) unopened to Dundee. Glengarry's quiz upon that powerless commander must have given them a good laugh; and considering the brilliant staff that accompanied Dundee, with the courtly Lochiel for host, the repose after those mountain marches must have been pleasant enough, notwithstanding the severity of the season, and many hardships to which Lowland lords and lairds were little accustomed. Dundee himself informs the King, by a letter to Secretary Melfort (to be afterwards given), dated from Lochaber, 27th June 1689, that, "Earl of Dunfermline stays constantly with me, and so does Lord Dunkeld, Pitcur, and *many other gentlemen*, who really deserve well, for they suffer *great hardships*." Moreover, he had with him some distinguished prisoners, whom it was not in the nature of Dundee to treat otherwise than as gentlemen. Blair of Blair, Pollock of Pollock, Lieutenant Colt, and the other officers taken at Perth, went every foot of the way with him to Lochaber, and were not sent as prisoners of war to Maclean's fortress in Mull, until five weeks after their capture on the 11th of May. And now at length flock to him the Cocks of the North,—those terrible scourges of the "Cocks of the Conscience,"—as if to Montrose returned. We follow the narrative of the Bard:—

"First and foremost, pride of the Grampians, comes Glengarry the great, whose atmosphere was war since he first drew breath. Then,

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[1] *Mackay's Memoirs*, p. 19. Lord Macaulay, with his usual reckless freedom of statement, and even with a reference to Mackay's Memoirs, which directly contradicts his statement, records it thus:—"After this, it was to no purpose that *Tarbat wrote to Lochiel*, and *Mackay to Glengarry*. Lochiel returned *no answer to Tarbat*, and Glengarry returned to Mackay a coldly civil answer, in which the General was advised to imitate the example of Monk."—*Hist.* iv. p. 347. Tarbat never wrote to Lochiel on the subject. It was Mackay who wrote to him, *twice*, and received no answer, as Mackay himself tells us in the passage we have quoted.

Dundee's first meeting with the Chiefs in Lochaber, on or about 18th May 1689.

by many a diverse route, from the isles of the sea, and the remotest Thule of Scotland, other chiefs come flocking to the campof the Graham. Whom viewing as they advance with their following, and embracing each in turn, he addresses in these words: 'Warriors of the ancient blood of Scotland, brothers of the Grampian race, nursed in the lap of war! Commissioned by the Sovereign of these northern realms, I have summoned you in arms to do battle with the insolent Batavian General and the banded Saxon conspirators, who have basely sold the liberty of their Country, and driven into exile the King they betrayed. Lo! the son-in-law has torn the crown from the brow of a parent, snatched the sceptre from his hand, and basely robbed him of his kingdom. And now Mackay is threatening your native Lochaber. He, the *Scaurian* born *(Scourie)*, traitor to his own name and northern blood, urges to arms, against his Country and his King, a motley rabble of Saxons and Dutch. He is prowling not far off, on the banks of the Spey. Is there a man among you whose wrath is not kindled at the sacrilege of the age? Horrible to tell, it is the child who dethrones the parent. By deceitful wiles, the crow has conquered the eagle, and the fox the lion. If but one single drop of blood were beating in your veins, would you not rather rush in arms on certain destruction, than suffer your native sovereign, descended from the ancient line of Fergus, to be sold to his Batavian son-in-law? Sons of Fergus, heirs of the valour and glory of your fathers, raise high the standard of the Stuart, and bring him back! The flower of chivalry will join you. Hands never sullied by a touch of the tyrant's are grasping their swords. From the shores of Erin her bravest are coming to you. France is sending her victorious and friendly lillies to float on the breezes of the Grampians. For your King, for your race, for your homes, raise your right hands together, and swear eternal faith!'

"He spoke, and the Chiefs of Lochaber rend the sky with their shouts. At length Glengarry rises, and every clansman's hand is at the back of his ear, to catch the chieftain's words:—

"'Oh, Graham (a name fatal to tyrants), brightest ornament and greatest General of your country! Since the world began, no stranger more welcome ever entered Lochaber. While you breathe I fear not for King or Country. I deny that the Dutchman is King of Albion, or of Erin. True to the faith of our ancestors, we shall be true to our King. From every mountain and glen of the spreading Grampians, regions that, of all the world, never owned a foreign yoke, we shall call our people to arms. Shoulder to shoulder, with thee for leader, we shall hail our Sovereign under the symbols of our ancient allegiance.

The heel of a robber is on his broken Crown. But the Graham is in arms. Men of Lochaber, to the Standard! Away with the impious Dutchman! Oh Graham! champion and hope of the lion-bearing Stuart—his only General—how shall I glorify thee? Under thy leadership, while this arm can wield the Lochaber axe, while these veins swell with the fiery blood, all the power of Holland can bring no terror to my heart. Thee would I follow, in this cause, to the remotest ends of the world. My life is the King's.'

"At these words, the vast camp re-echoed with the shouts of the shield-bearing circle of chiefs and their followers. With one accord they rose, and their wild plaudits rend the skies of Lochaber. With uproarious and frantic joy, they salute their General. With their right hands uplifted together, the whole banded forces take the oath. In the midst the Graham calls Heaven to witness the league. And then, 'Hear me,' he says, 'with glad hearts hear me, men of the olden stamp of warlike, ever loyal, and victorious Scots! When the *seventh morning* from this shall dawn, hasten with all your fighting gear, and with all your hearts, hasten to the field. Pour your clans upon the plains, and marshal them in battle array, all a-bloom with tartan, and all a-blaze with brass! Remember your pledge for the exiled King!'[1] He ceased, and Glengarry took up the strain:—'The Grampians may sink into the sea, and the heavens overwhelm the earth, but the Claymores will fail thee not. And by that heaven above us, and the depths beneath, I swear, that whosoever, of the plaided giants of the Grampians, holds back from the banner now blazing above the glorious Graham, I will fire his corn when at the ripest, burn him out of house and home, hamstring his cattle, and send his ignoble soul to hell!"[2]

This last argument was unanswerable. Dundee had allowed seven days for the gathering of the clans, during which time he was not idle, as our Bard, a little farther on, narrates:—

"Dundee, longing for the field, and thinking every moment lost that was not occupied with arms, indulges in no luxurious ease. He exercises the forces that are with him in mimic warfare on the open plain. He wheels his foaming steeds, and, both in close and in open order, manœuvres his martial bands. He treats them to an image of the coming fight, amid all the dust and sweat of a battlefield. The horse, he teaches to stand fire; the foot, to endure frequent charges of his winged horse; and how to receive the foe whether mounted or on foot. In all these labours of war he occupies his troops, yet still thinks the time long ere that morn arrive he had appointed for the gathering.

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[1] "Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy,
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and strong hand that bears one,
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges,
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes."

[2] *Grameidos*, lib. ii., v. 343, *ad* v. 525. Dundee's first speech occupies eighty-one hexameters, and Glengarry's fifty-four. We are constrained to condense.

Dundee exercises his troops, and sends round the fiery cross, between the 18th and 25th May 1689.

"It was a custom of the royal race of Fergus, and for ages Lochaber has adhered to this rite of the olden days, that if a foreign foe threatened invasion, or if war burst forth in the regions of the North, some one from among the bravest of the Grampian chiefs, in the full panoply of plaid and shield, and helmet, and claymore, accompanied by a numerous band of youths, carried round, with great solemnity, amid the din of the pipes and the wild clang of the cymbals, the effigies of a fiery cross affixed to a spear, waving it on high, and invoking the god of war. The martial Graham, adopting this custom of the country, orders the flaming symbol to be raised aloft, and then carried through all the neighbouring villages, and the northern districts, summoning the clans to the impending war. Joyfully this command of their great leader is fulfilled. And first a spear, with a cross attached to its glittering head, is raised aloft, from the top of a beacon-hill, amid the blaze of surrounding torches. Then this fiery cross, covered with red wax, is dispatched on its mission throughout the tribes of Caledonia, signifying that now, '*rampant War yokes the red dragons of her iron car!*' On, on through fields and homesteads the symbol flies. A tumultuous rage for battle kindles on its path, and all the stalwart youths of the plaided tribes are flaming in arms," &c. &c.

"From the loftiest tower of Glengarry's castle the fiery cross is blazing far and wide! His pibroch is ringing, and Aber is rising! From far and wide the great chiefs of the Grampians, the fierce lords of Lochaber, with war-pipe and pennon, are coming, are coming! *Skye* sends forth its power. From her wild and wolfy forests, all *Badenoch* is flocking to the fight. *Isla* and *Iona's* isles; *Knapdale* and *Jura; Knoidart* and *Moidart; Rachlin* and *Rasay; Barra* and *Mull;* with every neighbouring tribe, are rushing in arms. The clansmen, plaided and quivered, axes and claymores, mounted and on foot, are crowding after their respective chiefs. The forges are glowing with iron and steel. The anvils clanging with ancient hereditary swords, and with new ones; with helmets and hauberks, and brazen-bossed shields, and double-headed axes, and three-headed spears *(cuspide tela trisulco).*

The gathering of the Gael in Lochaber, on or about 25th May 1689.

"There is a place, famous in Lochaber, where the elevated plain of *Dalcomera* spreads far and wide, rugged and uncultured, and covered with broom, from whence may be viewed the shores of sea-girt Erin. So vast is the plain, that the host of dark Memnon, or the army of Xerxes, could not have filled it. Here gather the Chiefs. Here the loud trumpet sounds to arms; while the proud pipers, with their inflated cheeks, blow out the swelling bags of their yelling war-pipes.

> "—— martemque ciens rauco ore *Pithaules*,
> Inflarat plenis marsupia turgida buccis."

"Dundee, when the dawn of the seventh morn he had appointed illumines the east, and the light of the day-star is spreading o'er the deep, marches in triumph to the plain of *Dalcomera*, surrounded by a great band of leaders, and followed by many thousands. Heroic chiefs, and lusty clansmen, all in martial array, banners flying, trumpets and war-pipes ringing, congregate to the camp of the Graham. Never before did the Grampians look down on such an array! Never were the fields of Lochaber so filled! On flowery Hybla the bees never clustered thicker. Nor *Cimbrian Chersonesus*, the mother of seven northern races, and the womb of the world, pour forth such warrior hordes! Flow for me, ye Pierian springs, Permessian waters! Helicon and all Parnassus hear me; that my song may be worthy of the great General, who thus, in the bosom of their nursing mother, congregated the tartaned hosts of Lochaber in arms for the King! For mine is no traditionary tale. *What mine own eyes saw, what mine own ears heard, I tell.*

Glengarry.

"And first, from his possessions in the far north, the dauntless GLENGARRY leads proudly on three hundred youths in the very flower of their years. A woollen coat of various colours, woven with Phrygian art in a triple stripe, loosely covers their broad chests and bodies; a helmet on their heads; a variegated plaid across their shoulders; otherwise naked. The chief himself, bestriding a foaming steed, towers in the midst, refulgent in arms. In his right hand he brandishes a claymore. Refulgent in arms, he is invested with a brilliant cassock; and a broad belt, clasped with the grinning head of some wild animal *(mordaci dente)*, crosses his left breast.

And his brother Allan.

"Him closely follows his brave brother ALLAN, leading an hundred more. Their vestures are coloured with a purple stripe. Their brawny shanks enveloped in scarlet hose. Bristling with arms, afar they shine, their shields covering their bodies, their loins begirt with the terrible claymore, and their harness stiff with brazen bosses.

Glencoe.

"Next comes the great GLENCOE,[1] awful to behold; his breast covered with a raw hide,—

> "Horridus et bibulo contectus pectora tergo."
>
> ["His corslet was of bison's hide,
> Plated with steel and gold."]

Him, towering by the head and shoulders above them all, an hundred follow, men of gigantic mould, and fearful strength. Tossing his shield, and flourishing his sword, rolling angry eyes from a savage aspect, the horns of his distorted beard bent backwards, he exhales around him a moving atmosphere of terrible wrath.

Sleat.

"On the other hand, behold the young chief of the illustrious line of the great Donald, Lord of the Isles, King of the Hebrides! In the bud of his martial fame, in the first flower of his years, he comes from the remotest shores of the Isles, head of the House of SLEAT.[2] Him attend, brought by the long boats of Skye, five hundred youthful warriors, armed with sword and spear, and all eager for the fray.

Clanranald.

"And see another in the very bloom of youth! Fresh from his juvenile studies, the down of boyhood on his tender cheeks, but a heart of manhood in his bosom, already beating with loyalty and patriotism, in warlike weed arrayed, marching with all his people, comes the head of the House of Reginald of the Isles, the bright young Captain of CLANRANALD. All whom Moidart and Knoidart nurse, all who embark from the black isles of Uist and Benbecula, come flocking to battle with this boy![3]

Keppoch.

"After these, at the head of a great following, a brazen helmet on his brow, and all flaming with gold, KEPPOCH enters the plain. His twin brothers are with him *(geminis cum fratribus)*. The terrors of a two-handed sword, the corruscations of a flashing shield, bespeak the furious votary of war. Twice an hundred men of fiercest aspect fence him round; men to whom war and plunder are as the breath of life. Lochaber-axe, sword and shield, the bright javelin, the short spear, the knotted club, the brazen gun,—are the various weapons they wield.[1]

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[1] The same whom King William ordered to be assassinated in his bed.

[2] In the process of forfeiture against him, he is called "Donald Macdonald, younger of Sclait." He was the son of Sir James Macdonald.

[3] James Malcolm, younger of Balbadie, a witness examined in the process of Dundee's forfeiture,—"Depones, he saw a young lad, called *the Captain of Clanranald*, in Lochaber, in arms with my Lord Dundee, and that he had a dirk, and that *he dined several times with my Lord Dundee*, and that he saw a company of lusty men with him, whom he called his guards." The same witness, "Depones, he saw a young gentleman, *Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat*, command a regiment at the fight of Killiecrankie, and that he saw him command the same regiment at Keppoch, and that he had a red coat." Also, "Depones that he saw a man called the *laird of Glencoe* in arms with the rebels at Badenoch, Strathspey, and several other places, and that he had a brass blunderbuss, and a buff coat."—*Act. Parl.* Glencoe got the buff coat at Edinglassie, after joining Dundee.

"These chiefs whom we have named were all of the great CLANDONALD. Among themselves, told off into twenty companies, they were ready to unite, shoulder to shoulder, in one great battalion, under one banner, leagued as brothers in arms, and bearing in battle, as the badge of their common origin, a bunch of heather (or broom) suspended from the point of a tremulous spear.

Lochiel.

"But lo! that heroic and knightly chief, Sir Ewan Cameron of LOCHIEL, elevated on a bright bay horse above his axe-bearing children of Aber. A devoted clan of kinsmen and claymores, but dearly loving to drive a prey, encompass their chief. His brother-in-law, Drummond of Balhaldy, is with him. His fierce warriors muster a thousand strong. Lochiel himself is conspicuous, for his coat of three colours, trimmed all round with a narrow binding of gold lace. A blood-red plume waves from the crest of his helmet. He is belted with the double-edged brand. On his left arm hangs a shield. To his breast clings a corslet of adamantine proof. The tartan hose is rolled to his mid-leg. A coat of mail covers his shoulders. A brazen plate his back. All his martial trappings are rigid with solid brass. And the reflection of his arms sends back, flashing to the clouds, the light they borrowed from the sun! His very presence might cause the bravest to tremble. His aspect fixed and fierce; dark-visaged and swarthy as the sons of Spain; his flaming eyes; his beard, and moustache forked backwards like the horns of the moon, or *the crooked-handled tongs*, might strike terror into the bosom of a,—*Gorilla!*[2]

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[1] Lieutenant Colt (Dundee's prisoner), examined in the process of forfeiture, "Depones that he saw *Macdonald of Keppoch*, with one of his brothers, who both with about 120 men in arms, followed the Viscount of Dundee from Lochaber to Badenoch, and joined with him there, and continued with him till he returned to Lochaber;" and adds, "that *the Viscount* used to call him *Coll. of the Cowes*, because he found them out when they were driven to the hills, out of the way."—*Act. Parl.* Lord Macaulay actually perverts history in order to avoid giving Dundee the credit of this good-humoured *mot.* Quoting "Colt's Deposition," he says,—"Such was the skill with which Keppoch could track a herd of cattle to the most secret hiding-place, that he was *known by the nickname* of Coll of the Cows."—*Hist.* iv. 339. What *Dundee* dubbed him was, "*Colonel* of the Cows;" of which *Coll.* in the record is marked as a contraction.

[2] Lord Macaulay, deriving his glimpse at the "lost Epic" from the few poetical translations scattered through Mackay's Memoirs, some of which are very inaccu-

> " 'Obtutusque ferox, ater et color oris Iberi,
> Ardentesque oculi, *barba* et *mystace reflexa*
> Cornua ceu lunæ, aut *ansatæ forcipis instar*,
> Agmina *semiviri* poterant terrere *Sycambri*.' "[1]

In the days of his ardent youth, when that dreadful Cromwell deluged the north with native blood, he had stood for the King under the second Marquis of Montrose, and Middleton. Now, in his sixtieth year, he rushes to arms against the banded conspirators who support the impious Batavian tyrant against their own Sovereign. And there comes with him, pearl of his race, hope of his House, his eldest born. Arrayed in like weed of war, in the bloom of youth, but already inured to battle, he acts as second in command to his father *Ewin Dubh of Lochiel, Chief of the Clanchameron.*

MacMartin.

" And here comes MacMartin, conspicuous above all his following. His yellow tresses flow around his face, and cover his cheeks. His eyes glitter like stars. His fair neck rivals the down of the thistle. Along with him comes his father and a beautiful band of brothers. A great army of retainers follow, and banners wave around him on every side. He is clad in a coat of many colours. Stately he steps in his pendulous kilt, red with the Tyrian and lichen dye. His plaid is tinged with purple. His helmet is crowned with flowing plumes; and the magnificent brazen ornaments of the crest *(pixidis)* are gleaming afar off. But all with the ruddy gold his sister had interwoven his tunic, and the purple plaid that is doubled across his terrible shoulders. For he was a man of gigantic strength. He could uproot an oak, and tear iron from the ground with his teeth! And when he tossed or turned his head, his arms resounded! And it seemed as if the caves of the rocks gave out a hollow sound, and that the earth groaned under his weight, as he walked![2]

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rate, is pleased to dress *Glengarry* in *Lochiel's* coat. " On this occasion," he says, " Glengarry *chose to imitate* the splendour of Saxon warriors, and rode on horseback before his four hundred plaided clansmen in a steel cuirass and a coat embroidered with gold lace."—*Hist.* iv. 345. But it was Lochiel who had the corslet of proof, and the gold lace on his jacket. And as for the splendour, and being on horseback, nearly all the great chiefs were mounted; and all were splendid, and no idea of " imitating the splendour of Saxon warriors" existed among them. Their splendour was peculiarly their own.

[1] The *bathos* from the moon to the handle of the tongs is amusing, especially considering a Highlandman's proverbial affection for that article of furniture. All these are pictures from the life.

[2] The Camerons, or MacMartins of Letterfinlay, were a great and ancient sept, much allied with the House of Clanchameron, whose surname they adopted. They were also allied by frequent intermarriages with the Macdonalds of Keppoch.

Maclean of Duart and Morven.

"But lo! from afar, where the wild waves are worrying the rocks of Mull, two scions of an ancient sept, surrounded by a dense band of satellites, come the heroic chief of DUART and his magnanimous brother. *Nobile par fratrum!* A double star of the olden breed. Both mounted alike, twins in heart and in heroism, both of knightly rank, they shine like the star of the *Tyndaridæ!*[1] Borne on a milk-white steed, clothed in bright armour gleaming through a close-fitting cassock, and over that again a tunic embroidered with red needle-work, stiff with steel, and scaly with gold *(squameus auro)*, at the head of his people goes the chief of DUART! Beside him, conspicuously superb with plumed helm and purple garb, rides his brother Alexander. All dazzling is his scaly armour. And the steed that carries him, with lofty action on the grassy plain, is pyebald, and all flecked with white spots. Each has a cloak, bordered with gold, flowing from his broad shoulders. Both, as hither and thither they spur their fiery steeds, rushing like the whirlwind, are traced by the flash of their brassy helms, and the glitter of their shields. The one is more gigantic than the other, but not of greater mind. Both carry their stately heads high as Olympus. Like twin stars they show, or as two towering pines on a lofty mountain, aspiring to the heavens while other trees seem like shrubs beneath them. The Macleans of TORLOISK, and COLL, and other chiefs of the name whom it would be long to enumerate, accompany the brothers. With an interval between, a thousand youths follow, marshalled in separate companies, with axes fitted to their stalwart shoulders, and spears in their strong right hands. And above them, warring with the breeze, are two dragons, displayed on a banner blue as the azure of heaven. But not at a distance, with the erring javelin, do the *Clanclean* encounter the foe. Shoulder to shoulder, with the flashing claymore they close at once.[2] Nor, when worsted, do they ever yield a foot of ground, or turn in flight. Scorning life inglorious, on the very spot where they fight, do they fall,—a willing sacrifice to loyalty and honour!

And his brother Alexander.

Macleans of Torloisk and Coll.

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[1] Castor and Pollux.

"So like they were, no mortal might one from other know,
White as snow their armour was, their steeds were white as snow;
And on rode those fair horsemen, with slow and lordly pace,
And none who saw their bearing *could doubt* their home or race."

Macaulay's Lays.

[2] This characteristic was well known to Dundee, who, in a letter to Melfort (to be afterwards given), complaining of want of powder, adds,—"But I had one advantage, the Highlanders will not fire above once, and then take to the broad sword."

"Non illi jaculis, longe fallentibus, hostem
Aggressi pugnas ineunt: Sed, *cominus*, ense
Stricto bella gerunt; nunquam, statione relicta,
Terga inhonesta dabant victi: Sed fortiter *isto*
Quo steterant cecidere loco; vitamque perosi
Indecorem, pro Rege alacres in bella ruebant."[1]

["As victors exult, or in death are laid low,
With their back to the field, and their feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on their name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the deathbed of fame."]

Stewart of Appin.

Macneill of Barra.

Macleod of Rasay.

"And among the foremost in arms, is STEWART of Appin. From his western home that looks towards sea-girt Erin, he comes with all his clan. Beneath an azure banner charged with bearings in gold, two hundred warriors follow him to the field. Huge men, carrying huge arms, with rough bonnets on their heads. Stewart himself is of great stature; yet so young that the yellow down covers not his cheeks. But stepping like a chieftain he comes, proudly leading to battle his father's clan.[2] And lo, from the winding shores of Barra's isle, the brave MACNEILL. On either side of him are swarming the lusty scions of the House of Nigel. Looming large among the largest of his men, on foot he marches, blowing like a bull *(spirans)*, and wielding an enormous battle-axe. His shoulders are loaded with tartan. His plaid rivals the rainbow. By the golden gleam of his casque, and the coruscations of his shield, he too shows afar off, rousing the martial ardour of his clan. Nor less promptly, from the remote shores of his isle of *Rasay*, comes the descendant of Malcolm, the renowned MACLEOD. In long array, he leads the flower of his people. Plaided and plumed, and all in a blaze with brass, they come, bearing their feathered crests proudly erect, though heavily armed. Their tunics are an ox's hide. According to the custom of the clan, they carry quivers filled with javelins. A flaming sword, a brazen-mounted axe, an oblong shield, compose their arms. Accustomed from infancy to go barefoot on the rocks, and patiently to endure both hunger and fatigue, disease is unknown to them. Their span of life is measured by a century. Rasay himself is second to none of all the chiefs of Lochaber. Trained to war, and of gigantic thews, he moves like a tower among his pople. Of strength he is to hold a raging bull by the horns. So fleet of foot, as to turn the steed in his course, or catch the deer on the corrie. From his shoulder depends a quiver. By his thigh hangs a brazen-hilted sword. Closely fitting, the tartan trews set off his brawny limbs. The raw hide protects his feet.[1] A broad belt girds his loins. A voluminous plaid envelopes his herculean chest and shoulders. And from the crest of his helm a brazen serpent is hissing defiance. Grim his aspect. Stern his look. Horrid the gleam of his far rolling eyes. And the shaggy locks on his brow seem to threaten like the serpent that crowns them! Such was Rasay! And the Grampians resounded with the plaudits of the Clans, as he took his place in the tented field of Dalcomera.

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[1] Want of space compels us here to omit a long passage, generally descriptive of the vast gathering of the Claymores from every quarter of the North, their ardour in joining Dundee in support of the Throne, and the loyal spirit with which they encountered and overcame every hardship and difficulty, in order to obey the summons of the fiery cross.

[2] In the process of forfeiture, Lieutenant Colt depones to having seen Stewart of Appin, a *young man*, marching with Dundee from Lochaber to Badenoch, "about 130, or thereby, of his own men with him, and that *they had colours*, and were in good order."—*Act. Parl.*

Fraser of Foyers.

"And now another marches into the camp, causing great commotion among the exulting Claymores. From his fatherland in the vales of Stratherrick he comes. No brighter or braver bird among the Cocks of the North than Fraser of Foyers. Of high descent, his mind is higher still. While the wavering House of Lovat is fearful of the future, and its lordly chief is ever disloyal, this scion of the clan refuses to follow, and loudly calls upon his own people to arm for the King. Love for his sovereign, ambition of glory, hurries him to the field. Great in mind and body, ponderous with arms, tossing his plumed helm, and waving his huge claymore, a sevenfold shield on his arm, he takes his place amid a tumult of applause. And next in place to him comes Fraser of Culduthil, surrounded by the flower of his warlike youths. All gleaming and bristling with gold, and brass, and steel, his body sheathed in mail, his legs clad with the bull's hide, his

Fraser of Culduthil.

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[1] "*Cuique pedum crudus texit vestigia pero.*" Evidently borrowed from Virgil's description of the rustic legions of King Cæculus :—

> ——————"*vestigia nuda sinistri*
> *Instituere pedis; crudus tegit altera pero.*"—(*Æneid*, vii. 690.)

In fact, the whole of our bard's magnificent and classic description of the clan gathering on the plain of Dalcomera, from the invocation to the Muses, and throughout the whole portrait gallery of the Chiefs of Lochaber, is a close imitation, amounting almost to a parody, of the seventh book of the Æneid (the *Homeric* book), descriptive of the gathering of the neighbouring Princes under the banner of Turnus. We have no space for comparisons, which properly belong to an illustrated print of the MS. of the *Grameis.*

helm crested with a branch from the yew, he marches into the camp where the standard of the Graham is blazing overhead.

Grant of Urquhart.

"But here comes a glorious GRANT. Not he, the degenerate, who is named by his castle. Not he who follows the Dutch robber, and supports the standard of the nefarious tyrant. But Grant from Glenmoriston. Grant the ever loyal and true. Grant of URQUHART. True to the principles of his great ancestors, he flies to arms in defence of his dethroned sovereign, and leads his brave followers over precipitous and pathless mountains, with all the pomp and parade of war, into the leaguer of the Clans." [1]

"And now the gathered host of the Grampian chiefs, and the whole army, horse and foot, are encamped in sight. The higher ridges are occupied by the wings of the foot. The various banners of the loyal chiefs are flaunting in the centre of the encampment. The cavalry are densely congregated on the level ground. Here the Viscount of Dundee, there the Earl of Dunfermline, are stirring the glorious array to battle. Other leaders are rushing about. Halyburton [of Pitcur] is spurring at the head of a body of fiery horse. The nobleman, too, who derives his title from the ancient city of Caledonia [*Dunkeld*], and Bruce, distinguished in the wars of Holland, are driving their armed heels into the flanks of their foaming steeds. Various Cavaliers, brimful of honour, and doomed to everlasting fame, are with them. Fullarton [of Fullarton]; Renton [of Renton]; [Grant of] Ballindalloch; [Sir Alexander Innes of] Coxstone; Kinnaird; Cleland [of Faskine]; [Captain] M'Adam; Scott, deprived of an eye, *(læsus lumine)*; the two Reids; the Johnstone youths; and [Gilbert] Ramsay. I myself carry in my own arms the royal standard. *Regia et ipse meis portabam signa lacertis.*[2]

"But Dundee, like the day-star, or the lamp of night in the stellar vault, outshines them all. Proudly he speeds along the lines of the embattled Clans, now all ready to march. Night, however, comes on apace. The orient stars woo the warriors to rest, and the wearied host sinks down in deep repose.

"And now the horses of the sun are yoked again, and golden-haired

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[1] We are constrained, from want of space, to omit less elaborate portraitures, which here follow, of the Macnaughton, Macallister of Loupe, Maclaughlane of Maclaughlane, and Lamont of Lamont.

[2] Lord Dunkeld above named, was James Galloway, third Baron Dunkeld, much attached to Dundee. He survived Killiecrankie to fall in the service of France. The names of all these gallant Cavaliers are introduced by the bard with various complimentary characteristics, for which we cannot afford space.

Aurora '*gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.*' Dundee, who had passed a sleepless night, revolving anxious cares in his bosom, at the approach of dawn, forsakes his flinty couch, rousing even the sentinels, and the whole camp. A joyful tumult hails the first rays of the rising sun. And when their General, mounted on his stately charger, appears in the centre of the camp, he is welcomed with a roar of recognition that shakes the Grampians. With exulting admiration he contemplates the host before him, all brilliant with the rainbow hues of the tartan, and the golden gleams of brazen arms. His loyal heart leaps within him as the clarions of the royal horse salute the standard of the King.[1] And now, from an elevated spot, he thus addresses the assembled clans:—

Dundee's address to the Clans, 28th May 1689.

"'Sons of Fergus! Brave Scots! For ages faithful to the royal race of Stuart. It glads my heart to behold you thus unanimous in arms, to redeem the Throne from disgrace and ruin, and to recall the rightful heir. Warriors ever loyal and true, clear the North of the enemy! Drive him back again over the Grampians! Expel the robber of his own country! And as for the monster tyrant himself, the ravenous Dutchman, down to the shades below with his dishonoured head! Me, neither ambition, nor the love of fame, or of civil broils, have impelled to this course. I have come to ask your aid to remove the yoke of an impious invader from the sacred majesty of the Kingdom. And Heaven forbid that I should lead a hireling mercenary band. If there be one among you who fears to follow my banner, let him to the camp of the Batavian tyrant. If there be one among you, sluggish in his loyalty, unwarlike in his spirit, whose heart is not beating high with the love of honour, glory, and the King, let him depart from me. My spirit will not brook ignoble life in a fortified camp, or the constant fuss of fruitless preparation.[2] Let us march at once against the foe that fears us. Tribes of the North, true as steel, chieftains, and leaders, Lochaber axes, let us march! Display your terrible front to the enemy. Then, *Upon them with the claymore!* Pause not on my words. Now is the time! Unsheath the avenging sword! Standard-bearer! raise high the royal lion. I go to try whether, under my leadership, the fame of the North be not destined to be crowned by a glorious victory. And when the battle joins, and the Clans are poured upon the foe, you will find me in the van!'

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[1] That morning salute (customary to the royal Standard) was that which first struck terror into the breast of Argyle, at the dawn of the day on which clan Campbell perished.

[2] These are all sarcastic allusions to Mackay and his Dutch mercenaries; and to his having all this while remained with his army, first at Inverness, where he had fortified himself as if against a hundred thousand men, and now in the country of the laird of Grant on the Spey. He had with him at Inverness a large division of his three Dutch regiments, both Scotch and English dragoons, and a desultory army congregated under the Master of Lovat, Grant of Grant, and Ross of Balnagown.

"It was near noon as he ceased to address us. Deep had been the silence in the camp. But now arose a mighty cheer, that filled the vault of heaven, and thundered back from Bennevis:

"Ecce ingens castris, *post alta silentia*, clamor
Exoritur, cœlum *hinc* resonat, *Ballnavius illinc*,
Et juga terribilem ingeminant concussa fragorem."

["*Ben Nevis* answers from his misty shroud,
Back to the joyous *Clans* that call to him aloud."]

"And the wild clang of clarions, and trumpets, and war-pipes, mingles with the din. Instantly all the battalions and companies are in motion. The proud army of Lochaber, a vast and variegated host, is now marching out of the camp to the sound of martial music. Glengarry the great leads the van, at an appointed distance from the main body. He is attended by thirty horse. Every chieftain and leader takes his proper place, followed each by his own people. Fraser of Foyers, no laggard, brings up the last division, and commands the rear.[1]

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[1] The *Covenanter's* hero and poet, William Cleland, (the son of a gamekeeper), has some terrible trash, by way of *characteristics* of the Highlanders, which Lord Macaulay has pressed into the service of his own bitterness on the subject. Dr Irving, too, (whose recently published History of Scotish Poetry places him among the most rabid of the Presbyterian and *proofless* calumniators of Dundee, and the government he served), has given, with infinite *gusto*, a passage from Cleland's doggerels, in which he figures Dundee stared at, and in danger of being murdered, by the Highlanders, for not uncovering to their chiefs:—

"While with such grace and state he stood,
All the bulk of Highland brood,
Admired their chance, and their mishap,
When that he did not lift his 'cap'
While he was speaking to the laird;
Had it not been for the Life-Guard,
She would have dirket him when she saw
He keeped so the laird in awe.
The whole crew stared him in the face,
Some askèd if it was his Grace,
And others, some who knew no thing,
Did ask if he could be Sir King."

The pious and ponderous Pundit who edits this precious poetry, and *history*, adds the following note of his own, which is, in every respect worthy of that which he edits. Of course he is speaking of Dundee:—"This atrocious murderer of the pious and unarmed peasantry of his native country, has, with some peculiarity of taste, been described as a *gallant General*." (The italics are the Doctor's own).—*History of Scotish Poetry*, p. 584. 1861. Lord Macaulay has the advantage of combining Dr Irving's grossness of calumny, with that "peculiarity of taste" which the learned Doctor repudiates.

"And now the rainbow host is diffusing itself over the whole country. We are through *Glenroy!* The alpine heights of *Garviemore* are crossed! The Clans are o'er the *Spey!* With tremendous cheering they enter the plains beyond.[1] The earth trembles under their tread. The sun is bullied by their brazen arms *(solem œre lacessit)*. The air agitated with the reports of their fire-arms. We are at the confines of *Badenoch!* The wings of the army are scattered over the spurs of the hills. The host seems all on fire from the reflection of the sun. A thousand helmets are blazing! A thousand quivers sounding! A thousand spears flashing rays from their golden points! The whole country is trodden down by the march of the Lochaber axes *(securigeris maniplis)*. And the great *Grantsbain* is terrible with the flaunting of their banners!

"Grampius et signis volitantibus horruit ingens!

"Terror pervades the whole country. All who do not range under the royal standard run to earth. Dundee, elated with hope, revolves great things in his resolute mind. At once he turns upon the enemy, now lingering northward on the icy banks of the Spey. And first we arrive at those broad and verdant plains where fruitful Cluny clothes the earth with corn. Here Dundee calls to arms the priest-descended CLAN VURICH.[2] Then, with all his host around him, and all his banners flying, he marches to the castle of *Raits*, and there encamps as the shades of night descend.

29th May 1689. "Next morn was the 29th of May *(Maij vicesima nona)*. Dundee, as the rising sun was dispelling the shades of night, assembles the Lochaber Chiefs, and from a mound of green turf thus addresses them: 'Lords of the Grampian races! Glory of the Throne! See how brightly the sun is rising on this annual festival of the Restoration of King Charles.[3] This day, even were I compelled to wander a wretched exile, in whatever quarter of the globe, this day would I ever hold sacred, and dedicate to the memory of the Prince who restored a golden age of peace to his shattered realms. Let us, then, with joyful plaudits, celebrate the Restoration of Charles the Second, that day being also the anniversary of his birth.' He said, and with one voice they cheered him to the bent. In the midst of the encampment was a plain all rough with the woody sweet-broom, and rising by a gentle ascent to the hills. To this place our hero betook himself, followed by a vast multitude. Arranging the chiefs and leaders in a great circle on either side, and marshalling the army at some distance in the back-ground, he ordered a huge pyre to be constructed of brushwood and felled fir trees, and resinous pines. To this he himself applied the first spark, and fed the flames with gunpowder. Then rose the wild clang of the trumpets, to inaugurate the ceremony. Dundee, holding a goblet of sparkling wine in his right hand, his brows bound with the auspicious olive *(fœlici cinctus oliva)*, standing before the pyre within the light of the blaze, and the more conspicuous from his accustomed garb of Sidonian scarlet *(atque in Sidonio solito conspectior ostro)*, commanded silence. 'This cup,' he then said, 'I drain, with joyful lips, to the happy memory of the late King; to the memory of his birth, and of his Restoration; and also to the health of his brother and successor, our own sacred Sovereign, whose return we so ardently desire. Soon may he also be restored to the throne of his ancestors.' He spoke, and standing before them all with uncovered head, at one great draught he drained the bowl. Not slow were the chiefs and leaders of the Gael to do the same. All repeated the loyal toast, and all eagerly *drained the bowl.* Then again the clanging yell of the clarions rends the sky. In every part of the encampment torches are blazing. You would have thought that the whole country was in flames, and the very mountains vomiting fire. But seeing the sun high in the heavens, the Graham exclaims: 'Come, our precious time must not be wasted in mere festivities, nor should we indulge too long in choral chaunts. Chiefs, up with your standards! The day is still before us. We have had our bonfire, and now to battle!'

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[1] The minute details which our bard affords throughout of Dundee's tremendous marches, are all most accurate, and can be distinctly traced on the map. His descriptions, also, continually evince the knowledge of an eye-witness.

[2] The Clan MacPherson, or *MacParson*, was called *Clan Vurich* by reason of a descent from a churchman of that Gaelic patronymic.

[3] "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!"—*Napoleon.*

Ruthven Castle besieged, 29th May 1689.

"At no great distance stood the ancient castle of *Ruthven*, into which the Dutch General had thrown a garrison. Dundee issues his orders that its battlements be overthrown, and its walls wrapt in flames.[1]

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[1] The site of the old castle of Raits, where Dundee had paused, was on the north side of the Spey, a few miles north of the old castle of Ruthven, which was situated on the opposite side. Mackay, in his Memoirs (p. 22), says: "Dundee, having received by an express from the Marquis of Athole's steward (Ballechin), the General's (Mackay) letters and directions to (Colonel) Ramsay, as well as intelligence that Ramsay was to be in Badenoch upon such a day, made *what diligence he could* to get a body of Highlanders, foot, to join his horse, capable to enterprise his (Mackay's) party,—for at that time the Highlanders had *more respect* for our men than some few months thereafter,—marched out of Lochaber upon Saturday, at night, and entered into the braes of Badenoch, twelve miles above Ruthven, upon

Selecting one of the most daring of his army to carry the summons, he thus addresses him, pointing in the direction of its lofty bulwarks: 'Go, Highlander, and tell that young gentleman *(juveni huic)*, in my name, to quit those walls, or I will level them to the dust.' Faithfully the messenger fulfils the commands of his great General. With sound of trumpet he delivers the summons. The commander of the castle appears on the ramparts. 'My name,' he said, 'is *Forbes*. This castle I hold for the Prince of Orange; and, God willing, I'll hold it still.' At this proud reply, all is commotion. Keppoch receives orders to march with his fiery followers against the fort. Surrounding it on every side, and after sound of trumpet three times, with a loud voice he again calls upon its keeper. He announces to him, that the Chiefs of Lochaber in arms, the Viscount of Dundee commanding, are close at hand; and that he must instantly surrender, with all his garrison, or that not one stone of the castle would be left upon another.[1] The summons is unheeded. Forbes determines to defend the castle, and Keppoch swears he will reduce it to smouldering ashes. Accordingly, he plies it with thundering vollies, sending shot like hail amid flashes of lightning. He orders scaling-ladders to the walls, the fosse to be filled with piles of wood and beams of timber, and the castle to be fired. Then Forbes throws out a signal, and thus speaks: 'The General who committed this castle to my keeping is not far off. If within three days he comes not to my relief, I will render these walls to the Viscount of Dundee, and lay down my inglorious arms.' Three days pass, and Mackay fails to raise the siege. Then Forbes surrenders, yielding up himself and all his garrison to the victor. Keppoch fires the old

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Sunday morning, with about 2000 men, which encreased shortly after to 1000 more; by which calculations of time we see, that if Ramsay had known the country himself, or had had knowing men with him, in whom he could repose, he might have been at Inverness before Dundee entered Badenoch; for upon Saturday night he might have lodged at Ruthven." They were no match for Dundee, who was too quick for them. He had perfect intelligence of Colonel Ramsay (Dalhousie's brother) coming from head-quarters, at Mackay's earnest requisition, with six hundred picked men of the Dutch regiments, and his present energetic movement was to get between them, in which he completely succeeded. Ramsay took fright, blew up his ammunition, and ran away south again; and so the Dutch General had to run away in the opposite direction.

[1] The *precise date* of the summons and destruction of the ancient castle of Ruthven, as given by the bard, is confirmed by Balcarres, who says: "To bring Mackay to an engagement, he (Dundee) marches to the castle of Ruthven of Badenoch, into which Mackay had lately put a garrison. He summoned the governor to surrender the place; this was upon the 29th of May."—*Memoirs*, p. 40.

castle of Ruthven, reduces it to a heap of smoking ruins, and marches off his captives in long array, after the fashion of a Roman triumph.

"Meanwhile General Mackay had established his camp in a very rugged locality, hard by the gelid lake where stands the kirk of Alvie, *(ad delubra gelidæ Alvæ)*. In his front was a great timber bridge. His rear was protected by a fosse of deep rolling water; and on either side of him were surrounding woods. Careworn and conscience-stricken, here lurked the sluggish General. The high-souled Graham, quitting his camp at Raits, was again marching the Clans to the fields, and scouring the country with his cavalry, when a false report reached him, that the enemy, in great strength, was crossing the hills, and the Dutch cohorts close upon his rear. Immediately Dundee reversed his march, Lochiel leading,[1] *(viam retro monstrante Loyello)*. He then dispatched his brother (David Graham), with a company of foot, to a rising ground, thickly wooded, and surrounded by the Spey. He himself, having sent out chosen scouts in all directions, started on the spur with a body of horse, scrambling over stones and rocks, to reconnoitre. But not an enemy was to be seen. Neither could any wing of the alleged army be descried from the heights.[2] Captain Bruce, with twelve horse, was then sent in advance, to the heights of Alvie Kirk, and there he discovered the enemy safely ensconced in his fortified camp. Looking down upon the encampment from the top of a high rock, he assailed the Dutch General with bitter invectives, and taunted him with contumelious words of defiance. Then, addressing himself, with a loud voice, to his old comrades of the Scotch dragoons, he urged them to shake off the disgrace of serving under the Dutch robber, and to return to the royal standard, reminding them of their former loyalty, and how he had once led them himself.[3] Greatly exasperated, General Mackay answers in the shape of thundering shot, to which Bruce briskly replies in kind; after which, perceiving preperations made for cutting off his retreat, he scampers back with his cavaliers to the royal leaguer, and reports the facts to his own General.[4]

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[1] Mackay, in his defensive Memoirs, endeavours to create an impression (by an *on dit*), that upon this occasion Lochiel and the Camerons were running away for fear of him! Why did he not run after them?

[2] Dundee was looking out for Colonel Ramsay, who *ought* to have been there.

[3] We have here only given the substance of Captain Bruce's verbal assault upon the Scoto-Dutch General, and daring appeal to his old comrades of the Scotch Dragoons. Bruce had been one of Lord Dunmore's officers, but left the regiment when it was transferred to the service of the Prince of Orange.

[4] Mackay's account is this:—"Dundee, blocked by a detachment from his Highland army, which *was judged* now about three thousand men, the old Castle of Ruth-

"Dundee, delighted to find Mackay so near, having marshalled the Clans, speeds his way in advance with the horse. On looking back to the Castle of *Dunachton*, now left far behind us, the Viscount marvels to see a dense smoke filling the air, and rising to the heavens. This was *Keppoch's* doing. Prompted by malice against his foeman, the Macintosh, and by his passion for plunder, after destroying Ruthven, he had marched upon Dunachton, which he also reduced to ashes; and then driving all the cattle a prey, and committing every species of rapine and outrage upon the cottages and the population, he wrapped the whole country in flames. Nor could our General, by any means, prevent the barbarities of this savage soldier.[1]

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ven in Badenoch, where the General (Mackay), at his first arrival at Inverness, had placed one John Forbes, brother to Culloden, Captain in the regiment which Grant was to levy, *a resolute brisk young man*, and very well affected to the interest, with about sixty of Grant's Highlanders; whom Dundee knowing to want provisions, by a letter of his which he intercepted, surprised him in that condition." "This gentleman having no subsistance, was forced to surrender the house, which Dundee burnt, but capitulated for his own and his garrison's liberty; and having been carried through Dundee's camp, did see *their horses saddled, and all prepared for a march*."—*Memoirs*, p. 30. Mackay, not being "a resolute brisk young man" left Forbes and his garrison to their fate, though he was close at hand, with a large force, and strong in cavalry. He blames him for not having robbed the country round to supply himself.

[1] Drummond of Balhaldy, in his Memoirs of Lochiel, does not fail to record this conduct of the ungovernable Keppoch; and he adds, what the Bard has not given, that Dundee had a scene with Keppoch about it afterwards. Lord Macaulay states it thus:—"Dundee was moved to great wrath by the sight of the blazing dwellings. I would rather," he said, "*carry a musket* in a *respectable* regiment, than be captain of such a *gang of thieves*." This he gives under double marks of quotation, as if from Lochiel's Memoirs; where, however, no such words occur. What we find there is this:—"Dundee told Keppoch, in presence of all the officers of his small army, that he would much rather choose to serve as a common soldier among *disciplined troops*, than command *such men as he*, who seemed to make it his business to draw the odium of the country upon him," &c. (p. 242). Balhaldy proceeds to narrate that Keppoch cried *peccavi* on the spot, made a most humble apology, and solemnly promised to do so no more. It is amusing to find Lord Macaulay condemning Dundee's military discipline for not having shot Keppoch! The Viscount's high-minded indignation at this conduct required to be *reconciled* with Lord Macaulay's previous character of him, and thus he labours to do it:—"Yet some Celtic usages of war were such as Dundee could not tolerate. *Cruel as he was*, his cruelty always had a method and a purpose. He still hoped that he might be able to win some Chiefs who remained neutral; and he carefully avoided every act which could goad them into open hostility." (iv. p. 354). We doubt if this ungenerous historical perversion be even sense. What system of cruelty is without "a method and a purpose," unless it be a monkey's! King William's "cruelty always had a method and a purpose." But Lord Macaulay's previous character of Claverhouse, (which

"Onward presses Dundee, horse and foot taxed to the uttermost. With rapid pace he traverses the fields of *Dalraddy*, crossing rocks and rivers, until he halts above the encampment at Alvie. Scourie, finding the Clans upon his back, steals out of his camp in the night-time, and away to the woods and the mountains. An army of lions led by a deer will run from an army of deer if led by a lion :—

> "Formidanda velut, cervo duce, turma leonum,
> Agmina cervorum metuit, ductore leone."

"The fame of a hero is worth a thousand swords. The very name of Graham suffices to drive Mackay before him. Leaving Alvie, rapidly we follow the chase. Through thy woods, Rothiemurchus, crossing the Spey, we press on to the plain of *Coilum.* Then, with cautious skill, we thread the groves and skirt the vast woods of *Abernethy*, and on through the haughs of *Cromdale.* Dundee drives the flying foe before him like a tempest. The clang of trumpets shakes the earth. The flashing of guns startles the stars. A rumour goes through all the Clans that the Dutch General has quitted the field, and is making for the South. But Dundee, while pressing on through the windings of Glenlivet, and casting his glance over the streamy valley, descries a body of horse lurking about the heights.[1] Suddenly a shout from the whole *Grampiads* rend the skies. They hail the day that gives them a sight of the enemy, and the opportunity to do or die. Claymore in hand, on they press, spreading over the whole plain, and marching with the appointed intervals between. They cast their brogues, they cast their plaids, ready to rush with naked feet and bare bosoms on the foe. The Viscount, however, inspecting the field from a high hill, and seeing the battalions of the enemy in full flight, orders the stirring signal for the chase to be sounded. Then, in the very presence of the foe, and defying the Dutch General, our trumpets sang out, from their crooked brazen throats,—'Under the star of the Graham, King James shall enjoy his own again!'

"And now Dundee, offering battle, moves the Standard into the open plain. In a state of glorious excitement he puts on his weighty corslet. He presses down his flowing locks with a helmet gleaming like gold.

> "Et galea effusos pressit rutilante capillos."

this incident tended to destroy), was to the effect that his *method and purpose* was never without *cruelty.*

[1] Mackay himself seems to refer to this incident.—*Memoirs*, p. 33.

He calls for his war horse. All armed as he is, at a single bound he backs him. The horse seems to know how noble his rider, and goes like the wind. The steed of Castor, of Achilles—no, not Pegasus or Bellerophon, ever cut the breezes in their course more bravely. With many gyrations he rushes from Clan to Clan, exhorting the Chiefs. Then he calls to him Fraser of Foyers. 'Fly, son of *Beauly*,[1] Foyers fly! Fly like yon fleecy cloud! Engage their rear, and open the ball.' With the bound of a stag Foyers obeys. He galls their rear with his long guns, daring them, with many contumelious words, to battle on the spot. But all the more rapidly, hurrying southward, flies the foe. The fiery Viscount presses after, sweeping the fields with all his forces, like a whirlwind. *Three times in one day* did he dislodge Mackay from his encampment. And now we have crossed the steep ridges of the snowy *Ben Ruines.* Now, the Braes of *Balveny* are far behind us. The sun is going down, the star of the vespers rising. But the air still resounds with the wild cries of the Clans. The earth trembles under their tread. The rocks and caves echo the clang of hoofs. No stay, no rest, till deepest night descends upon the face of nature, and all is dark."

Thus ends the fourth book of the GRAMIAD. And so, without a single skirmish or collision having occurred between the two armies, except that night when Foyers cried 'Claymore,' at the rear of the flying Dutchman,[2] Dundee drove them out of

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[1] The Beauly is the water of the country of the Frasers of Lovat.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple, in his Memoirs of Great Britain (vol. i. p. 47, *quarto edition*), has this story, which is not to be found in the *Gramiad*, or in any other contemporary record that we have been able to discover. After some illustrations of Dundee's noble dispositions, and *most humane* military habits, he adds what follows, utterly inconsistent with his previous characteristics :—

"It was one of Dundee's maxims that no General should fight with [*i.e.* under his command] an irregular army, unless he was acquainted with every man he commanded. Yet with these habits of familiarity, *his discipline was dreadful.*" [The illustration would prove it to have been *insanity.*] "The only punishment he inflicted was *death.* 'All other punishment,' *he said,* 'disgraced a gentleman, and *all* who were with him were of that rank ; but that death was a relief from the consciousness of crime.' It is *reported of him,* that having *seen* a youth fly in his *first action,* he pretended he had sent him to the rear on a message. The youth fled a *second time.* He brought him to the *front of the army,* and saying—'That a *gentleman's son* ought not to fall by the hand of a common executioner,'—*shot him with his own pistol.*"

The same pistol, doubtless, that shot the "Christian Carrier." This vile fable has gone the round of all the popular notices of Dundee. Mr Robert Chambers

Badenoch, down the Spey, from Ruthven to Cromdale, and from Cromdale away over Ben Rinnes to Strathbogie, and across the Bogie to the plains beyond,—"*ad dulces quos Bogius aluit agros*,"—where Mackay's cavalry became more formidable. And this, in the first week of June, was the position of the fugitive Viscount (with fifty dragoons), whom King William's General assured Duke Hamilton, a few weeks before, he would arrest ere he reached the Spey, or bring his head! In the hurried dispatch which Mr Hay carried to Ireland, the sudden conclusion of the chase is thus accounted for:—

> "The Viscount pursued Mackay four days, and, by *an unexpected way*, came in sight of him an hour before the sun set, and pursued them so close, that parties of the Highlanders were within shot of the

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transferred it, *ipsissimis verbis*, into his deservedly popular history of the Rebellions; and Sir Walter Scott has dramatised it, with extraordinary and romantic details, and morbid sentiment, in his Tales of a Grandfather; but without vouchsafing a hint of an authority. Neither does Sir John Dalrymple say where he picked up his less elaborate, but no less marvellous nonsense. He only affixes to it that time-honoured stamp of the historical lie—"*It is reported of him*." Let us cross-examine this *report*. "Having *seen* a youth fly in his first action." It was an action, then, in which Dundee was present and commanding. What youth? He was "a gentleman's son," shot "in front of the army," by the officer commanding. His name? a question *nowhere* answered. What action? a question *nowhere* answered. In what actions did Dundee ever command? *Drumclog* and *Killiecrankie*. From the first, he ran away himself. Was *Killiecrankie*, then, the action in which Dundee shot a gentleman's son, in front of his army, for attempting to run away? We make the sticklers for "Bloody Clavers" a present of the idea. This may suffice to dispose of Sir John Dalrymple's fable, and the ridiculous deduction therefrom, of his "dreadful discipline," which words we regret to find transferred into Mr Robert Chambers' popular pages. But, "*et tu Brute!*" We have no room for Sir Walter's drama; but he has rejected the dangerous word *action*, and substituted *skirmish*. The cowardice was displayed, he tells us, at two successive *skirmishes*, occurring during the marching and countermarching, between Dundee and Mackay, on the Spey, in the first week of June 1689. What skirmishes? It is *absolutely certain* that, in Dundee's presence, not even a skirmish occurred between them, until Killiecrankie. So *skirmish* wont do either. Sir Walter adds, that the "young man" was "the son of one of Dundee's *old and intimate friends*." Which of them? Dundee's old and intimate friends were of the highest rank, and highest position in the State. The son of which of them was it, that the Viscount of Dundee, with his own pistol, shot like vermin, and left like carrion, for the honour of his family and the love he bore his father? There is no record of any such death. Wodrow had not this. Macaulay has missed it. But the calumny is as foul, and absurd, as if it had been recorded by Wodrow and recooked by Macaulay.

> *rear-guard*, close to the main body, and dark night came on; save which, nothing could have saved them, in all human probability. The ground was dangerous, and the march had been long; so that the Viscount thought not fit to follow further, being within three miles of Strathbogie, a plain country, where the horse and dragoons had too much advantage of the Highlanders. The *next morning* hearing Mackay had marched ten miles before he halted, the Viscount *lay still all that day*. But being after informed that Sir James Lesly, with his regiment of foot, and another regiment of dragoons, had joined Mackay, and the officers of the *Scotch dragoons* having sent to acquaint the Viscount that there was very bad news come of the Duke of Berwick being prisoner, and of a party's being beat back that had endeavoured to land in Scotland, and that they (the Scotch dragoons), were so surrounded with English horse and dragoons, that, if there was any engagement, they could not *shun to fight*, and, therefore, begged that he would go out of the way for a time, till better news should come,—on all which the Viscount thought fit to return to Badenoch."

Having thus cleared Lochaber, and Badenoch, and Blair, of the enemy, sending Colonel Ramsay flying in one direction, and General Mackay in the other, our hero most wisely called a halt at Edinglassie, on the Don. The owner of it, Sir George Gordon, was at this time keenly aiding Mackay, and the Viscount was not sorry at the opportunity of making him pay for his disloyalty, by establishing himself and his wearied troops in that noble castle and park, which, of course, he left in a less comfortable condition than he found it. Meanwhile, Hamilton and his Convention were astounded, and greatly alarmed, at the discomfiture of their Commander-in-chief. So early as the 16th of May, Mackay had been pressing for more troops, though ever boasting of his own superior tactics, and describing as "a rabble" the clans from whom he fled,—with his Dutch troops, his English and Scotch dragoons, numerously supported by irregular troops, under the laird of Grant, the Master of Forbes, Ross of Balnagown, the gentlemen of Lord Rae's country, Lord Strathnaver, and Gordon of Edinglassie.[1] In the name of the Convention, Duke Hamilton thus writes to him of date 24th May 1689.

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[1] See before, p. 576, *note*; where, for "Master of *Lovat*," read "Master of *Forbes*."

"Your letter to the Lord Ross, of the 16th current, was read in the meeting of the Estates, who are very sensible how much your good conduct has contributed to the peace and security of those countries; and we hope that, before now, you have not only got the commissions for the Master of Forbes, and Balnagown, and the precepts you desired for the subsistence of your troops, with an acconnt that *Barclay's dragoons*, and *Hastings* and *Lesly's foot regiments* were come, and the first quartered at Cupar-of-Angus, and the foot at Perth and Forfar,—but also that *Colonel Ramsay's detachment* has found you safely, we being certainly informed that he marched from Perth on Wednesday last."—*Act. Parl.*

But greater still was the consternation of the Convention, when they learnt that Ramsay had blown up his ammunition, and rushed back to Perth; and that Mackay, driven headlong down the Spey, was sending express after express for the whole of these forces, horse and foot, (having already been joined by the two troops of Scotch dragoons left at Dundee), instantly to join him in the Gordon country, by the Cairn-a-mount. The fifth book of the *Gramiad* opens with an amusing picture of Hamilton and his Government at this crisis, which is perfectly true to history:—

"And now the fame of Dundee, as having become so formidable to the Batavian tyrant, pervades the North. The Convention was aghast at the rumour of the Dutch General being put to flight, and that the Scotch dragoons had returned to their former standard under Dundee, now triumphant over all the North. Distracted with terror, they think of shifting their quarters. They "are haunted by that consciousness of inexpiable guilt, and by that dread of a terrible retribution, which the ancient polytheists personified under the awful name of *the Furies*."[1] And he whose decorated limb displays the azure fillet, and upon whose noble shoulder flames an illustrious star, is almost out of his mind with mingled rage and alarm. He calls a special meeting of the Convention, the ear of which he had completely gained, himself being the original deviser of all this wickedness.[1] Having composed his nerves, and abated his fury, he thus addressed them."

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[1] Lord Macaulay's History of England (iv. 292), where the words are applied to Claverhouse, and where so applied they are sheer nonsense. But they afford an excellent translation of the "lost Epic's" account of the consternation of the Convention, which is almost literally true:—

"Ilicet insano turbata Comitia metu,
Sede parant alia tectis migrare relictis;
Hinc fremuere viri, sævi quos criminis horror
Exagitat stimulis, et conscia corda *flagellis*."

The oration of fifty hexameters which the poet composes for Duke Hamilton, however characteristic, we need not translate. The tenor of it is, a long comparison of Dundee with that slayer of the saints, Montrose; and urging the necessity of supporting Mackay against a recurrence of Montrose's successes, by sending to him all the troops they can muster, in order to crush Dundee ere he could gain a single victory. The clamour of assent, in the hall of the Convention, following any proposal of Hamilton's, he compares to the cawing of a great flight of rooks at a signal from their leader.

Mackay having crossed the Bogie at four o'clock in the morning (as he tells us himself), came to a halt, "neither horse nor foot being able to march farther." While distributing oats and oatmeal, and refreshing the horses, Mackay "received news to his great satisfaction, that Barclay and Lesly would join him that day; so, to *play sure game*, after two hours' rest, he marched three miles further towards his succours, *putting a very ill pass between him and Dundee*, and posted himself at the foot of a hill, called *Suy Hill*, upon the common road from the south to the north, over which he expected the foresaid two regiments, and from whence he could discover two miles to all hands and ways by which the enemy could approach him, who all this while knew nothing of the reinforcement he expected." Accordingly, Barclay with his dragoons, joined him at noon, and Lesly with his foot at six in the afternoon, and Mackay (whose favourite dodge was to catch people asleep, in which he never succeeded), being now in great force, both of foot and dragoons, "resolved, as soon as the night should hinder the sight of his motion from the tops of the neighbouring hills, to march straight to the enemy, which he did after ten of the clock." That luckless General, however, was doomed to disappointment. He had been joined on the Spey by Lieut.-Colonel William Livingstone, with the two troops of the Scotch dragoons left with him at Dundee, whereby the whole of that historical corps was now with Mackay. Being slow of mind as of body, the latter had never suspected that these gallant loyal dragoons, whom Claverhouse led into England little more than two months before this time, might still love Cæsar, and even prefer the "*effusos capillos*" of "Bonnie Dundee," to the ridiculous wig of that canting croppy, who, in his own confused MS. defence, would fain pass for a hero; who therein is fond to designate himself "the General;" and who, after the noble hand that smote him at Killiecrankie was cold in his grave at Blair,—presumes to criticise Dundee as one who "did not understand his trade"!![1] He understood it better than to allow Mackay to catch him asleep, whether at Glen Ogilvy or Edinglassie.

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[1] This agrees precisely with Rothes and Balcarres's portraits of Hamilton. There is great point in the poet's only indicating him by a reference to his Garter, most undeservedly bestowed upon him by Charles II. "Lauderdale's place," says Fountainhall, "as being a knight of the most honourable order of the Garter, was given to his mortal enemy, the Duke of Hamilton, which speaks the vain inconstancy of all fluid things. How would it fret Lauderdale, if he could lift up his head and see Hamilton succeed him in that stall, whom he had persuaded the King to be a disloyal, factious man. But his Majesty, *being facile*, forgets these characters."—*Historical Observes*, p. 76.

> "The horses of the Sun were merged in the ocean, when the Graham, following the chase, up hill and down dale, of the flying Dutchman, found himself at the turrets of *Edinglassie.* Beginning to suspect a snare, and fearing a surprise in the darkness, he determined to plant the Standard there, and ordered the call for encamping to be sounded. He then called a council of war, and thus addressed them: 'Brave Chiefs! the fame of whose valour was long known to me, you have proved it to me now, by your faithful adherence, and martial bearing. '*Scaurius*' flying before your heroic energy, *compelled to decamp three times in one day*, no longer infests the North. But his fright may be feigned, and we might fall into a snare. We must delay a little, a very legitimate art in war, nor suffer ourselves to be drawn into the

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[1] "If Dundee had understood the country and *his trade*, to have informed himself exactly thereof, he might have gained betwixt our party and the regiments which we expected from the south, and put the General to a hard pull."—*Mackay's Memoirs*, p. 32. Dundee did pretty well in getting between Ramsay and Mackay on the Spey, and he put "the General" to a pretty hard pull, in the following month, at Killiecrankie.

open plains, where the Clans might be overwhelmed by clouds of cavalry. Be that as it may, at this castle I mean to encamp for a while.[1]

"And now, under the favouring shadows of the silent moon, a messenger, who had stolen forth of the leaguer of the enemy, comes in haste to the camp of Dundee, at the very time that Mackay, with his greatly augmented forces, was in the act of turning upon his pursuer. He brings intelligence, that the *Scotch Dragoons*, officers and men, were burning to desert the Dutch Standard, and to return to their old one, under Dundee, and only waited for a favourable opportunity. But he adds, that Mackay, with all his combined forces was at the instant recrossing the Bogie, with the intention of being down upon the Clans before dawn. So saying, he turned his bridle, and rode off."[2]

Dundee took the hint, and Mackay only arrived in time to enjoy the view, as the day dawned, of the Clans in full and orderly retreat, and to find Edinglassie, not on fire, as Sir John Gordon deserved (who acted for Mackay as a spy upon the movement of the Viscount), but sorely sacked and wasted, from buttery to bowling-green, from stately hall to spreading park, and desolated chase. Sir John, seeking breakfast there that morning for King William's General, catching a stray hen perchance, the hen-wife having died of fright, must have been a sight to see.[3]

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[1] This chase, which Mackay in his Memoirs calls the *chicane* with Dundee, must have occurred during the first days of June. For in the *Gramiad* it is stated that the castle of Ruthven was summoned on the 29th of May, and then three days allowed, according to agreement with Captain Forbes, before it surrendered. This is precisely confirmed by Lord Murray (Athole's son), in a letter to Duke Hamilton, dated from "Blair, June 4, 1689, 12 *at night*," wherein he says: "My Lord Dundee is still there (Badenoch), not far from the castle of Ruthven, *which he has burnt*; and the small garrison was put in it by Mackay did surrender, their lives being saved: Mackay and he were *within two miles yesterday morning*, Mackay always retiring as he advanced towards, and *encamping in strong ground*, so that Dundee could never attack."—*Appendix to Mackay's Memoirs*, p. 225.

[2] *Grameidos, lib.* v., *v.* 130–166. This was a dragoon called *Provensal*, Lieutenant-Colonel Livingstone's own servant, and who had been his sergeant for many years.—*Mackay's letter to the Duke Hamilton*, 27th June 1689.

[3] In a letter to Lord Melville, dated, "From the head of Strathspey, the 13th June 1689," Mackay writes—"A gentleman of the name of Gordon, entitled Edinglassie, Sheriff of the shire of Banff, is very forward and zealous for the present Government."—*Mackay of Rockfield's Life of Mackay.* There is a curious blunder in this work, a family record that is more pious than accurate. Dundee's prisoner, Lieu-

Upon the 13th of June, never having touched the dangerous Viscount, or made any violent effort to do so, Mackay, dating "from the head of Strathspey,'" writes as if the Almighty had crowned his arms with victory: "Not to us, therefore, but to God (who hath hitherto blessed the just arms of our Sovereign), be the praise. *If assistance from Ireland could be hindered*,[1] I question not but those Highlanders would soon weary of it." His only victory was detecting the plot of the Scotch dragoons; or rather, finding a safe opportunity of arresting the loyal officers. They had already been denounced to him, by a treacherous soldier—"who had been a sergeant in Wachope's regiment in England,"—a deserter from the royalist camp, prompted by Dundee's prisoners, Blair and Pollock, at the time when he was driving Mackay down the Spey from Alvie. He was slow to believe it, he says, and dreaded a wile of the enemy; although his informant declared he had seen Dundee "read letters from his lady to the same purpose," naming particularly Lieutenant-Colonel Livingstone, Captains Murray, Livingstone, Creighton, and Lieutenant Murray. The fact is, the Scoto-Dutchman's nerves at the time were not equal to grapple with the danger. Yet, even when flying before the Clans, he was strong enough both in foot and horse so to divide and surround the loyal regiment, that it could neither break out nor break off. When, however, the chase was reversed, Mackay found his opportunity. It was two of these dragoons, he tells us, who had warned Dundee at Edinglassie; and this so simultaneously with his own night march, that they had no time to return to their ranks. They were discovered, by Sir John Gordon, the Master of Forbes, and Major Mackay, in the vicinity of the castle, "hid in the woods, with a servant, and a boy belonging to *one Captain Bruce*, formerly Captain-Lieutenant in Livingstone's dragoons."

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tenant Pollock of Pollock, is therein noted to have been "Sir John *Maxwell* of Pollock, *created a baronet in* 1682, chosen commissioner for the shire of Renfrew in 1689, and afterwards appointed, successively, a Privy Councillor, a Commissioner of the Treasury, and Lord Justice-Clerk," (p. 25, *note*). How the recruiting Lieutenant (Pollock of Pollock) of 1689, could have been mistaken for Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, the Baronet of 1682, it is difficult to conceive.

[1] It was only "hindered" by the blind imbecility of King James, and the utter worthlessness of his Secretary, Melfort.

The examination of these unfortunate emissaries elicited the plot, and Mackay now took courage to arrest the whole of the above-mentioned officers, whom he forthwith sent to be dealt with by the Government of King William. And here a fact comes out against Mackay, that is not to be found, either in his own Memoirs, or in the pious life of him compiled by "the General's representative in the male line." But the fact is found under his own hand; and had the same existed against Claverhouse under his, so far would that have justified Lord Macaulay's abuse of him, that possibly it might not have appeared in so virulent a form.

General Mackay to the Duke of Hamilton.

"ELGIN, 27*th June* 1689.

——— "As to the officers I sent south, in my opinion they can't but be guilty; and all what is of the matter, the dragoons, who by their own confession deserve death, know it, in all appearance; particularly *Provensal*, who was the Lieutenant-Colonel's servant, and sergeant for many years. It were *necessary* that fellow, with *the other dragoons*, were PUT TO THE TORTURE; and Lieutenant Murray deserves it, by the confession of the sergeant and one of the dragoons. If torture be just in any case, it is in this. And since *law allows it*,[1] why should it not be used in a matter so essential to *the service*, and of such a pernicious consequence if it had taken intended effect."—"I beg your Grace may let me quickly know what shall be resolved, upon this information and *advice* of, may it please your Grace's most humble and obedient servant,

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[1] But there was an article in the Claim of Right for Scotland, which at least *pretended* to abrogate that law. There was a qualification, however, which, as Sir George Mackenzie pointed out, rendered the abrogation a dead letter. To speak of any just application, at any time, of that lamentable law, is out of the question. But it could not be more legally, necessarily, and successfully applied, than in the case of *Carstairs*, in order to obtain the key to a treasonable correspondence, involving an invasion of the kingdom by the subjects thereof, with the aid of a foreign power, and also involving a very deeply laid plot to assassinate the King and his brother. Yet this is the case against which Duke Hamilton violently protested.—(*See before*, p. 414, *note.*) The revolutionary Convention, which cheated the humanity of Scotland by pretending to remedy an evil it would not part with, was presided over, and entirely led by, *Hamilton*. And now this useless revival of the evil, in the matter of a revolting regiment, at once entertained by the Government, and warranted by King William, at the savage suggestion (in the name of God) of a canting, inefficient General officer, occurs under Hamilton, the royal Commissioner, representing King William in the Parliament of 1689! Lord Macaulay, with an amusing affectation of wonder, and a curious obscurity of sense, exclaims,—"Nothing in the proceedings at Edinburgh *astonishes an Englishman* more than the manner in which the Estates dealt with the practice of torture."—*Hist.* iv. p. 301. He then proceeds to show that the pretended abrogation was in fact a reservation; and enlarges upon

"H. MACKAY."

"I pray your Grace, after communication, that this letter may be *sent to Court* by a flying packet," &c.

"*Warrant to the Council to use torture in a case proposed.*"

"9*th July* 1689.—Their Majesty's High Commissioner [*Hamilton*] having acquainted the Estates of Parliament that there was *a paper delivered to him*, informing of a plot, entered into by some ill men against the Government, which information he finding to be of great import, did cause apprehend *all the persons named in the paper that could be found*, some whereof had acknowledged that they did meet with others, and subscribed a bond bearing designs against the Government, which Information was produced and read: As likewise, his Grace having informed that there were some *dragoons* in custody who were apprehended as being suspect of keeping a correspondence with *the Viscount of Dundee*, who is in actual rebellion, and that some of them had confessed that they did go to the Lord Dundee's camp and give intelligence, the *King and Queen's Majesties*, and the *Estates of Parliament*, do approve their Majesties' Commissioner his procedure in the said matters: And thinking it fit that all further enquiry be made in both the saids cases, do warrant and empower the Lords of Privy Council to proceed to all further enquiry in the said matters, by TORTURE, or otherwise, as they shall think fit."—(*Act. Parl.*)

Burnet says that Mackay was the most pious military man he ever met with. That his *humanity* was such as to *incapa-*

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a fanciful theory of his own, that because the assassin of President Lockhart had just been tortured, before execution (a most useless and unjustifiable exercise of the power, also *under the Presidency of Hamilton*), the Convention considered it would be *inconsistent* to abrogate the law; and that, "but for this unhappy event, it is probable the law of Scotland concerning torture would have been immediately assimilated to the law of England." This untenable theory is utterly destroyed by the illustrations in our text, which, of course, did not lie in the line of Lord Macaulay's researches. The secret of the whole affair is, that King William was on the throne, and Duke Hamilton ruled the roast for him in Scotland. And why should it "astonish an Englishman" more than a Scotchman ? Does this mean, all readers of history who happen to have been born in England ?

citate him for command! Lord Macaulay says,—"Hugh Mackay was distinguished by courage of the truest temper, and by a piety such as is seldom found in soldiers of fortune." And, indeed, if writing cant in dispatches, and prayers in the orderly book, be piety, pious he was. King William defended him against the contempt he had earned even from his own Government in Scotland, by pronouncing,—"that it was much to be regretted that any prejudice should exist against so *good a man*, and so *good a soldier.*" Against that character two words rise up,—*Torture*, and *Killiecrankie*. How good was his earnest pleading that the poor dragoons should be tortured, for the good of "the service." "Let my *advice*," he said, "be sent *to Court* by the flying packet." Yes, he had a friend at Court in such matters. A friend to everything most cruel in government, and most cowardly in crime.

And such were the tremendous powers, against the lives and liberties of the subject, which the patriot Hamilton, the great opponent of the *torturing* government of Lauderdale, now wielded. The *paper* to which he refers, was an anonymous communication, dropt at the feet of one of the sentinels at Holyrood-house. At the suggestion of General Mackay, he cast into prison both the Marquis of Athole, and the Viscount Tarbat, because suspected of playing a double game, as indeed they were, and as Hamilton did so very often himself. Charles Earl of Dunmore (Athole's second son), was also consigned to a dungeon, for plotting to recover his old regiment; as also his Lieutenant-Colonel, William Livingstone (afterwards Lord Kilsyth, and married to Dundee's widow), and the other officers already mentioned, among whom was Dean Swift's friend, Captain Creighton.[1] These were now all liable to be *tortured*, at the fiat of Duke Hamilton. But the whole plot, and party, being immediately crushed into utter insignificance to the revolutionary Government, the crushing of their bones by King William's "favourite boot," was not thought necessary.

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[1] "But Dundee did not desert his old comrade. He *sent a message* to the Lords of the Privy Council, saying, that if they hurt a hair of Creighton's head, he would, in the way of reprisal, cut his prisoners, the lairds of Pollock and Blair, joint from joint, and send them to Edinburgh, packed up in hampers. The Council were alarmed on *receiving this intimation*. The Duke of Hamilton reminded them, that they all knew Dundee so well, that they could not doubt his being as good as his word, and that the gentlemen in his hands were too nearly allied to several of the Council to be endangered on account of Creighton. These *remonstrances* saved Creighton's life."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, ii. 109. The coolness with which Sir

Mackay gave the Viscount no more trouble at this time. He pulled up at the ruined castle of Ruthven, as our hero passed into Lochaber with his war-pipes playing. He then went back for a short time to Elgin and Inverness; after which he returned to Edinburgh *re infecta*. He had not succeeded in capturing *Clavers* and his fifty troopers. He returned as crest-fallen as the Batchelor Sampson Carasco from his first attempt to subdue the dangerous Don. Like the said Batchelor, he tried it again; but the simile applies no further. Dundee's great difficulty was to keep the Clans together, and

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Walter gives for history an impossible tale, and, as he gives it, one of his own concoction, is really too bad. "A message!" "Intimation!" Who could have carried it? It might have hanged the messenger, but would never have saved Creighton. This worthy, be it remembered, was *Duke Hamilton's own led Captain*. (See before, vol. i. p. 94). Keppoch himself would not have ventured to carry such "a message." This tale of a Grandfather, which every grandchild believes, is to be found nowhere else in those terms. Here is the real story, as given to the world by Dean Swift :—

"My Lord Dundee was then at the Castle of Blair of Athole; and having notice of the danger *I was in, wrote a letter to Duke Hamilton*, President of the Council, desiring his Grace to inform the Board,—'That if they hanged Captain Creighton, or if'—*to use his own homely expression*,—'they touched a hair of his tail, he would cut the laird of Blair, and the laird of Pollock, joint by joint, and would send their limbs in hampers to the Council.'"

This impudent narrative, to which every letter Dundee ever wrote gives the lie, goes on to say, that the Duke, at that time representing King William in the Parliament of Scotland, called a Council at night, where "the clerk read my Lord Dundee's letter," after which Hamilton said, "I fear we dare not touch a hair of Creighton; for ye all know Dundee too well to doubt whether he will be punctual to his word." So, "they all cried out, 'Let the fellow live a while longer.'"—*Memoirs of Creighton, edited by Sir Walter Scott.*

Even Lord Macaulay does not say that Dundee was a fool, a bully, and a blackguard,—as such a *brutum fulmen*, of *impossible* fulfilment, would prove him to be. He was not a man of "homely expressions." With Hamilton especially (now the royal Commissioner), he ever maintained a position of the loftiest etiquette. Such an insane letter would unquestionably have entered the voluminous libel of forfeiture against him. *There is not a trace of it in any record*. Slobbered out of the mouth of an egotistical superannuated dragoon (some forty years after the time of the alleged event), it first came reeking to light from the unclean hands of *Dean Swift*, begging charity for the old Cavalier.

under discipline, when there was no immediate prospect of fighting, and a certain amount of spoil had been collected. Understanding the character of those irregular troops thoroughly, and managing them throughout with infinite pains and tact, he now, making a virtue of necessity, dismissed the main body of them to their homes; but established his own head-quarters in a locality where he could most readily command their return. Nor was his retreat without a laurel, and one of the greatest consequence, as it dissipated that vague terror for the English cavalry which very naturally had rather cowed the spirit of the Claymores. Maclean of Lochbuy, on his march to join Dundee when he was retreating to Badenoch, encountered a force of two hundred horse and dragoons, commanded by an English officer, and conducted by the laird of Grant. The Macleans, scattered and foraging, were taken by surprise, and at great disadvantage. As many as a hundred of them got together, rushed to the foot of a hill, and seemed about to be annihilated. But "claymore" was the the word. Horses and men were attacked sword in hand, many of them slain, and the commanding officer killed on the spot. Lochbuy joined Dundee next day in great feather, loaded with the spoils of the vanquished, riding a fine horse he had captured, and ready to eat a dragoon alive. In the paper of news carried by Mr Hay to Ireland, and which appears to have reached the King on the 7th of July 1689, Dundee's condition at this time is thus reported:—

> "My Lord Dundee hath continued in Lochaber, guarded only by two hundred, commanded by Sir Alexander Maclean. But, being in the heart of Glengarry and Lochiel's lands, he thinks himself secure enough; though he had not, as he has, the Captain of Clanranald, with six hundred men within ten miles of him, and Maclean, Sir Donald (Macdonald), and Macleod marching towards him. So that he can march with near four thousand; or refresh in safety, till such time as the state of the affairs of Ireland may *allow the King to send forces to his relief:* Which if it please God shall fall out, there is all appearance of forming a considerable army, notwithstanding that the people are a little disheartened by the unexpected surrender of the Castle of Edinburgh, which, as said, was only by despair the Duke had of any

relief, though he wanted not from my Lord Dundee, *by a third hand*, all the encouragement he could give."

Meanwhile, Dundee never for a moment relaxed his diplomatic labours with the Highland Chiefs, and at the same time kept up a most anxious and elaborate correspondence with Melfort, the Secretary of State in Ireland.

Dundee to Macleod of Macleod.

"MOY, *June 23d*, 1689.

"SIR:—Glengarry gave me an account of the substance of a letter he received from you. I shall only tell you, that if you hasten not to land your men, I am of opinion you will have little occasion to do the King great service. For if he land in the west of Scotland you will come too late, as I believe you will think yourself by the news I have to tell you. The Prince of Orange hath written to the Scots Council, not to fatigue his troops any more by following us in the hills, but to draw them together in a body to the west; and, accordingly, several of the forces that were in Perthshire and Angus, are drawn to Edinburgh, and some of Mackay's regiments are marched that way from him. He further informs them, that, besides the fifty-two sail in Ireland of French men-of-war, there are eighty more from Brest, who have fifteen thousand land soldiers aboard, and that he knows not whether they design for England or Ireland. He orders the whole kingdom to be put in a posture of defence; so that all persons must draw to arms, and take party one way or other. There came an express some weeks ago, from Londonderry to Duke Hamilton, telling, if they got not immediate relief they could hold out no longer. We hear also, from Edinburgh, that they offered to render if the King would give any capitulation, which the King refuses, being advised that it is necessary to make example of them for the terror of others. Mr Hay, who came hither yesterday from Ireland, gives account that, above three weeks ago, he was at the siege, and then horse flesh was sold for sixpence a pound, and for cannon-bullets they were shooting lumps of brick wrapped in pewter plates. It is now certainly rendered. Mr Hay saw relief offer to land, but was beat back with great loss. Some of the French fleet hath been seen amongst the islands, and hath taken the two Glasgow frigates. The King, being thus master by sea and land, hath nothing to do but to bring over his army, which many people imagine is landed already in the West. He will have little to oppose him there, and probably will march towards England; so that we, who are in the greatest readiness, will have ado to join him. I have received by Mr Hay a commission of Lieutenant-General, which was miscarried by Brady. I have also received a double (copy) of a letter, miscarried by Brady, to me, and a new letter dated the 18th of May; both which are so kind that I am ashamed to tell. He counts for great services, [that in?] which I am conscious to myself that I have hardly done my duty. He promises, not only to me, but to all that will join, such marks of favour as after ages shall see what honour and advantage there is in being loyal. He says in express terms that his favours shall vie with our loyalty. He hath, by the same letters, given full power of council to such councillors here as shall be joined in the King's service; and given us power, with the rest of his friends, to meet in a Convention, by his authority, to counteract the mock Convention at Edinburgh, whom he hath declared traitors, and commanded all his loyal subjects to make war against them; in obedience to which I have called all the Clans. Captain of Clanranald is near us these several days. The Laird of Barra is there with his men. I am persuaded Sir Donald [Macdonald of Sleat] is there by this. Maclean lands in Morven to-morrow certainly. Appin, Glencoe, Locheil, Glengarry, Keppoch, are all ready. Sir Alexander [Maclean of Otter][1] and [Macdonald of] Largie have been here with their men, all this while with me; so that I hope we will go out of Lochaber about *three thousand*. You may judge what we will get in Stratherrick, Badenoch, Athole, Mar, and the Duke of Gordon's lands; besides the loyal shires of Banff, Aberdeen, Mearns, Angus, Perth, and Stirling. I hope we will be masters of the North, as the King's army will be of the South. I had almost forgot to tell you of my Lord Breadalbane, who I suppose now will come to the fields. Dumbeth, with two hundred horse and eight hundred foot, are said to be endeavouring to join us. My Lord Seaforth will be in a few days from Ireland to raise his men for the King's service. Now I have laid the whole business before you, you will easily know what is fit for you to do. All I shall say further is, to repeat and renew the desire of my former letter, and assure you that I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"DUNDEE."

"You will receive the King's letter to you."

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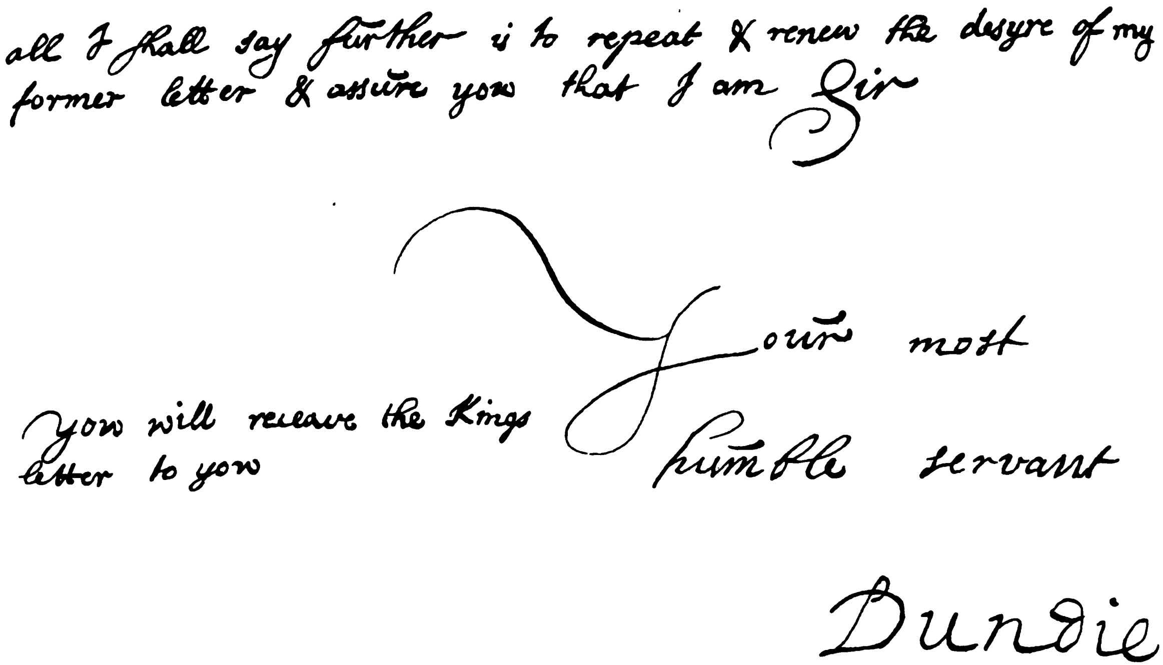
[1] In the *Gramiad* Sir John and Sir Alexander Maclean are described as twin brothers, a poetical license, probably, as the bard was likening them to Castor and Pollux. But in a letter of the period Sir John calls Sir Alexander, "My cousin," which no doubt was the relationship.



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humble servant

Dundie

yow will receave the Kings letter to yow

Dundee to Melfort.

"MOY, IN LOCHABER, *June* 27, 1689.

"MY LORD:—I was not a little surprised to find by yours, that my name has been made use of in carrying on designs against you. Mr Carleton is extremely in the wrong, if he says I gave him any commission to the King, or warrant to say anything to him in my name. Earl Breadalbane sent him to me with a credential, which he desired me to burn as soon as I had read it. I had never seen the man in the face before, nor heard of him. He was not two hours in my company; and when he gave me an account of his pretended business to Ireland, I disliked most of it, as I signified to you by M'Swine.[1] Nor did I give him so much as a line with him that I remember. I leave you to judge if it be probable that I would intrust myself so far to any, in such circumstances, as to employ him in so nice and dangerous a point as that is of accusing so great a man, and so much my friend as you are, to the King. If I had any such design, I would rather have trusted myself to the King, and written frankly to himself. I will assure you, all my endeavours to lay you aside were *only to yourself.* I thought myself bound in duty to the King, and friendship to you, not to dissemble to you the circumstances you stand in with the generality of this country, and many in the neighbouring. Your merit and rising fortune has raised envy. Your favour with the King is crime enough with his enemies, and, I am feared, even with his *ambitious* friends; which I am sure can never be imagined to be one with me, for I can never have any pretensions in your way. Besides, you have contributed to all the considerable steps in my fortune. But I must tell you, besides these generals, there are many pretend to have received disobligations from you; and others, no doubt, with design on your employment; yet the most universal pretext is the great hand you had in carrying on matters of religion, as they say, to the ruin of King and Country. I must tell you I heard a great resentment against you, for advising the giving the bulls for the Bishops, and I am feared they themselves believe it. You know what the Church of England is in England; and both there and here they generally say, that the King himself is not disposed to push matters of religion, or force people to do things they scrupled in conscience; but that you, to gain favour with those of that religion, had proved [pressed?] and prevailed with him, *contrary to his inclination*, to do what he did, which has given his enemies occasion to destroy him and the monarchy.[1] This being, as I assure you it is (however unjust), the general opinion of these nations, I thought, in prudence, for your own sake as well as the King's, you would have thought it best to seem to be out of business for a time, that the King's business might go on the smoother, and all pretext be taken away for rebellion; and this only in case the King find difficulty in his affairs; for I am obliged to tell you, that, *if the people take umbrage as to their religion*, it will be, notwithstanding of all the foreign aid, a long war. But I think you may come over; and when you have seen the state of affairs on the place, and spoke with everybody, you may think what will be best for you to do. You desire me to recommend a proper man to be Secretary. You know it is hard to do. But if you really resolve not to seem to meddle, I would, were I you, advise the King to employ one [whom] to be turned out when things altered, would not much disoblige, or could have no consequence. But I think I have said enough, if not too much, of this.

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[1] Dennis M'Swain is mentioned in the Privy Council Register, 27th January 1687, as "one of the gentlemen of Major-General Graham his troop of horse." He is particularly noticed in the *Gramiad* as being charged with important dispatches to the King in Ireland, by Dundee, who, with a touch of humour, is there made to address him as, "*Nate stirpe Suini, insignis Dionysius.*"

"My Lord, I have given the King, in general, account of things here; but to you I will be more particular. As to *myself*, I have sent you it *at large*. You may by it understand a little of the state of the country.[2] You will see there, when I had a seen advantage I endeavoured to profit on it; but, on the other hand, shunned to *hazard* anything, for fear of a ruffle.[3] For the least of that would have discouraged all. I thought if I could *gain time*, and keep up a figure of a party, without loss, it was my best till we got assistance; which *the enemy* got from England *every day*. I have told the King I had neither *commission*, *money*, nor *ammunition*. My brother-in-law, Auldbar,[4] and *my wife*, found ways to get credit. For *my own*, nobody durst pay to *a traitor*. I was extremely surprised when I saw Mr Drummond, the advocate, in Highland habit, come up to Lochaber to me; and gave account that the Queen had sent £2000 sterling to London, to be paid to me for the King's service; and that two more was a coming. I did not know the Queen had known anything of our affairs. I received a very obliging letter from her, with Mr Crain;[1] but I know no way to make a return. However, *when the money comes*, I shall keep count of it, and employ it right. But I am feared it will be hard to bring it from Edinburgh.

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[1] See before, p. 538.

[2] Neither Dundee's letter to the King himself, nor his information "at large" to the Secretary, has been recovered, which is much to be regretted. As usual, he had been most indefatigable and voluminous in his dispatches to head-quarters, and the neglect of them there, and the consequent ruin of the King's affairs, is without an excuse.

[3] This is precisely what we learn from the *Gramiad*.

[4] Robert Young of Auldbar was married to Dundee's youngest sister.

"When we came first out, I had but fifty pounds of powder. More I could not get. All the great towns and sea-ports were in rebellion, and had seized the powder, and would sell none. But I had one advantage—the Highlanders will not fire above once, and then *take to the broadsword.*

"But *I wonder, above all things, that in three months I never heard from you;* seeing, by Mr Hay, I had so earnestly recommended it to you, and told of this way by Inverlochy as sure. If you could not have sent expresses, we thought you would at least have hastened the dispatch of these we sent. M'Swyne has now been away near two months, and we know not if the coast be clear or not. However, I have adventured to advise Mr Hay to return straight, and not go further in the country. He came not here until the 22d, and they surrendered on the 13th. It was not Mr Hay's fault he was so long of coming; for there has been two English men-of-war, and the Glasgow frigates amongst the islands till of late. For the rest of the letters, I undertook to get them delivered. Most of the persons to whom they are directed are either put under bond, or in prisons, or gone out of the kingdom.[2] The Advocate is gone to England, *a very honest man, firm beyond belief;* and Athole is gone too, *who did not know what to do.*[3] Earl Hume, who is very frank, is taken prisoner to Edinburgh, but will be let out on security. Earl Breadalbane keeps close in a strong house he has, and *pretends the gout.* Earl Errol stays at home. So does Aberdeen. Earl Marischal is at Edinburgh, but does not meddle. Earl Lauderdale *is right*, and at home. The Bishops? I know not where they are! They are now *the Kirk invisible.* I will be forced to open the letter, and send copies attested to them, and keep the original, till I can find out our Primate. The poor ministers are sorely oppressed over all. They generally stand right. Duke Queensberry was present at the Cross, when their new mock King was proclaimed; and, I hear, voted for him, though not for the *throne vacant.* His brother, the Lieutenant-General, some say, is made an Earl. He has come down to Edinburgh, and is gone up again. He is *the old man,* and has *abused* [deceived] *me strangely.* For *he swore to me to make amends.* Tarbat is *a great villain.* Besides what he has done at Edinburgh, he has endeavoured to seduce Locheil by offers of money, which is *under his hand.*[1] He is now gone up to secure his faction (which is melting), the two Dalrymples, and others, against Skelmorly, Polwart, Cardross, Ross, and others, now joined with *that worthy Prince, Duke Hamilton.* Marquis Douglas is now a *great knave,* as well as beast; *as is* Glencairn, Morton, and Eglinton. And even Cassillis is gone astray, *misled by Gibby.*[2] Panmure keeps right, and at home. So does Strathmore, Southesk, and Kinnaird. Old Airlie is at Edinburgh, under caution. So is Balcarres, and Dunmore.[3] Stormont is declared fugitive, for not appearing.[4] All these will break out, and many more, when the King lands, or any from him. Most of the gentry on this side the Forth, and many on the other, will do so too. But they suffer mightily in the meantime, and will be forced to submit *if there be not relief sent very soon.*[5] The Duke of Gordon, they say, wanted nothing for holding out but hopes of relief. Earl of Dunfermline stays constantly with me; and so does Dunkeld, Pitcur, and many other gentlemen; who really deserve well, for *they suffer great hardships.* When the troops land, there must be blank commissions sent for horse and foot for them, and others that will join. There must be a Commission of Justiciary, to judge all but landed men. For there would [should?] be examples made of some that cannot be judged by a Council of War. They take our people, and *hang them up*, by their new Sheriffs, when they find them straggling.[1]

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[1] Crain was the messenger sent by the King to the Convention in Edinburgh, before Dundee quitted it. A private letter from her Majesty, written at that crisis to Dundee, would be a very interesting and valuable production, could it be recovered.

[2] This refers to the royal letters and commands, sent, through Dundee, to the Highland Chiefs, and the leading men in Scotland supposed to be loyal, for the purpose of keeping up an army, and forming a Convention.

[3] The shirking Marquis was afterwards brought back, and sent to prison by Hamilton, at the suggestion of General Mackay, along with Tarbat.

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[1] That is to say, under his hand in letters to Mackay, who wrote it to Locheil, and got no answer. See before, p. 564. Dundee's expressions are not too strong to characterise the ungrateful, dishonest, and mean part played by Tarbat (first Earl of Cromarty) at the commencement of the Revolution. There is no severe expression used by Dundee in this letter, that was not well merited.

[2] Bishop Burnet, for whom Dundee justly entertained great contempt. He married the sister of Earl Cassillis.

[3] Dunmore was in trouble about the Scotch Dragoons. As for poor Balcarres, it is pitiable to read his letter at this time to Secretary Melville :—"I have had," he says, "a surprising letter from the Council. They order me to write to the Viscount of Dundee, and *procure the Laird of Blair's liberty,* or I must go to close prison again. I have *never meddled with Lord Dundee* since ever he went from Edinburgh; nor intends nothing but a private life. So I cannot but think strange why I should be pitched on to relieve prisoners that I never was concerned with. This I hope your Lordship will think so reasonable as to *interest the King for me,* that I be not reckoned with for another man's affair that I have no meddling with, nor intends. I *beg* your Lordship's answer; for if I be put in prison again, *death can be no worse to me.*"—*Leven and Melville Papers,* p. 93. (See before, p. 305.) It is remarkable, that Dundee's letter pleading for troops, Mackay's, pleading for torture, and Balcarres's, pleading for mercy, are all dated on the same day—27th June 1689.

[4] To answer for Dundee's having "forced a dinner from him."—See before, p. 552, *note.*

[5] The minuteness with which Dundee, in the midst of his northern campaign, could inform the King of the dispositions, and present condition, of all the noblemen

"My Lord, I have given my opinion to the King concerning the landing. I would first have a good party sent over to Inverlochy; about five or six thousand, as you have convenience of boats; of which as many horse as conveniently can. About six or eight hundred would do well, but rather more. For, had I had horse, for all that yet appeared I would not have feared them.[2] Inverlochy is safe landing, far from the enemy, and one may choose, from thence, to go to Moray by Inverness, or to Angus by Athole, or to Perth by Glencoe, and all *tolerable ways.* The only ill is, the passage is long by sea, and inconvenient because of the island; but in this season, that is not to be feared. So soon as the boats return, let them ferry over as many more foot as they think fit to the point of Kintyre, which will soon be done; and then the King has all the boats for his own landing. I should march towards Kintyre, and meet, at the neck of Tarbet, the foot, and so march to raise the country, and then towards the passes of Forth to meet the King, where I doubt not but we would be numerous.

"I have done all I can to make them believe the King will land altogether in the West, on purpose to draw their troops from the North, that we may the easier raise the country, if the landing be here. I have said so, and written it to everybody; and particularly, I sent some proclamations to my Lady Errol, and wrote to her to that purpose, which was intercepted and carried to Edinburgh, and *my Lady taken prisoner.* I believe it has taken the effect I designed; for the forces are marched out of Kintyre; and, I am just now informed, Major-General Mackay is gone from Inverness by Moray, towards Edinburgh. I know not what troops he has taken with him as yet; but it is thought

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in Scotland, is wonderful, and argues great capacities for his Herculean and isolated undertaking.

[1] Gordon of Edinglassie, recently made Sheriff of Banff, had caught some of the stragglers of Dundee's army, and hung them on the trees in the park. It is to be hoped they were *Keppoch's* men. No threat here of *reprisals.*

[2] He would then have followed Mackay across the Bogie, and driven him to the sea.

he will take the horse and dragoons (except a few), and most of the standing forces; which, if he do, it will be *a rare occasion for landing here*, and for raising the country. Then, when they hear of that, they will draw this way, which will again favour the King's landing. Some think Ely a convenient place for landing, because you have choice of what side, and the enemy cannot be on both. Others think the nearer Galloway the better, because the rebels will have far to march before they can trouble you. Others think Kirkcudbright or thereabouts, because of that sea for ships, and that it is near England. Nobody expects any landing here now, because it is thought you will alter the design, it having been discovered. And to friends, and all, I give out I do not expect any.

"So I am extremely of opinion this would be an extreme proper place, unless you be so strong that you *need not care* where to land. The truth is, *I do not admire their mettle.* The landing of troops will confound them terribly. I had almost forgot to tell you that the Prince of Orange, as they say, has written to his Scotch Council, telling them he will not have his troops any more harassed following me through the hills, but orders them to draw to the *West*, where, he says, a great army is to land; and, at the same time, gives them accounts that eight sail of men-of-war is coming from Brest, with fifteen thousand men on board. He knows not whether they are designed for England or Ireland. I beg you will send an express before, whatever you do, that I may know how to take my measures; and if the express that comes knows nothing, I am sure it shall not be discovered for me. I have told Mr Hay nothing of this proposal, nor *no man.* If there come any party this way, I beg you send us ammunition, and three or four thousand arms of different sorts,—*some horse, some foot.*

"I have just now received a confirmation of Mackay's going South, and that he takes with him all the horse and dragoons, and all the standing foot. By which I conclude, certainly, they are preparing against the landing in the *West.* I entreat to hear from you as soon as possible; and am, in the *old manner*, most sincerely, *for all Carleton can say*, my Lord, your most humble and faithful servant,

"DUNDEE."[1]

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[1] It may safely be said, that there was not another Statesman, or military man in Scotland of the time, that could have formed such a plan, for the success of the King, or written him such information. These letters alone would suffice to justify the *Gramiad.* The great capacities of Dundee, and the superiority of his nature, shine forth in every page of them. The brutal character of him, palmed upon English history by Lord Macaulay, is an *impossibility.*

"*June 28th*, 1689.

"My Lord:—After Mr Hay was dispatched, I was informed that Auchterraw, and Major Farquharson were landed; so sent and stopt Mr Hay, and came down here to know what news they brought. I am very glad to hear by your Lordship's, that the King's affairs prosper so well,[1] and that *Derry* will be soon ours. But I hear it was not, on Monday last. I know not what the matter is, but I think Mackay's going South, and the troops drawing back from Kintyre towards Edinburgh, would import some alarm they have got. I have so often written over all that Derry was ours, that now, say what I like, they hardly believe; and when I talk of *relief out of Ireland*, they *laugh at it;* though I believe ere long they will find it correct, and then our enemy's confusion will be great. As to the places of landing, I am still of the same mind. For the number, I must leave [that] to the conveniency you have. The only inconveniency of the delay is, that the honest suffer extremely in the low country in the time, and I dare not go down for want of horse; and, in part, *for fear of plundering all*, and so making enemies, *having no pay*. I *wonder* you send no ammunition, were it but four or five barrels. For we have not *twenty pounds*.

"As to yourself, I have told you freely my opinions, and am still of the same mind. You desire I may tell you your faults. *I use to see none in my friends;* and for to tell you what *others* find, when I do not believe them, were to lose time. But I must tell you, many of those who complained of you, have carried *themselves* so, that what they say deserves not much to be noticed. However, they have poisoned the generality with prejudice against you, and England will, I am afraid, be uneasier to you than Scotland. It is the unjustest thing in the world, that not being popular must be an argument to be laid aside by the King. I do really think it were hard *for the King* to do it; but *glorious for you*,—if once you be convinced that the necessity of the King's affairs requires it,—to *do it of yourself*, and *beg it of him*. But this only, as I said in my last, in case of great difficulties, and in the way I advised, which I think the King will not refuse you; I mean as to filling up of the place; for the King may have enemies, some by your continuing; but he may put in one who may ruin all; which, I am sure, if he gave it to some that pretends, would, I am afraid, certainly fall out. I wonder you could have the least thought that I would concert with anybody against you, having parted so good friends. I spoke not to Dunmore since he came from London. I mind not I spoke of you to Breadalbane. I remember, when I was endeavouring to make friends for the King, in the country and in the Convention, *many* did tell me, that *there would be no living if you returned*;[1] so, when no arguments for you could prevail, I have, *may be*, to smooth them, said, that if all were well, you would be prevailed with not to meddle any more. I would have written letters of encouragement to all the King has written to, *from yourself*, and assured them of your friendship, and satisfied them of your real designs of living, and let live, *every one in their own way in matters of religion*; which would mightily allay, I think, as to Scotland. And let them see you do favours to *Cavaliers* and to *Protestants*, for some steps that may be you was *forced* to make, in favours of those ungrate beasts, the Presbyterians.[2] You gave unhappy umbrage to *both the other*. But *they* were fools; for never will they get one whose family, education, and inclintion, is *so Cavalier*. They long at the King's restoration, to have a *Lauderdale* to destroy [a] *Middleton*, and poor suffering Cavaliers. *Let not this be their plague.* I am sure you shall be sure of all my endeavours to bring the minds of people to *reason*. If you will allow, I will say, that, though you come to see the King once landed, you design not to stay; unless you think that you may *unbolden* your enemies. I give my humble service to my Lady; and am, my Lord, your most humble and faithful servant,

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[1] Dundee was continually deceived by Melfort, besides being left without aid.

"DUNDEE."[3]

The worried and crestfallen Scoto-Dutch General arrived in Edinburgh before the middle of July, leaving Sir Thomas Livingstone in command of the troops at Inverness, along with their constant adherent, Lord Strathnaver, the eldest son of the Earl of Sutherland. A most extraordinary missive, concocted between these two at Inverness, now reached the Viscount, in which Strathnaver proved himself a very weak brother, and Sir Thomas "wrote himself down an ass."

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[1] This was plain speaking. See before, p. 473–4.

[2] By these Dundee means, the *Covenanting* Presbyterians; a sect who at that time rendered the policy of "living and letting live every one in their own way, in matters of religion," nothing less than impossible.

[3] This admirable dispatch, written in the wilds of Lochaber, comprehending an essay on the state of the times, was found among the Nairne Papers, and published in Macpherson's collection. The letter to Macleod, still in possesion of the family, was printed by Mr Smythe.

Lord Strathnaver to Dundee.

"MY LORD: The concern that many, equally interested in us both, has for your Lordship, abstracting from that respect which your own merit made me have, cannot but occasion regret in me, to see that the courses you take tend inevitably to the ruin of you and yours, if persisted in. I cannot, therefore, but wish you would follow the Duke of Gordon's example, and I am persuaded it will be found the best course. Neither shall your friends, who at this time dare not well meddle, be wanting to show their affection to you, and interest in the standing of your family. And I hope you will do me the justice to believe that none wishes it better, or will more effectually lay himself out in it, than, my Lord," &c.

"STRATHNAVER."

"INVERNESS, 3*d July* 1689.—*The contents of this letter were written by my Lord Strathnaver, upon my desire, and by my orders.*

"T. LIVINGSTON."

Lord Strathnaver was married to Helen Cochrane, the elder sister of the Viscountess of Dundee. But as he had been keenly supporting Mackay throughout all this campaign, and was of hopeless disloyalty, Dundee had not applied for, or received any royal letter to be transmitted to him; nor was he one of those wavering noblemen whom he took in hand at this time to endeavour to reclaim. The above miserable attempt to alarm, and dispose of himself, couched, too, in a form so very ridiculous, must have amused him not a little. Whether Dundee's noble friend was simply *victimised* in this missive, whether the Colonel of the Scotch dragoons, commanding at Inverness, ought to be regarded as the real correspondent, is not very evident, and of little importance. Dundee, with his usual dignity and tact, chose to assume that this letter of *advice*, and promise of *patronage and protection*, emanated entirely from the diplomatic genius of Strathnaver, whom he would not suffer to escape from the sole responsibility of its weakness and absurdity. Ignoring entirely, with supreme contempt, the insolent and ridiculous postscript, as well as the writer of it, (the *Glencoe* General), he thus replied, with the most perfect temper, and kindly but sarcastic courtesy, to his own brother-in-law:—

Dundee to Lord Strathnaver.

"Struan, 15*th July* 1689.

"My Lord:—Your Lordship's, dated the 3d, I received the 13th, and would have returned an answer before now, had I not been called suddenly to Inverlochy, to give orders anent the forces, arms, and ammunition sent from Ireland. My Lord, I am extremely sensible of the obligation I have to you, for offering your endeavours for me, and giving me advice, in the desperate estate you thought our affairs were in. I am persuaded it flows from your sincere goodness, and concern for me and mine; and, in return, I assure your Lordship I have had no less concern for you, and was thinking of making the like address to you, but delayed till things should appear more clear to you. I am sorry your Lordship should be so far abused, as to think there is any shadow of appearance of stability in this new structure of Government these men have framed to themselves. They made you, I doubt not, believe that Derry was relieved three weeks ago. By printed accounts,—and I can assure you,—it never was relieved, and now is taken.[1] They told you, the English fleet, and Dutch, were masters of the sea. I know for certain the French is, and in the Channel, in testimony whereof they have defeated our Scots fleet. For, as they came alongst, they fell on the two frigates, killed the captains, and seized the ships, and brought the men prisoners to Mull. They tell you Schomberg is going to Ireland to carry the war thither. I assure you the King has landed a considerable body of forces there, and will land himself amongst our friends in the West (whom I am sorry for) very soon. So, my Lord, having given you a clear and true prospect of affairs, which, I am afraid, among your folks you are not used with, I leave you to judge, if I or you, your family or mine, be in most danger. However, I acknowledge frankly I am no less obliged to your Lordship, seeing you made an offer of your assistance in a time when you thought I needed it. Wherein I can serve your Lordship or family, at any time you think convenient, you may freely employ me: For,—as far as my duty will allow me in the circumstances we stand,—I will study your weil, as becomes, my Lord, your most humble servant,

"Dundee."[2]

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[1] Dundee was continually misled on the subject of the taking of Londonderry; a matter of great moment to him, who was so anxiously waiting for support from Ireland. There had been an offer of capitulation by the citizens on the 11th of July.

[2] This letter, and *a copy* of the letter and postscript which occasioned it, were found by Lord Hailes among the Sutherland Papers, who communicated them to his friend Sir John Dalrymple, then compiling his Memoirs of Great Britain. Sir John

It were strange, if, at the very time the Viscount of Dundee was thus displaying, with his pen, the bearing of a Bayard, and the breeding of a Chesterfield, he was also using it, to the President of the Privy Council, with the brutality of a Bradshaw, and the coarseness of a Swift. It was not in his nature to take the life of a prisoner of war by way of reprisal; and what he would not do at all, he would not threaten in the language of a butcher. He detained them, just as Montrose did, for the exchange of prisoners. But he would not have perpetrated that threat, even to save his old friend the Earl of Balcarres, who now suffered himself to be utterly crushed by Hamilton. He actually submitted to the indignity of begging from Dundee the liberation of Blair, to save himself from being sent to prison. The fact is revealed in a letter from his Countess, intreating Lord Melville to move King William in their favour,—a letter which affords no corroboration of the Creighton anecdote:—

> "This last week the Council sent to my Lord to desire him to write to Lord Dundee, to *let the laird of Blair go*. And, if he granted it, they said they would give my Lord his liberty. But his answer was, that he had not *stated himself* of my Lord Dundee's party; and, though he was his first wife's cousin, it was not fit for him to desire any such favour from him: And, though some of *themselves* thought it not reasonable his writing to Lord Dundee, yet it was still desired by them; otherwise they told him that he should again be made close prisoner. So, at their desire, my Lord writ to Lord Dundee a civil letter, and intreated he might let the laird of Blair go, and he would take it as a favour done to him; and upon Blair's liberation, he told him, he would

printed the letters in his Appendix, but with the important omission of the *postscript* by Sir Thomas Livingstone, than which no lady's postscript was ever more essential to the letter. This struck Lord Hailes, who, in his subsequent "Remarks on the History of Scotland," after referring to the communication, says,—"*Either Sir John or I* overlooked the *only material circumstance.* It is contained in a *certificate* written by Sir Thomas Livingston, Commander-in-Chief of King William's forces in the north of Scotland." He then gives the postscript in question; and adds, that the *original copy* was thus docqueted besides: "This is the double of a letter to the Viscount of Dundee, written by my desire, the 3d of July 1689: T. Livingston."

Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs have misled Mr Robert Chambers, and other popular historians (who had not consulted Hailes), to print Lord Strathnaver's letter without any such qualification, whereby the impression it creates is quite erroneous.

be at liberty, which would be advantageous to his health, because he would have the freedom to go to the baths to recover it. But they appeared not to be pleased that my Lord should name the Council desired it. So, at their desire, he writ another, and said nothing of the Council, but intreated he would let Blair go. But it appears they were not satisfied with that neither. Then my Lord desired that they might *dictate to him the letter*, and he would subscribe it. But this did not please. At last the Council sent, and ordered him to be close prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh," &c.[1]

The poor Countess proceeds in the most pitiable strain, to plead for the liberation of her husband, who is like to die,—"or at least that he may have the liberty of the castle, and I the satisfaction of staying with him, and his friends to visit him." Dundee was spared the distress of such an application from his old associate, to whom, as Hamilton knew, he was much attached. They had been inseparable friends, personally and politically, ever since Dundee's career commenced. Balcarres was Captain of the fifth troop of Dundee's horse. They had sat together on the same bench as royal Commissioners of Justiciary for the shire of Fife. They generally travelled to Court in company. It was Balcarres who installed his distinguished friend as Constable of Dundee. But, more than all, when their heart-broken Sovereign was about to depart,—"none attended him but Earl Colin and Dundee." They pledged their faith to him together. "You, Lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs, and you, Lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland." And how bitter must have been the pang to him,—of whom alone, of all the prominent statesmen of his time and country, it can be strictly said, that he never wavered in his faith, or broke his word,—when his greatest friend turned from him, to tremble and succumb with that poor creature Athole, while

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[1] *Leven and Melville Papers.* Lord Lindsay does not give this letter in his "Lives of the Lindsays," or allude to the very strange historical fact it reveals. The writer of it is Margaret, daughter of the 2d Earl of Loudon, and the *fourth* wife of Balcarres. His *second* wife was Dundee's first cousin, being the daughter of Lord Northesk, the brother of Dundee's mother. It is remarkable that Countess Margaret should have called her the Earl's *first* wife. She was *Mauritia de Nassau de Beverwaert.*

Dundee "rode straight away," to fulfil his promise. But what must have been the answer of the high-minded Viscount, had his former friend, obeying the insolent dictates of the unprincipled Hamilton, urged him to let Blair go free, that he, Balcarres, might live in peace? Could he have replied otherwise than as he wrote to Melfort,—"Earl of Dunfermline *stays constantly with me*; and so does Pitcur, and many other gentlemen, who really deserve well, for they suffer great hardships." The petition of the Countess was unheeded by King William; and Balcarres, an ancient peer of the realm, and innocent as a child, was returned to close and solitary confinement, because he could not word a dishonourable letter to Dundee, so as to please the Duke of Hamilton. He might bethink him of the glorious freedom Dundee had ever preserved, by the clearness of his mind, and the bravery of his spirit. Had the heart of the Lindsay sunk so low that it did not now yearn to be with his old troop,—with the Standard and Dundee? Did it not tell him that the Graham would never be a prisoner—never the slave of Hamilton? That if he lived not to crown his friend's shame by releasing him as a victor, he would die on the battle-field? Three woeful weeks of such solitary reflections Balcarres had now to endure ere the crash came. There is a family tradition of him that may serve to illustrate the state of his mind, before the battle of Killiecrankie, without the necessity of referring it to the supernatural. On Sunday the 28th of July 1689, ere the first news of Mackay's defeat arrived, and just as day broke, a silent figure stood by the feverish couch of Earl Colin. Mournfully and stedfastly it gazed upon him as he lay. It then moved to the mantel-piece, where it seemed to recline, but gazing stedfastly on him still. Could he doubt for a moment to whom that figure and that face belonged? It was he who, when last he saw him,—"rode straight away!" In mortal agony the solitary prisoner called to his friend. But, in mournful silence, as it had entered, the figure quitted the cell of the writhing Balcarres.[1]

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[1] This ghost story is furnished by Charles K. Sharpe, in his Preface to "Law's Memorials." See also the "Lives of the Lindsays."

At this time, Dundee's two deadly enemies, Duke Hamilton and Sir John Dalrymple, now Lord Advocate, carried all before them in the government of Scotland. Yet that government was a rope of sand, and Parliament a perfect bear-garden. Upon one occasion, the Commissioner had to use all his influence, and even adjourn the House, to prevent a vote that would have sent the Lord Advocate to his old quarters in the castle. The facility of obtaining from King William his sanction to employ torture, in support of the vilest tyranny, repressed disgust by inspiring terror. The complacency with which these two *patriots*, when in power, refer to that inhuman exercise of it is very instructive. On the 9th of July, Hamilton, in a letter to Lord Melville, referring to the anonymous paper of names of plotters, dropt at midnight in the street, says,—"We have been, ever since the search, busy at Council in the examination of this matter, and has the Parliament's allowance *to use torture.*" And Sir John Dalrymple, in a letter of the same date to Melville, referring also to the loyal dragoons, writes,—"The Parliament did approve the Commissioner's procedure, and authorised the Council to proceed, in both these cases, *to torture.* We sat two hours before an act could be adjusted on *this plain matter.*" They could not reach Dundee, either to hang or torture him. But the worthy whose ears he once threatened to box before the Lords of Council, still combined with Hamilton to effect his *assassination.* On the 24th of July, the future minister of Glencoe announces to head-quarters, with infinite satisfaction,—"We have, by proclamation, put £20,000 *Sterling* on *Dundee's head;* which may probably *catch him*, who must be in the *power of the Clans.*"

Upon the 12th of July, General Mackay arrived in Edinburgh, and was ushered into the presence of "that worthy Prince, Duke Hamilton," at Holyrood House. Judging from the confused Memoirs he left in manuscript, this "mislucked" commander (to use a phrase of his own), at least possessed the art of mystification. He had this to say for himself, in reference to his recent adventure, that the fugitive Viscount had not caught *him.* He was great on the subject of building a fort at Inverlochy, but his difficulty was to get there. Dundee would not let him. He was loud in his clamours against

Athole and Tarbat. The first, he said, had been secretly instrumental in making the Braes too hot to hold him, by conniving at the loyalty of his ancient Bailie, Patrick Stewart of Ballechin. The other had fooled him with a money scheme to bribe the Highland Chiefs out of their honour, which had only brought insult upon himself, and given such terrible umbrage to the Lords of the petticoat, that they had kicked him all down the Spey, and across the Bogie, and then told him to go home. He declared that the Blair of Athole must be made safe and patent to him, or he could not touch Dundee. And, in reference to this essential circumstance, he desired a conference with Lord Murray, in the presence of his father-in-law. This was John Lord Murray,[1] Athole's eldest son, married to the Duke's daughter, Lady Catherine, a covenanting Presbyterian. At this interview an extraordinary compromise was effected. Lord Murray, on bad terms with his father (who was on good terms with nobody), was scarcely on better with the loyal men of Athole, who had contributed so greatly to the victories of Montrose. That they would not follow him against King James he at once admitted; and further, that if he offered to join Dundee, they would be with him to a man. All he could undertake was to *mystify* them as to his own dispositions, and so paralyse their loyalty for a season. Mackay, who more than half suspected Murray, closed with this offer. 'Keep the Athole men,' he said, 'from joining Dundee, and that is all I ask, or can expect, from your father's son.' Thus strangely commissioned, the future Tullibardine started for the Blair, towards the middle of July, Mackay still lingering in Edinburgh, and routing for meal.

Dundee, wide awake as ever, was up to Mackay's last tactic as soon as conceived. He established his quarters at Struan, the stronghold of the loyal Robertson, situated on the opposite side of the Garry from Athole's castle. His object in doing so was to back Ballechin, watch the Blair, and keep hold of Badenoch. The importance of the castle of Athole, as the key to the North, was taught by Montrose, whose head-quarters were always there, from whence his victories radiated like the Aurora. If the Murray chief was false, Ballechin, a Stewart of the old Athole breed, and who had been Bailie thereof for twenty years, was true as steel. But Dundee did not throw himself into the castle. It was Athole's house, and it had been announced to the men of Athole that their young chief was coming to rendezvous them there. Dundee knew perfectly how the land lay; but would assume nothing against Lord Murray. Keeping his communication with Badenoch and Lochaber well open, and Lochiel, Glengarry, and Duart on the alert for another great congregation of the Gael at a moment's warning, he wrote Murray a letter, from his neighbouring quarters at Struan, which for its reasoning powers, openness, manly dealing, and persuasive courtesy, will scarcely find its like in any political letter of the day.

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[1] Whom, by the way, Mr Burton, in his History, repeatedly calls Lord *James* Murray, being infected with the Macaulay malady of not marking the difference between James and John. Ballechin he calls *Ballochin*, in which he is outdone by Macaulay, who dubs him *Ballenach*.

Dundee to Lord Murray.

"STRUAN, *July* 19, 1689.

"MY LORD:—I was very glad to hear that you had appointed a *rendezvous* of the Athole men at Blair. Knowing, *as I do from your Lordship's own mouth*, your principles, and considering your education, and the *loyalty of your people*, I am persuaded your appearance is in obedience to his Majesty's commands by the letter I sent you; which is the reason why I give you the trouble of this line, desiring that we may meet, and concert what is fittest to be done for the good of our country, and service of our lawful King.

"I doubt not your Lordship knows that it hath pleased his Majesty to give me the command of his forces in this nation till his arrival; and he is forced to put in my hands many other trusts, for want of other persons; many of his loyal servants being imprisoned, or fled, or out of the way, so as he cannot know their inclinations. Your Lordship is happy that is *at liberty*, and on the head of so considerable a body of loyal men. By declaring openly for the liberty of your country, and the lawful right of your undoubted Sovereign, you may acquire to yourself and family great honours and rewards;[1] and the everlasting blessing of Almighty God, which is above all. You are wiser than to think, though *you* were of *other principles*, that the Athole men can be, contrary to their inclination, ever induced to fight against their King; no more than Duke Hamilton, *were he never so loyal*, could think to make his *Streven* and *Lesmahago* men be for the King, notwithstanding all the power and interest he has in that country. I see nothing can hinder, or scare any person from serving the King on this occasion, unless it be that they think that the people has right to dethrone the King, and set up another, which I am sure a man of your sense can never be so far fooled as to believe. To satisfy the people as to their *consciences*, has he not given his royal promise, in his declaration, that he will secure the *Protestant* religion *as by law established*, and put them in possession of all their privileges they have at any time enjoyed since the Restoration of King Charles the Second? which should satisfy the *Episcopal* and *Cavalier* party. He promises to all other dissenters *liberty of conscience*, which ought to please the *Presbyterians*. And, in general, he says he will secure our religion in Parliament, *to the satisfaction of his people.* This he has, in reiterated letters under his hand and seal, *assured me of;* and given me warrant in his name, to signify so much to all his loving subjects. The Earl of Melfort has written to me, fully signifying *his* real intentions to that purpose; which, may be, you will have more to do to believe. But, I will assure you, it is true. His Majesty, in his declaration, and *letters to me*, as to our *liberties and properties*, says no less. I am persuaded everything will be done to the content of all reasonable men in the next Parliament, which will be so soon as the King in safety can hold it. Much of this was offered by *Brady's* letter,[1] but kept up by those who desired not that the people should be satisfied, but *were resolved to dethrone their King at any rate.* I pray God forgive them.

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[1] This, as Dundee well knew, was the argument most likely to prevail with the heir of Athole, in whose whole conduct there was not even the pretext of public principle.

"My Lord, if there be anything more that you think needful the King should grant to satisfy his people, I beg you may let me know of it. For he wants *advice* and *information*, as yet, of things, and tempers of men here. The indemnity the King promises by his proclamation, seems very gracious, and of great extent. Nobody is excepted, except such as are come from Holland, who are supposed to be chiefly concerned in this usurpation, and those who voted to *dethrone the King, and get up some other in his place.* For my own part, knowing the prosperous condition the King's affairs were in, I would wonder he is so condescending, considering the great provocations he has got, but that he cannot alter the *clement temper* that has ever been found in the family, and has eminently appeared in his person.[1] Though I have no warrant to say anything further that he will do that way, in particular, yet, in the general, I am desired *to get advice to him* from his friends here, to whom the circumstances of persons are better known than to them who are beyond sea, *how to draw an indemnity*, such as may be exact, and satisfying to all honest men as to the exceptions. This is not done for want of the opinion of your Lordship and others of your quality and capacity. I now desire it of you *in the King's name*, and assure you that your proposals, either in the general for the good of the nation, or in favour of any particular person, shall be seconded by me with all the little interest I have. For, knowing you so well, I need not fear you will offer anything unreasonable. Now is the time these things ought to be treated. For, if once the King enter on the head of a royal and already victorious army, and insurrections appear on all hands, and invasions on every side, there will be no more place for treating, but *for fighting.* I know there are many persons of quality, and particularly my Lord Marquis of Athole, who is apprehensive of my Lord Melfort's ministry; and for their satisfaction in that point—though he has solemnly declared he will never remember past quarrels, but enter on a new score, and live well with all the world —I have represented to him how much he has the misfortune to be misliked; and, for that reason, what hurt his being at the helm may do to the King's affairs.[2] He assures me the King will not part with him; but, however, he is resolved to leave him against his will, if he see that his presence is any way prejudicial; and that with joy, he says, in good earnest, he would resign his office of Secretary for Scotland to any honest man; and bids me give him advice; and this by three different letters; and *I know* that all I have written to him on that head *was seen by the King himself.* I am sure it will be brought about. I know these things, some months ago, would have satisfied all that is good for anything in this nation. My Lord, consider if it be better to hearken to these things in time, which is all we can ask, than let the King enter *the conquest*, which, in all human probability, he will assuredly do. As I write now to your Lordship, *so I have done to all others I can reach with letters.* I am sure, whatever evil befal the country, *the King is innocent*, and *I have done my duty.*[1]

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[1] See before, p. 258. The royal letter which Brady carried, and which Hamilton intercepted along with Dundee's commission and other papers, was in possession of Miss Young of Auldbar at the time Mr George Smythe printed it in his contribution of Dundee's Letters to the Bannatyne Club, (p. 35). It contains this sentence, confirming Dundee's statement in the above letter to Lord Murray :—"What may be fit for you to know more, the bearer will inform you ; only we think fit to add, that, as it was *ever our intention* to maintain the *national Protestant religion*, so now we will *confirm it to our subjects*, and their *property and liberty ;* which, let them fancy to themselves what they will, can never be assured to them by any other means."

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[1] Dundee knew King James's dispositions, and nature, a little better than Lord Macaulay did.

[2] See before, Dundee's letter to Melfort.

"I need tell you no news. You know all better than I do, *who dwell in deserts.* Yet I can tell you, that the French fleet consists of eighty capital ships, and is at sea with ten fire ships and four hundred tenders; that the Dutch, who designed against them, are beat back with loss; that the English dare not appear; that the French have fifteen thousand of the old troops aboard, to land in Ireland, or Britain; that there are three thousand more campt at Dunkirk, waiting for our King's service; that the King is now master of all Ireland, and has an army of six thousand men in good order ready to transport; that Schomberg knows not where to go for defence of England, and is not thinking of Ireland for all has been said. In a letter, *all written in the King's own hand*, I know we are to be immediately relieved. The Parliaments of England and Scotland are by the ears, and both nations in a flame. *Use the time.* I am, my Lord, your most humble servant,

"DUNDEE."

"From France we are assured, by good hands, that now is the time the King's friends will declare openly, and their fleet is out."

Lord Murray sent this letter to Secretary Melville, and made no sign to Dundee. The latter, not to be trifled with, and invested by his Sovereign with the necessary discretion, immediately commissioned Ballechin with the command of Athole, and ordered him, in the King's name, to take possesion of the castle and keep it even against Lord Murray himself.[2] After which he again wrote him as follows:—

"MY LORD:—Since the writing my last, I hear Ballechin has obeyed the order I gave to possess that castle of Blair for the King.

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[1] On the *eighth day* after the date of this letter, Dundee fell at Killiecrankie. He had indeed done his duty; from the first moment of his career to the last; and that, throughout, fully more with the pen than with the sword—as a statesman than as a warrior.

[2] The commission to Ballechin from "John Viscount of Dundee, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces in the kingdom of Scotland," was printed by Mr George Smythe in his contribution to the Bannatyne Club, and bears to be "Given at our quarters at Struan, July the twenty-one, 1689. DUNDIE."

I hope, since it was in obedience to the King's authority, you will not blame him. Your Lordship will see, that it has pleased God to put me in that condition, that your Lordship, or any declares for the King, *will not need to fear*. So, for God's cause, *do now what you ought*."

This note shared the fate of the former letter. With imperturbable temper, and invincible courtesy, Dundee again addressed him:—

"*July* 23, 1689.

"My Lord:— Though there be nobody in the nation so much in my debt as your Lordship—having written twice to you without any return—yet, being concerned that you should have no ground for offence that might in the least alienate your inclinations from the King's service, or discourage you from joining with us his faithful servants, I have thought fit to venture this line more to you, to let you know it was no distrust of your Lordship made me take possession of the Castle of Blair; but that I heard the rebels designed to require you to give it up to them, which would have forced you to declare before the time I thought you designed. I thought it would oblige you, to save you from that *latche* of either delivering up, or declaring. And, for Ballechin, knowing him to be very loyal, I forced him to it, by requiring him in the King's name to do it. If, after all I have said in my former letters, and this, I get no return, my Lord, I must acknowledge I will be very sorry, *for your sake;* for I am very sincerely, my Lord, your most humble servant,

"Dundee."

"My Lord, upon my word of honour, I can assure you Derry was taken this day eight days; they got their lives. There are twenty French frigates at Carrickfergus, and two thousand men to transport from them; three sail are at Dublin, the rest comes from thence; the great fleet is at sea. I have assurance of all the North. The great army is from Dublin. I believe this week the West will see strangers."

At this time Lord Murray had assembled about 1200 Athole men, and being refused admittance into his own Castle, sat down as if to blockade it, his loyal followers, however, anxiously expecting him to declare for King James. His disregard of Dundee's letters could not be known to them, and so the

Viscount took measures to inform them. Allowing one day to intervene from the date of his last, he wrote once more:—

"*July* 25, 1689.

"MY LORD:—I have written often to your Lordship, and not only desired you to declare for the King, but endeavoured by reasons to convince you that now is the proper time, which the state of affairs may easily show you; to all which I have never had any return from you, by word nor writ; though I can tell you, there is none of the nation has used me so; and *I have tried all*, that have not already joined Major-General Mackay, on this side Tay, who have any command of men. Yet, that I may leave nothing untried that may free me from blame of what may fall out, I have sent *these gentlemen* to wait on your Lordship, and receive your positive answer. For you know, my Lord, what it is to be in arms without the King's authority. You may have the honour of the whole turn of the King's affairs; for, I assure you, in all human probability, turn it will. There is nobody that is more a well-wisher of your father, and family, nor desires more to continue, as I am, my Lord, your most humble servant,

"DUNDEE."

The gentlemen charged with this missive, and to see Lord Murray in person, were two of Dundee's favourite cavaliers, Captain Gilbert Ramsay (who fell with him two days afterwards) and William Graham, the Major of Dundee's own regiment of horse. Lord Murray refused to see them. The men of Athole were thus undeceived, and would abide with their degenerate Murray chief no longer. Dundee, when his gallant friends reported their failure, laid down his diplomatic pen for ever, and took up his good sword for the last time.

Whether Lord Murray really intended to cheat Mackay, and play into the hands of Dundee, or whether the fact that he virtually did so was merely the mismanagement of a mean nature, is more than Mackay himself could ever make out, and is not worth the inquiry. When he found the gates of Blair shut against him, he reported the fact to King William's General, who was still in Edinburgh, and called lustily for aid. On the 18th of July, Hamilton writes to Melville—"We have not yet heard of Dundee's motions since he has that assistance from Ireland my last told you of.[1] Argyle is gone to that shire with about three thousand men, to observe his motions on that hand. Major-General Mackay goes next week to Athole, with about five thousand men, to look after him that way. So, very quickly, it's like your Lordship will *hear of action.*" But Mackay had not got his meal, and was slow to go. "This success from Ireland," writes Sir John Dalrymple, on the 20th, "is of no importance. *Our preparations are so long*, I fear the Clans shall, partly of inclination, and partly of force, have joined Dundee. But *I cannot think they can stand Mackay's men.*" Lord Melville and his master were not so easy. "I am very, glad," writes the Secretary to Hamilton, "you think the hazard is not great from the Viscount of Dundee, and the Irish; though I be very troubled with what you write, and [I] hear from others, in relation to other things." And again, on the 19th of July—"We long much for news from you; I pray God they may be good."

At the same time that Dundee was corresponding so anxiously with Lord Murray, he was hastily congregating the Claymores, and had named the 29th of July for another grand rendezvous, to be held this time at the Blair, whose castle he was determined to keep. To prevent this was no less the object of Mackay; but the Scoto-Dutchman was only active when running away. Dating from Edinburgh on the 23d of July, he writes to Lord Melville—"I am just now going for Stirling, and from thence to St Johnston (Perth), in order to March against Dundee and the Highlanders. It seems *they will have a last pull for it*," &c. He dates from Stirling on the 24th, complaining of the difficulty of his own task under a divided government, and that both the Earl of Annandale, and Lord Ross, who held high commissions in his army, positively refused "to go with me to the fields." Not until the evening of the 24th was he in Perth. There an anxious letter from Lord Murray was shown to him, intimating that if he were not immediately supported, he could not remain even on the outside of his own door, for the Athole men were going off, and Clavers was coming. Nevertheless Mackay remained in Perth during the whole of the 25th. On Friday the 26th he marched to Dunkeld. On the same day, if not sooner, Dundee established his head-quarters in the Castle of the Blair, and was ready for him. "On Friday last," (26th), writes Hamilton to Melville, "Major-General Mackay marched from Perth, with about four thousand foot, four troops of horse and dragoons, and was at Dunkeld that night, where he received intelligence that Dundee was come to Blair in Athole." This intelligence was conveyed to Mackay in a letter from Lord Murray, which at the same time informed him, that Murray himself had forthwith bolted, very wisely placing the Pass of Killiecrankie between him and the dangerous Viscount, whose military representatives he had rudely repulsed only the day before. He seemed to pique himself, however, upon having left a guard of eighty "countrymen and volunteers" at the far end of the Pass, to keep that dark funnel free for whatever Mackay could pour through it. The General was now just eleven miles distant from the south end of the Pass, to which he marched in the morning, reaching it at 10 A.M. On this safe side, he met Lord Murray. 'Where are your twelve hundred Athole men?' 'Gone to the hills to look after their cattle, for fear of a collision between you and Dundee.' 'Have they all gone?' 'Some two or three hundred stay by me yet; but I have stationed a guard at the other end of the Pass to keep it clear for you.' 'Umph, we have come to a pretty pass; but let us breakfast, rest for two hours, and then—the sword of the Lord and Gideon.' But Lord Murray had not told the truth. His unceremonious dismissal of Dundee's officers on the 25th, brought on a scene with his followers, which Lord Balcarres thus describes:—

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[1] See before (p. 608), Dundee's letter to Lord Strathnaver, in which he mentions, that, prior to the 15th of July, he had gone from Struan to Inverlochy "to give orders anent forces, arms, and ammunition sent from Ireland." Dundee was putting the best face on it. But it was a bitter disappointment to find the mere mockery of aid from the King, in the shape of three hundred half starved Irish, under Colonel Cannon, an imbecile, who contrived to lose all the stores and provisions, along with the ships that brought them. This miserable contingent did more harm to the cause than good.

"The men Lord Murray had raised were of another temper, and began to suspect, upon his refusing to see these gentlemen, that his

> designs were not for your Majesty's service. So all, with one voice, desired to know his resolutions, and that if he would go and join the Viscount of Dundee, they all offered to follow him; but if otherwise, they would immediately forsake him. The great power the heads of Clans have over their vassals made him believe he could reduce them by threatenings; but they, continuing firm in their resolution, and seeing plainly his intention, *filled their bonnets with water, and drank your Majesty's health*, and left him."—*Memoirs.*

Mackay had previously sent on a forlorn hope of two hundred Dutch fusiliers, to thread the Pass, and join Murray's promised outpost, which, of course, proved a myth. Soon thereafter the cautious General sent on two hundred of Leven's foot, as an additional feeler; and a report being returned that the Pass was unmolested, he took the desperate plunge with his whole forces.[1] 'Had Dundee *understood the country and his trade*,' thought the Scoto-Dutchman, 'he would have caught me in this infernal defile. Dundee understood both the country and his trade better. He was no Guerilla chief. Could he have squashed them all, under rocks from Ben-y-Vrackie, in the black pools of the Garry, *cui bono?* His game was to defeat the troops of King William in a pitched battle, though they were two to one, that the whole world might see that King James's were the better men. Nothing else would suffice to raise the South, as well as the North, and enable Dundee to pay his respects to the Duke of Hamilton at Holyrood House. And sure enough, as their own abject letters abundantly manifest, had Dundee not died, Hamilton would have run into one hole, and Sir John Dalrymple into another, while King William would have been compelled to try his luck on the banks of the Forth, instead of the Boyne.

Slowly and fearfully, at 12 o'clock noon, the doomed array commenced its march of two long miles through that dark passage to the valley of death. Scarce a glint of the summer sun could penetrate the ravine, to cheer and guide them. No elevated highway was there then, pillared at intervals with the mighty stems and limbs of the forest trees, glowing in the sunshine, or chequered with the waving birches, the gamboling Garry foaming and sparkling far beneath, gorgeous, at one end of the Pass, with the glories of *Fascally*, and gemmed at the other with *Killiecrankie Cottage*. Down in the lowest depth of the dark defile, along the rugged margin of a torrent they scarcely saw, where barely three could walk abreast, onwards crawled, and scrambled, and stumbled, the army of Mackay, four thousand foot and horse, to which were attached twelve hundred beasts of burden! Six troops of horse and dragoons, under orders to join Mackay immediately from Stirling, had not come up. We must give him the benefit of his own account of the order of march:—

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[1] Mr Burton (*Hist.* i. p. 126) says—"Mackay, it must be remembered, was not so heedless as to enter the gorge of the Pass, where a few men could have destroyed such an army as his, without *taking possession of the heights on either side.*" Where is this remembrance from? Mackay had no more possession of those heights than he had possession of the moon.

> "The General marched in the following order. Balfour's, Ramsay's, and Kenmore's battalions first: Then Belhaven's troop of horse, followed by Leven's regiment, with a battalion of the General's: After those followed the baggage horses, being odds of 1200: And, last of all, the Earl of Annandale's troop of horse, with Hastings' regiment, were left behind the baggage, lest the enemy might detach men about the hill to attack it, or that the countrymen, seeing it without sufficient guard, might not fall a plundering it. Having passed with the five battalions, and a troop of horse, we halted upon a *field of corn*, along the side of the river, both to expect the passage of the baggage, with Hastings' regiment and the (other) troop of horse, and to distribute ammunition to the forces."

It is uncertain whether Dundee slept in Blair castle on the night of the 26th, or only arrived there early in the morning of the 27th (as stated in Lochiel's Memoirs), which was the day of the battle. He could be at no great distance, however; for he was corresponding, up to nearly the last moment, with Lord Murray, from his quarters at Struan, on the other side of the Garry. Doubtless, with his usual activity, he was moving about, congregating his army for the coming struggle, the immediate bone of contention being the Blair. We think it most likely that he was at Blair castle in person the night before the battle. One of the witnesses examined in presence of the Parliament, in the process of forfeiture against the heirs of Dundee,—" Depones, he saw Sir Alexander M'Lean,"—one of the *Tyndaridæ*,—" and that he was called a Colonel, and commanded a regiment of men at Lochaber, and at the castle of Blair, and that he spoke with him at the said castle the night before the fight at Killiecrankie." Undoubtedly Dundee had forestalled Mackay in possession of that key of the North, at least since the 21st of July, when he commissioned Ballechin to hold it for King James. His northern communications were all open to him from the gates of Blair to the gates of Invergarry. He had quarters at Moy in Lochaber, and quarters at Struan in Athole. With his faithful body guard of dragoons, now somewhat reduced from the original fifty, and glorious staff of high-blooded cavaliers (all the cavalry he had at Killiecrankie), he could traverse that line of the North as free as the eagles. His *Mentor* in Highland warfare was his host Lochiel. His immediate hand, and nucleus of his Highland army, was Sir Alexander Maclean (the cousin of young Duart), with some hundreds of the Clanclean, the very pick of the Claymores. Lochiel's eldest son was dispatched to hasten the gathering of the Gael for the rendezvous at the Blair on the 29th. Cannon, and the Irish contingent, to receive which Dundee had hurried from Struan to Inverlochy earlier in the month, were ordered to join without delay, and were up accordingly. Most probably, the camp at the Blair was the scene of the characteristic incident which Lord Balcarres narrates of Dundee, on the eve of the battle:—

> "The Viscount of Dundee encamped upon a heath the night before the battle, and was desirous, before so bold an undertaking, to have some symptoms that his Highlanders, after so long a peace, still retained the courage of their ancestors, so manifest upon former occasions. For this end, while his men slept in their plaids, near the break of day, he caused a loud alarm be made that the enemy was at hand. The Highlanders instantly were roused, threw away their plaids, seized their arms, and ran to the front of their camp, drew up into order, then calmly stood, expecting the enemy. When the Viscount perceived this, and that not a man of them retired, with full assurance he instantly began his march to meet the enemy."—*Memoirs.*

It might have raised the ghost of Montrose, that supper, or breakfast, in the brave old castle of the Blair, upon such an occasion, so similar to his own adventures, and a Graham the hero of the day. Five peers of the realm (including the Viscount himself), and the very flower of the Highland chieftains, were there, mingled with an emulous bevy of distinguished Saxon cavaliers. The Lords Dunfermline and Dunkeld, the Earl of Buchan, the Viscount Frendraught, were now with Dundee. How we miss the chronicle of the Standard-bearer, the Froissart of Dundee! It breaks off abruptly,—a fragment,—just as Cannon is embarking from Ireland. How his heroic hexameters would have rolled and revelled in the scene! What portraits would we have had of this glorious re-union! Were not the *Tyndaridæ* as bright as ever? And Lochiel, with his moustache curling like the handle of the very king of tongs! Undoubtedly the bard would be there. For we can prove that he outlived King William, though the time and manner of his own death no man alive can tell. And throughout the epic he calls Dundee the *hero of Killiecrankie!*

But we are not without a few glimpses of feature, and traits of individuality, from eye-witnesses, though scarcely so full or picturesque as the delineations by *Philocaballus.* The witnesses in the process of forfeiture frequently spoke to such, and afford some personal characteristics of the notables with Dundee. Glengarry is described as "a tall man, somewhat black." Menzies of Pitfoddels, "a lusty black man riding on a grey horse, with sword and pistol." Sir John Drummond of Machany, "a tall man, ruddy faced, high nosed, with a white periwig." The Viscount of Frendraught "had a sword about him, and a black cravat." The Tutor of Clanranald, attending his boy-chief at the head of the clan, was "a *gleyd* man," probably meaning somewhat deformed. Dunkeld was "a young man," who had recently been at College. Dunfermline had "a high nose." Halyburton of Pitcur, at the fight of Killiecrankie, was "riding sometimes on a grey horse wanting an eye, and other times on a bay horse with a white face." Glencoe "had a brass blunderbuss, and a buff coat." Patrick Stewart of Ballechin, bailie of Athole, is described as "an old man standing at the gate of Blair with a gun in his hand." Sir

Donald Macdonald, younger of Sleat, was " a young man commanding a regiment at the fight of Killiecrankie, in a red coat." And several witnesses refer to the personal beauty of the young chief of Duart, only in his nineteenth year, in a way that justifies the author of the *Gramiad*,—" Sir John Maclean, the laird of Maclean, a well-favoured, handsome young man."

This gathering of the Gael, however, on the eve of the great battle, was not complete. The rendezvous had been fixed for two days later. Lochiel had only his Lochaber men with him, about two hundred and forty claymores, the Camerons of Morven, Suinart, and Ardnamurchan, not having had time to obey the summons. Eighteen hundred claymores, or thereby, were all that congregated at the Blair, before the 27th of July. They were never reckoned at more than two thousand by any one but Lord Macaulay, who calls them about three thousand, on his own sole authority. The Irish are generally stated at three hundred. Dundee's troopers, and the lowland cavaliers, made up a scanty troop of forty horse. Mackay himself admits that his own two troops amounted to one hundred sabres. His numbers on the day of battle were not less than three thousand five hundred foot, and two troops of horse. Certainly they exceeded the army of King James by a thousand foot, and a troop of horse. Their every movement was known to Dundee. The preliminary council of war, in Blair castle, must have been a brilliant sight, and a great ploy. Many were in the flower of their youth. Two of the most distinguished chiefs, with the finest following, Duart and Clanranald, were scarcely out of their boyhood, accomplished, and eminently handsome. The beautiful Viscount himself must have been in the highest spirits, on the eve of a decisive battle, a consummation for which he had been long devoutly labouring. His royal commission was now safely in his pocket. Even had he known all, he would not have exchanged that day of his death for three-score years and ten of peaceful life. Then there was the glorious giant of Pitcur, " Halyburton the huge," who would make much of the young chiefs, and probably be a little quizzed by them, when mounted on his one-eyed horse. And that fine old *pièce de resistance*, Lochiel, with his marvellous moustache, which the downy young chiefs would have quizzed too, if they had dared; and who had been Dundee's adviser, and most kindly host,[1] ever since the campaign commenced. This very picturesque council of war was held by Dundee in Blair castle, during the night, or early in the morning, before the battle.

'Mackay is at the Pass; we shall have to fight him in a few hours.' 'Why not catch him in the Pass?' suggested some hot and hasty chief. 'No, no! Let them through. Not a bonnet up, or you'll turn the deer. Let them pass the mouth of the Girnaig. They are sure to pasture on the haughs of the Garry, which is in fine flood. That army must not only be defeated, but destroyed, and in the face of day.' Then came the question of the field of battle, and the precise moment. 'They are likely to be two to one,'—said Lord Dunfermline, and some of the other lowland leaders,—'our Claymores are not all mustered. Lochiel's tail is not so flourishing as his moustache at present; in two days we shall have a thousand more; we can entrench here; why allow them such great odds?' Glengarry (the spokesman at Dalcomera), struck in. 'The Gael cannot abide to tarry; the Claymores are here to fight, and fight they must, the moment they see the foe.' 'True,'—rejoined Dundee,—'and as for odds, Mackay has left his best cavalry behind him, at Stirling or Perth; but he is sure to hurry them up now. Are we to wait for his dawdling dragoons? But what say you, mine honoured host of Lochaber! Come, Lochiel, leave off your grimaces, and speak out.' 'Fight,' roared Lochiel through the handle of the tongs.[2] 'And fight it shall be, though they were three to one,'—echoed the Graham, his countenance glowing amid the "*effusos capillos*," like the star of his destiny gilding its gathering clouds. 'But hear me yet,'—said the sage Chief of Clanchameron,—'I have more to say. It is not you, my Lord Viscount, who are to fight. It is we. You are to direct. But you *must* be safe. I quit the camp with my clan, if you act like a boy. For, mark my words. The cause of King James is gone for ever, the old monarchy extinct, if you die in this battle.' The countenance of Dundee fell, as if a cloud had crossed his star. 'Hear me, Lochiel! You heard me tell the Clans at Dalcomera, on the 28th of May last, that when the battle joined, and they were poured upon the foe, they would find me in the van. What now, if on this 27th of July, they learn that I am seeking safety in the rear? Nay, Lochiel—"Allow me to give one *Shear-darg* (that is, one harvest-day's work), to the King, my master, that I may have an opportunity of convincing the brave Clans that I can hazard my life in that service as freely as the meanest of them. Ye know their temper, gentlemen; and if they do not think I have personal courage enough, they will not esteem me hereafter, nor obey my commands with cheerfulness. Allow me this single favour, and I here promise, upon my honour, never again to risk my person while I have that of commanding you."[1] 'Be it so, then,'—said the old chief, mournfully,—'we fight them at once, Dundee in the van.' And then, through the thunder of the Clans, rapturously hailing the determination, Ben-y-Gloe passed down the word to Ben-y-Vrackie,—'*We fight them at once, Dundee in the van.*'

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[1] Dundee used to entertain his officers in Lochiel's house, and doubtless they lived jollily when there. Lieutenant James Malcolm, one of his officers, depones, in the process of forfeiture,—"that he supped in Lochiel's house, and his lady had a mark in her eye."

[2] His speech was a little longer. Lochiel's biographer says,—"Dundee's looks seemed to brighten with an air of delight and satisfaction all the while Lochiel was a-speaking." P. 264.

The day was far on when the scouts reported that some four hundred were through the Pass, and marching on Blair. It was Mackay's feelers. 'Tell Sir Alexander Maclean to meet them with a few hundred Claymores.' But the next report was decisive. Mackay in person, with his whole army, had debouched on the haughs of the Garry, about three miles from Blair, and seemed entrenching, his left resting on the river, and his right to the hills, with Glen-Girnaig and the Pass in his rear. 'That will do,'—said Dundee,—'stop Maclean. Send out a company to attract their attention and keep them fronting in this direction. We must round the hill, and take them in flank between and Craig-Calloch. They must be driven into the Garry. Cavaliers, to horse! Lochiel, Glengarry, Duart, Sleat, Clanranald, Strowan, gentlemen all, to your standards, and follow me. Ballechin, see you keep the castle, and look after the chiefless Athole men. There will be work enough for you and them before the day's done.'

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[1] See *Lochiel's Memoirs*, pp. 258–265, for the very full account of this council of war, which we have here taken the liberty shortly to paraphrase. But the paragraph under double marks of quotation is given in the precise words of Lochiel's biographer. Doubtless Dundee had by this time picked up a good deal of Gaelic, and knew the occasions on which to use a Celtic phrase

It was at least consistent, that Lord Macaulay, whose fighting of the battle of Dundee's *life* is an elaborate blunder throughout, should blunder on to the end, in fighting the battle of his *death*. To have marched straight out from Blair, to meet Mackay in the valley, which Macaulay makes him do, might have lost him the battle. He supposes King William's General not to have been compelled to change his front after clearing the Pass, but to have embattled as he debouched,—"their *right*,"—he says,—"flanked by a rising ground, their *left* by the Garry," with an assumed hill directly in his front in the valley,—"the summit of which, about a musket shot before them, was covered with bonnets and plaids." And so he thus describes Dundee's battle:—"On the right, *close to the Garry*, were the Macleans!" whereby he places Dundee's best wing low down on the haugh, instead of high up on the vantage hill! Then comes this picture. "At the head of one large battalion, towered the stately form of Glengarry, *who bore in his hand* the royal standard of King James the Seventh." Shade of PHILOCABALLUS! The authority? "Douglas's Baronage of Scotland." Bah! Claymore and targe were quite enough for Glengarry's hands on that day, without being taigled with the Standard.[1] On the plain of Dalcomera,—"*Regia et ipse meis portabam signa lacertis.*" And, until the fact be disproved, we shall believe that Philocaballus carried it still, on the glorious heights of Renrory.

On Mackay's right, as he debouched from the Pass beyond the mouth of the Girnaig, which runs at right angles into the

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[1] If Mr Robert Chambers's lively illustrations from "Highland Traditions" are to be relied on, Glengarry's proceedings on that day were not very compatible with carrying the royal Standard in his own hand. "He bore a prodigious two-handed sword, with which, at every step he took, he killed two men, one on each side."—*Rebellions.*

Garry, were some undulating heights, more or less clothed with scraggy wood, rising between the Garry and a high hill called Craig-Calloch. A little further off, and more to the rear of Mackay's right, towered the lofty Ben-y-Vrackie. On one of the heights, rising successively up to Craig-Calloch, stood, and yet stands, the house and garden of Urrard, then only known by its real name of *Renrory*. Mackay had galloped forward in the direction of Blair, to inspect the approach, as he supposed, of Dundee's advanced guard coming by the valley to attack him, and was in the act of ordering up Brigadier Balfour with the Dutch battalions to oppose him, when suddenly he saw the main body of the Clans rapidly crowning the heights of Renrory to his right, and threatening to take possession of one of them immediately below the ridge on which they appeared. Now this eminence was directly above the right flank of his own position, and within gun-shot of it. Fearful of being doubled up into the black pools of the Garry on his left, he galloped back, and was just in time to make one other move. By a flank movement on his right, or a *quart de conversion*, as he calls it himself, changing his front, he marched his whole battalions up that steep brae, to level ground on the summit, where he had room to form his line three deep. Mackay's rear was now turned to the place of Renrory, on the brow of the hill, immediately above the haugh of the Garry, where he had left his baggage. In his front was a level of very limited extent, gradually rising into the declivity of a higher ascent, on whose crest Dundee was now forming his battle, with Craig-Calloch behind him. From this elevation the Viscount, with his proud birds of the mountain, could inspect at his leisure the whole array of his opponent, and take in at a glance the conditions of the coming fight. He had crossed the Tilt above Blair, marched round the back of the hill where the house of Lude now stands,—and on which Montrose first raised the royal standard for King Charles,—and so, cresting the heights of Renrory, had *turned Mackay's right flank*, and thereby compelled him suddenly to adopt the very front that best suited the Claymores. CHECK-MATE.

It had been a long and a perilous game for Dundee, but he had gained it now. It was not the rush of the Clans that

Engd by W. Banks & Son. From a Drawing by J. C. Brown.

KILLIECRANKIE.

Edinburgh, Thomas G. Stevenson, 1860.

was the winning of the game. That was only clearing the board. Every move that Dundee had made since he quitted the Convention in the month of April; every position he had occupied; every letter he had written—and he was writing whenever he was not riding,—was the winning of a contemplated battle. He had surmounted all the difficulties of no army, no money, no ammunition, no support from Ireland. He had gained the confidence and the hearts of the Highlanders, who, even without a battle, now loved him as *the soldiers of the tenth legion loved Cæsar.* He could stand between two storming Chiefs, and reconcile them on the spot. He had settled a violent quarrel of Highland etiquette, between Lochiel and Glengarry, as if they had been boys in his hand, and they dined lovingly with him thereafter. He chided Keppoch most severely, before all the Cocks of the North, for burning and driving the country; and that awful Chief put his tail between his legs, and promised not to do it again.[1] Surely Lord Balcarres knew Dundee better than Lord Macaulay did?—

> "Your Majesty's friends, who *knew him best,* were in doubt if his civil or military capacities, were most eminent. *None of this nation* knew so well the different interests, tempers, and inclinations of the men most capable to serve you. None had more the ability to *insinuate and persuade.* He was *extremely affable;* and, although a good manager of his private fortune, yet had no reserve when your service and his own reputation, required him to be liberal, which gained him the hearts of all who followed him, and brought him into such reputation, that, had he survived that day, in all probability he had given such a turn to your affairs, that the Prince of Orange could neither have gone nor sent into Ireland; so your Majesty had been entirely master of that kingdom, and in a condition to have landed with what forces you pleased in Scotland, which, of all things, your friends most desired."—*Memoirs.*

Yes, Dundee's last move on Renrory, was check-mate.

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[1] Lochiel's Memoirs, p. 243. After Dundee's spur was cold, Mackay played a worse part than Keppoch had done in the North, and thus triumphantly wrote of it to Lord Melville, on the 29th of August 1690 :—"*I burnt twelve miles of a very fertile Highland country* (Strathdee); *at least twelve or fourteen hundred houses;* but had *no time* to go up the length of Braemar."—*Mackay's Letters.* "Pious and humane" Scourie !

Mackay was held as in a vice. The snake never fascinated his prey with deadlier certainty. The Garry in flood behind and immediately below him, a mountain in arms immediately before him, Mackay could neither retreat nor advance. Without the leave of Dundee, he could neither fight nor fly. His own chaos of admissions, by way of *defence*, are most amusing. By his *quart de conversion*, he had " got a ground fair enough to *receive* the enemy, but not to *attack* them." He says, they " came to a stand, and so we looked upon one another for at least two hours—the General *not willing* to attack,"—because he *could not*,—" and the Highlanders *apparently out of irresolution.*" Irresolution! To disparage an enemy *before* being beaten is great folly. To do so *after*, is the very meanness of imbecility. In the same spirit, he says of the Highlanders, that they cast their brogues and plaids, in attacking him, " to be sure of their *escape*;" and that they outflanked him on Renrory for no other reason than to have " a sure *retreat* at their back." Finding Dundee fixing him in this awful manner, Mackay would fain have retreated himself. So would the bird from the snake. But, he " durst not venture to pass the river, in their presence, and so near them, both by reason of *the hazard*, the soldiers ordinarily taking such a motion for a subject of apprehension, and the *imputation* he had to expect, if he were beat in retiring." And so, for these admirable reasons, Mackay " *resolved then to stand it out*, though with *great impatience* to see the enemy come to a *resolution* either of attacking or retiring, whereof they had *more choice* than he; and, to provoke them, he ordered the firing of three little leather field-pieces, which he caused carry on horseback with their carriages, which proved of little use, because the carriages being made *too high*, to be more conveniently carried, broke with the third firing."[1]

Young Maclean of Duart, his regiment divided into two battalions, formed the extreme right of Dundee's line, in the direction of Blair. His cousin, Sir Alexander, commanding one battalion, and Macdonald younger of Sleat, along with Sir George Berkeley, in command of another, composed the left wing. The main battle consisted of four battalions, Lochiel, Glengarry, young Clanranald (with the Tutor), and the Irish Brigade. In the centre was Dundee, with the standard and the cavaliers. Sir William Wallace of Cragie, who had only just joined, having come from Ireland with Colonel Cannon, produced a commission to command the cavalry (obtained through some gross job of Melfort's, whose near relation he was), at the eleventh hour, which, by superseding the noble and well tried Lord Dunfermline, did infinite mischief. That loyal peer, however, made no difficulty, and Dundee determined to charge at the head of the cavalry himself. As Mackay's line of battle was by much the longest, the Viscount was compelled to widen the spaces in his, that he might not be overlapped on both flanks. By this move he became very weak in the centre, which his small force of cavalry was insufficient to fill up. But Mackay could not attack him.

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[1] *Mackay's Memoirs*, p. 54. In the " Tales of a Grandfather " Sir Walter Scott, without quoting any authority, states, that Dundee sent an intimation to Mackay, that he was going to commence the attack! To this alleged fact, most improbable in itself, Mackay's own account affords the most complete contradiction.

Bright shone the declining sun in the very face of the Clans, as Dundee was forming his line, about 5 o'clock P.M. 'We must wait till the sun is lower,' he cried, dashing along the line as on the plain of Dalcomera: 'Steady, Claymores! they can't run away.' His *manière* upon great occasions, as so vividly described by the enthusiastic Standard-bearer, his mode of exciting the Clans, while keeping them in hand, is curiously confirmed by one of the witnesses in the Parliamentary examination. A characteristic fact was every now and then blurted out by these eye-witnesses, that might cause Hamilton, and some other noble Lords, to wink and wince. Lieutenant John Hay, one of Mackay's officers—"Depones, he was taken prisoner at Killiecrankie, by *the rebels*, after the fight; and that *he saw* the Viscount of Dundee ride alongst the line of the rebel's army, the day of the fight, and KNEW HIS VOICE!"

It was eight o'clock before Dundee saw fit to give them the *laissez-aller*; and the steadiness with which they stood until he did so, notwithstanding the discharges from Mackay's artillery (the presence of which must rather have astonished them), speaks volumes for his powers of command. Sir Alexander Maclean was directed to skirmish a little on the left, just to keep life in the affair. But, during two long hours of watching the declining sun, after both battles were formed, the Claymores never attempted to break.[1] That Dundee would address the Clans, there cannot be a question. Mackay tells us, that he addressed each of his own battalions separately. Among the Nairne Papers, in the Bodleian, is a contemporary copy of Dundee's address; probably noted by some one, after the battle, from memory, and carried by Major Middleton, with the other dispatches of the victory, to the King in Ireland:—

"*The Lord Dundee's Speech before the Battle.*"

" July.—Nairne's Papers. A. L., fol. No. 242."

"GENTLEMEN:—You are come hither this day to fight, and that in the best of causes. For it is the cause of your King, your Religion, and your Country, against the foullest usurpations and rebellions. And having, therefore, so good a cause in your hands, I doubt not but 'twill inspire you with an equal courage to maintain it. For there is no proportion betwixt loyalty and treason; nor should [there] be any betwixt the valour of good subjects, and traitors. Remember that to-day begins the fate of your King, your Religion, and your Country. Behave yourselves, therefore, like true Scotsmen. And let us, by this action, redeem the credit of this nation, that is laid low by the treacheries and cowardice of some of our countrymen. In which I ask nothing of you, that you shall not see me do before you. And if any of us shall fall upon this occasion, we shall have the honour of dying in our duty, and as becomes true men of valour and conscience. And such of us as shall live and win the battle, shall have the reward of a gracious King, and the praise of all good men. In God's name, then, let us go on, and let this be your word: KING JAMES AND THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,—which God long preserve!"

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[1] Mackay, in a miserable letter written by him to Hamilton, from Stirling, the second day after the battle, says—"Considering that my forces were superior in number to the enemy's, as I could *very well know*, being the space of two hours in order of battle, within a musket-shot to them (not *judging it fit* to attack them, being ranged upon a hill, above a plain where I drew up my troops), and judging my men *far beyond theirs in the use of their arms*, and *firmitie in occasion*, I thought I might *safely*, according to the rule of common prudence, *engage them*, though it hath pleased . . . . . ntrarie to my expe . . . . . ose regiments upon . . . . . most stress . . . . . and which . . . . . ed to do well heretofore."—*See Mackay's Letters.* The blanks in the MS., as printed in the Appendix to Mackay's Memoirs, have a most ludicrous effect, under the circumstances.

Mackay formed his battle in a single line of three deep,[1] "leaving a little distance betwixt every little battalion, having made two of each." In the centre of his line he left a larger space, through which he intended that his two troops of cavalry should issue, when the occasion offered, or it was *safe* for them to do so. This is told by him with great *naïveté*. He had ever a holy horror of Dundee's gentlemen horse. It will be remembered, that when he sent Sir Thomas Livingstone to capture him in Angus, he ordered him to be careful so to place his own dragoons that they should not be *affronted* by the Viscount's fifty troopers. And now, upon this greater occasion, he tells us that he placed his whole cavalry, being two troops under the command of Lord Belhaven, out of sight, and *behind the foot*,—"Not daring to expose them to the enemy's horse, which was composed all of gentlemen, reformed officers, or such as had *deserted* of Dundee's regiment out of England, which was the reason he (Mackay) placed them behind the foot, till all the fire were over on both sides." A poor compliment this to Lord Belhaven, who rode at the head of more than double the number of Dundee's horse. But, ere all was over, Mackay had learnt, that it would have been as well had he hid his foot also. For he says,—"All our officers and soldiers were strangers to the Highlanders' way of fighting, and embattling, which mainly occasioned the *consternation* many of them were in." He made great play, however, before the battle, with his portable park of artillery; which (and a few petards) he had brought with him, to blow in the gates of Blair. They never, indeed, sent a ball among the Claymores. But they made a startling noise, and raised a smoke that sufficed to shroud "the Boddachs," (as the Highlanders called the enemy, that called them "rabble"), who were becoming more and more nervous, under that long mesmeric gaze of the many coloured Boa above them, upon whose scales the summer sun was showing them the colours of the rainbow, without its comfort.

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[1] Mr Chambers, in his "Rebellions," says that Mackay "drew out his men in one line *six* men deep." But Mackay himself says *three* deep.

Puff, puff, puff! Thud, thud, thud! 'There go *dear Sandy's stoups*,[1] the old leather guns—what brogues they'll make,' said Dundee. 'Claymores!' cried Lochiel, 'let them hear the guns of Ben-y-Gloe.' Grand was the thunder of the embattled Gael! "And a feebler cheer the foe to their cheering sent them back!" 'They've not a chance,' again said Lochiel—that cheer had a dying fall.'[2] 'Yes,' replied Dundee, 'their hour is come! The sun has left the hill! Let young Duart, with the Macleans, on the right, make the first step; and be that the signal for the whole line to move down simultaneously.[3] I shall charge in the van, right on the centre of their line, where I see the guns! Let every Clan charge its regiment! LAISSEZ-ALLER![4]

And now the thing happened, which on that very day of the previous month (27th of June), Dundee, consoling himself for the scarcity of powder, had predicted in his letter to Melfort,—"But I had one advantage; *the Highlanders will not fire above once, and then take to the broadsword.*" In less than five minutes from the first crash, Mackay's infantry was in the Garry, and he and his troopers, and mounted officers, riding for their lives, they scarce knew where. The Highland army had first to descend the hill, on the brow of which they were embattled, and then to charge across the short level space between and the enemy's battle; and this within musket-shot the whole way, and in the teeth of a murderous platoon firing, front and flank. For the great extent of Mackay's line left several of his regiments, in the centre and at the extremities, without any corresponding opponent, and some of these more fortunate battalions made good use of the occasion by pouring in their fire upon the flank of the charging Macdonalds, who suffered most severely in consequence. "It is incredible," says Lochiel's biographer, "with what intrepidity the Highlanders endured the enemy's fire; and though it grew more terrible on their nearer approach, yet they, with a wonderful resolution, kept up their own, as they were commanded, till they came up to their very bosoms;[1] and then, pouring it in upon them all at once, like one great clap of thunder, they threw away their guns, and fell in pell-mell amongst the thickest of them with their broadswords. After this the noise seemed hushed; and the fire ceasing on both sides, nothing was heard for some few moments but the sullen and hollow clashes of broadswords, with the dismal groans and cries of dying and wounded men."[2]

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[1] Colonel Alexander Hamilton was General of artillery to the Covenanters in the reign of Charles I., and had acquired the sobriquet of *dear Sandie.* He invented the short portable cannon, made of leather, which, from resembling *water-stoups*, got the name of "dear Sandie's stoups." A stoup, says Miss Ferrier (Inheritance), "is neither a pitcher, nor a pail, nor a bucket, nor a jug, but *just a stoup.*"

[2] Lochiel's Memoirs, p. 267.

[3] "Dundee gave orders for the attack, and commanded that so soon as the Macleans began to move from the right, that the whole body should at the same instant of time advance upon the enemy."—*Lochiel's Memoirs*, p. 267.

[4] There were spaces in Dundee's line, between the different Clans; and the Clans, of course, were of various sizes. "Each Clan, whether small or great, had a regiment [in Mackay's line] assigned them; and that, too, by Lochiel's own advice, who attended the General while he was making his dispositions. The design was, to keep up the spirit of emulation in point of bravery."—*Memoirs*, p. 266.

What remains of the story of this great event will best be told through the proceedings and characteristics of the respective commanders, who had been fellow-students of the art of war in the yet greater battle of Seneff. Now we have to contemplate on the one hand, the flight of a fool; on the other, the fall of a hero.

Having concealed, or covered, his own greatly superior force of cavalry, with a peer at their head, not that they might more effectively charge at the proper moment, but, as he himself so strangely confesses, because he considered their pluck insufficient to cope with Dundee's forty horse,—the Scoto-Dutchman fixed a fearful eye upon his *bête noire*—Claverhouse and his Cavaliers. Mackay was in the centre of his line, by those great guns that were composed of the same material as his own head. It was no pleasant prospect for him when he saw the *Beau Sabreur*, the head of the Boa, making directly for his own station. Belhaven was wanted then; and, as might be anticipated under the circumstances of his eclipse, Belhaven was then found wanting. But Mackay shall tell his own story. In that respect he has the advantage of Dundee:—

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[1] Lord Macaulay was determined, in the face of the very authorities he quotes, to fight the battle so as best to quadrate with his own predilections. He says of the Highlanders—"The whole line *advanced firing*. The enemy *returned* the fire, and did much execution."—*Hist.* iv. p 375. On the very contrary, the Highlanders, receiving the enemy's continuous platoon firing as they came down, without flinching, never fired a shot until close up, and then but one desultory discharge, chiefly of pistols.

[2] Lochiel's Memoirs, p. 267.

> "When the enemy came down, *I had my eye much upon their horse*, which I judged *scarcely so strong* as our two troops; and, having remarked that they seemed to attack *much about the middle* of the line, when I perceived the most part of our fire spent, I called out the said two troops, which I had behind the line, by an interval, of a design to cause one of them flank the approaching Highlanders to the left, and the other to the right; which certainly had been of such effect, had they the *resolution* to obey their orders, and would have so encouraged the foot, that, *in all appearance*,[1] the Highlanders would soon have run for it; but the said horse not advancing, notwithstanding I brought them up myself, and that the Lord Belhaven, who commanded them, did behave *very honestly*, after a little confused firing, they *renversed* upon the Lord Kenmore's right wing, and so begun the *first breach*, so near as I could remark. Dundee, with his horse *wheeling to our right*, came upon the battalion of *my regiment*, by whose fire, according to their own confession,[2] both Dundee, Pitcur, one Ramsay, and others, were killed at the first onset. But, *in a very short time*, *all did run*, except a part of the Earl of Leven's regiment, which, by the diligence and firmity of the said Earl, with his Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and other officers, and a part of Colonel Hastings' regiment, which, after they had lost ground, the Colonel, with his Lieutenant-Colonel, and other officers, brought up again, and *kept the field of battle*."[3]

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[1] What "appearance" was there, at the Battle of Killiecrankie, that the "Highlanders would soon have run," for anything Mackay's troopers could have done!

[2] Whose "confession!" There was no such confession. The authentic contemporary accounts all contradict the idea.

[3] This is from Mackay's "Short Relation," which he concocted at Strathbogie on the 17th of August after the battle, as the best face he could put on his defeat, for the Secretary of State. His Memoirs, which he never published, were also written by way of apology, and the narrative is often so confused as to be unintelligible. He commanded the British at the Battle of Steinkirk, where he was killed, 3d August 1692, losing three thousand of his troops. Bishop Burnet says—"Mackay being ordered to a post which he saw could not be maintained, he sent his opinion about it, but the former orders were confirmed; so he went on, saying only, *The will of the Lord be done.*" Did he bethink him in his last moments of the *fourteen*

We have here a faint and confused attempt, on the part of the sorely smitten fugitive—smitten in "his trade," but safe in his person—to filch the laurel from the brow of the victor. That the glorious charge by Dundee, at the head of his Cavaliers, and in the van of the Claymores, broke the embattled line of the Dutch mercenary in the centre, drove the dragoons of Belhaven and Annandale off the field like a flock of sheep, and sent Mackay's own regiment violently down the steep, into the flooded Garry, like a herd of possessed swine, is a state of the case that can be extracted even from Mackay's own account. But so to state it was too much for the ingenuousness of the defeated General. His line, he says, so far as he could "remark," was first broken by his own cavalry "renversing," instead of advancing. His own regiment, before it vanished, settled, it seems, the value of the victory, by slaying, on the spot, Dundee and his best cavaliers, in their rash attempt to break them. And as for himself, and his own favourite officers (especially the son of the Secretary of State), they all behaved like heroes, and "kept the field of battle."[1] Had they slept on the spot for a week, instead of getting out of that as fast as they could, it would not have been keeping

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hundred dwellings, which he reduced to ashes at one burning, in the most fertile valley of the North, after the death of Dundee?

[1] Lord Macaulay, with the materials in his hand for doing ample justice to Dundee, shirks his successful charge as follows:—"At the beginning of the action he had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him, and rode forward. But it seemed to be decreed, that on that day the Lowland Scotch should in both armies appear to disadvantage. The horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and, waving his hat, invited them to come on. As he lifted his arm, his cuirass rose, and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket-ball struck him; his horse sprang forward, and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust, which hid from both armies the fall of the victorious General."—*Macaulay's Hist.* iv. p. 377.

According to this notable specimen of *Macaulese*, Dundee never charged at all. He "rode forward," turned round, and "invited" his "little band of cavalry" to come on; they proved themselves poltroons, declined the invitation, and in this degraded attitude Dundee is shot, and only entered the smoke of battle because "his horse sprang forward," with the dying man! But it was to be expected that the historian, who so elaborately calumniated Dundee as a gentleman and a Christian, would exert the cunning of his pen to do him the least possible justice as a hero. It will be observed, that while he thus deprives the death of Dundee of all *heroic action*, so far as he possibly can, he labours to dignify the flight of Mackay with the heroic action he denies to Dundee, and with a moral fortitude more heroic still.

the field of battle. Who kept the Castle of Athole? Certainly not Mackay. It was he who slept next day in the Church of Blair.

Simultaneously with the renversing of his horse and the bouleversing of his foot, the Scoto-Dutchman found himself and steed jammed amidst that avalanche of claymores. "Mackay," says Lord Macaulay, "accompanied by one trusty servant, *spurred bravely* through the thickest of the Claymores, and targets, and reached a point from which he had a view of the field. His *whole army had disappeared*, with the exception of some Borderers, whom Leven had *kept together*, and of the *English* regiment, which had poured a murderous fire into the Celtic ranks, and which still kept unbroken order.[1] All the men that could be collected were only a few hundreds." Out of three thousand four hundred foot, two troops of cavalry, and twelve hundred beasts of burden! We may speak of brave spurring *into* a hostile host; but the struggling out of one, for dear life, is a bravery that belongs to the order of knighthood established by King Bobadil. It may be very good sense to *spur* on such an occasion; but not even the genius of a Macaulay can twist it into chivalry. Scourie himself, in his "Short Relation," is more modest. "When all had scoured off," he says, "so that I found myself abandoned *in the midst* of the enemies, I pierced through them, being well horsed," &c. It was no fault of his, certainly, to find himself in that crowd. He had not gone to the mountain. He had only gazed at it for two hours, and then the mountain came down upon him; and so he spurred, and spluttered, out of the avalanche, with all the commendable bravery of self-preservation. How he viewed the field when he durst look round, is too well told by himself to be given in other words than his own:—

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[1] Lord Macaulay here means the regiment of *Hastings*, and would insinuate that the *English* pluck was too much even for the *Celts*. He is wrong, however, both as to the fact of their being "unbroken," and as to the cause of a part being left standing. And, as usual, he is wrong in the face of the very authorities he quotes. Mackay himself says, that *the whole* of Hastings' battalion was, in the first instance swept off the field; and that a *portion* of it was afterwards brought back by the officers, and kept the field; which latter part of Mackay's statement is not the case. The front of the Claymores opposed to Hastings was too narrow to effect a collision with the whole of his front; and so a portion was left standing, which was driven off with the rest, after some firing upon the Macdonalds on Dundee's left.

> "Having *passed through the crowd of the attacking Highlanders*, he (meaning himself) turned about to see how matters stood, and found that *all his left* had given way, and got down the hill which was behind our line, ranged a little above the brow thereof, so that, *in the twinkling of an eye*, in a manner, our men, as well as the enemy, were *out of sight*, being *got down* pell-mell to the river, where our baggage stood. At which *sad spectacle*, it may be easily judged how he was *surprised to see himself alone upon the field*."

This innocent picture, of the sad spectacle, in which he saw nothing but himself, calls to mind the surprise of another historical character, belonging to the other sex, the mysterious curtailment of whose under clothes as she slept, caused her to doubt her own identity when she wakened. To describe the condition of poor Mackay, while thus in solitary possession of "the field," as he calls the crest of the hill over which his whole army had been tumbled, "in the twinkling of an eye," we know no single word in the English language—and if it be not English we cannot help it—so expressive as *flabbergasted*. And the anxiety with which he confesses to have looked over his shoulder for fear of Dundee, is very diverting. He was advised, by the few fugitive officers whom he speedily gathered round him, to make for Dunkeld and Perth. More wisely, however, he determined to cross the Garry, and find his way to Stirling; which feat, by riding night and day, he accomplished in a marvellous short time. "The reason," he says, "of the resolution, was, that he *apprehended more the pursuit of Dundee*, whom he knew not to have been killed, with his horse, than that of the Highlanders, whom he knew to be so greedy of plunder, that their General would not get them that night to pursue us."[1] Lord Macaulay, somewhat maliciously, bestows upon his flight an apotheosis of characteristic cant, mock heroics, and appropriate bathos. As if he had stalked off the field with the reluctant and dangerous dignity of a Beloochee Chief, at the battle of Meeanee, the historian of King William tells us—"The unfortunate General's courage was sustained by a firm faith in God, and a high sense of duty to the State. In the midst of *misery and disgrace*, he still held his head *nobly erect;* and found fortitude, not only for himself, but for all around him. *His first care was to be sure of his road.*" If such high and holy attributes attach themselves to the courage and martial bearing of one who only gazed, staggered, and stole away, what of his who on that day fought, conquered, and fell?

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[1] It is amusing to compare this, Mackay's own statement, with the following passage in Mackay of Rockville's life of him:—"Had Dundee *survived*, and rapidly marched towards Edinburgh, as he would undoubtedly have done, with *so many* of his followers as he could collect, Mackay would, in that case, *have deemed it his duty to follow close in his rear*, with all the forces he could muster," (p. 60). Why, the hero of that biography, while under the impression that Dundee *had survived*, was making as hard as he could away from him. But we know who would have been at

Dundee's plan of attack was very simple. From his elevated position he could easily discern that his opponent had no reserve; and that his whole army consisted of that very long line of three deep, which was drawn out high above the Garry. For Mackay occupied, throughout the whole of his line, the ridge of a hill, the steep of which was immediately in his rear, with the river at the bottom. What more was required than to drive him backwards over the brow? Dundee's difficulty was the disproportion of their forces. Some accounts say that Mackay's line was a quarter of a mile longer than the Viscount's. It was at least the difference between three thousand five hundred and two thousand foot. Hence Dundee had to leave large spaces between the Clans, especially in the centre, that he might break the enemy's line at different points throughout its whole extent, and hurl both extremities down the hill. But with all his stretching he could only form an imperfect rake, acting forwards. For some of its teeth were so wide asunder that when the mass was shoved over, part of the rubbish passed through, and was left standing and staring. And this is the secret of portions of the battalions of Leven, and Hastings, and Ramsay, standing unbroken. They were not "kept together by the firmity of their officers." In-

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Mackay's rear, had Dundee survived—and well Mackay knew it too. He was even terrified that the noise of his running away would attract the attention of Dundee. "Having advertised the men *to march off softly*, we retired in the best order we could over the little river."—*Memoirs*, p. 266.

W. H. McFarlane Lithr Edinr

GENERAL MACKAY.

"In the midst of misery and disgrace he still held his head nobly erect" MACAULAY.
"It were necessary that fellow, with the other dragoons, were put to the torture." MACKAY.
"I burnt 12 miles of a very fertile Highland Country, at least 12 or 14 hundred houses" MACKAY.

firmity is the only true characteristic of every officer in that destroyed army, from the General downwards. The battalions thus left standing for a few minutes, soon followed the rest, without an attempt to do more than save themselves. And the chivalry of Leven, and Belhaven, and Kenmore, and the brother of Dalhousie, upon that great occasion, was only evinced by their going off as "softly" and quickly as possible, and by their arrival together at Stirling, along with their General, very shortly after the battle, *minus* the army, and without a scratch among them. The valour and vigour of the Clans, the *prestige* of Dundee's name, his admirable diplomacy during the campaign, and his consummate Generalship before the battle, effected all this at one blow, just as he intended that it should.

Gloriously Dundee redeemed his pledge, that—

> "When wild and high the Camerons gathering rose,
> The war-cry of Lochiel,"—

they would find him in the van. And his was no reckless charge. It produced great results. The centre of his own line, where he stood himself, with something under fifty sabres, was his weakest point. It was opposed to the centre of the enemy's line, where the cannon, the cavalry, and Leven and Mackay's battalions, were placed. Their centre must be broken simultaneously with the other points where each Clan was to charge a regiment. Leven, in the centre, with Mackay and the Orange Standard at his right, had no Clan opposed to him. Mackay himself says—"I had my eye much upon their horse, which I judged *scarcely so strong* as our two troops, and remarked that they seemed to attack much about the middle of the line." Mackay himself says—"Dundee with his horse, *wheeling to our right, came upon the battalion of my regiment ;*" a volley from which, he is pleased to *conjecture*, at once emptied the saddle of the Viscount. Even if it were so, that charge by Dundee, on one hand of whom charged Lochiel with the Camerons, and on the other, Sir Alexander of Otter, with the Macleans, *broke Mackay*. For, on the instant, his battalion was disintegrated, and Sir Alexander

Maclean took the standard of King William. His General confesses as much himself when he says—"But in a very short time *all did run*, except a part of the Earl of Leven's regiment,"—which had nothing to oppose it. And as for the death of Dundee before the *renversing* and the *bouleversing*, Mackay little dreamt of it then; for he never ceased looking over his shoulder for him until he reached Stirling.

The gentle and suffering nobleman, he who was the last, along with Dundee, to bid farewell to their departing Sovereign, who has drawn the true character of Dundee, and who is said to have been visited by his ghost, must be allowed to tell the story of his death, as he wrote it for King James in exile:—

> "My Lord Dundee charged upon the head of the few horse he had. The enemy's horse ran at first, without hardly ever firing a shot. So he ordered his horse to follow him to attack their cannon. Sir William Wallace, who had produced his commission only that morning, to be a colonel of horse, got command, to the great dissatisfaction of the Earl of Dunfermline, and many other gentlemen, who thought themselves injured, yet had that respect to your Majesty's service, as to make no dispute for it at so critical a time. He marched at so slow a pace after my Lord Dundee, that, when he was come near to the cannon, he found himself alone, which made him call for them to come more quickly. But, Sir William not being too forward, the Earl of Dunfermline, who was riding only *volunteers*, rode out of the ranks, followed with about sixteen gentlemen, beat the enemy from their cannon, and took them before the rest of the horse came up. When my Lord Dundee saw their cannon taken, the enemy's horse fled, and *his own horse broken in through Mackay's own regiment*, he rode to bring up Sir Donald Macdonald's regiment, who had not shown so great resolution as the rest of the Highlanders, and, unhappily, by the way received a shot in his right side, immediately below his armour. He strove to ride off alive, but was not able, and fell from his horse."[1]

Unfortunately we have no farther details from Earl Colin. In so far as regards Dundee's evolutions, during the very short space of time that could have elapsed between the first moment of his giving the word, and the mortal wound that laid him low, probably no more could have been gathered. For the whole battle, exclusive of the very necessary process of destroying Mackay's army after it gave way, may be regarded as one tremendous onset, led by the Viscount of Dundee in the van of the Gael.[1] Balcarres was not there to see, being a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh. But he had every motive for obtaining accurate information relative to the fall and the mortal wound of the dear friend he so justly characterises; and who, had he not died, would soon have released him from prison. Accordingly, so far as it goes, the Earl's version of Dundee's fall is fully corroborated by Mackay's own account. The defeated General admits he had his fearful eye fixed on Dundee, and saw him coming down directly upon the centre of his line. He admits the instant defeat and dispersion of his own two troops of horse, when the crash took place. A moment after, and the leather guns were taken. Dundee was not killed even then, although Lord Macaulay is pleased to kill him before he reached the enemy's lines at all. For Mackay admits that after his own cavalry was scattered to the winds, "Dundee, with his horse, *wheeling to our right, came upon the battalion of my regiment.*" And what did his regiment do? Delivered its fire, was broken, and fled in one direction, while Mackay fled in another. No doubt the fugitive General felt interested to persuade King William's Secretary of State, that Dundee fell by that fire. His death was victory to the Orange government. But who saw him die? Scourie could not have furnished the response—'I, said Mackay.' For, at the very same instant, he himself had been subjected to an avalanche of claymores and targes, and, as Lord Macaulay has it, "was spurring bravely through the thickest" of them, who seem either to have mercifully spared, or never recognised him. Had Dundee fallen amid that crash of a dissolving army, he could scarcely have been caught in friendly arms, when falling from his horse, or have conversed with that friend when lying on the ground. Yet, as we shall show, this certainly occurred. He had emerged from all that orage, and was riding to rectify matters on the left of his own line. He was more or less isolated for the moment, "spurring bravely," not out of the battle, but further into it. Then, and not till then, Dundee went down.[1] Then, and not till then, fell the bravest and best man of mark that Scotland possessed at the time, on either side. The most heroic genius, the most clear-minded statesman, the most accomplished and humane captain, that Scotland had known since the murder of Montrose.

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[1] Balcarres's Memoirs, MS. copies collated with the prints.

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[1] In "An Account of the Engagements that happened between the King's Party and the Rebels in Scotland since May 1689," sent for King James's information in Ireland, and dated, "December 15. 1689," Mackay's loss is thus stated :—"In this battle were killed of the rebels, upon the place, 1500, some say 2000, and the next morning 500 *prisoners were brought in by the men of Athole.* Those of note killed were Brigadier Balfour, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mackay brother to the Major-General, with many more officers of less note; of the prisoners were Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour, Captain Fergusson, Captain Donaldson, and thirteen other officers; with all their camp, tents, baggage, and artillery, and provisions, which was of great value; and also the Prince of Orange's standard, carried by Mackay's regiment, taken by Sir Alexander Maclean."—*Nairne Papers.* Lord Macaulay, with materials in his hand to do them justice, thus maligns the men of Athole :—"Their zeal for King James, however, did not induce them to join the standard of his General. They *lurked* among the rocks and thickets which overhang the Garry, in the hope that there would soon be a battle, and that, whatever might be the event, *there would be fugitives and corpses to plunder!*"—(*Hist.* iv. p. 371.) When the men of Athole, two days before the battle, drank King James's health, and bade good-bye to Lord Murray, they had *no Chief to lead them*, and could not be ranged along with the other Clans in order of battle. But they acted as Dundee's reserve, watched the Pass of Killiecrankie, and guarded the Castle of Blair, under the command of Ballechin, his brother, and his nephew. They did good service against Mackay's flying army in the Pass. But next morning they brought in *five hundred prisoners*, a fact that speaks volumes for their humanity as well as their valour. Lord Macaulay's notice of them is a gross calumny.

There was something dramatic in his fall. Not, indeed, so melodramatic as the death of Lara or of Marmion. Lady Errol[2] was not there, disguised as a page, supporting his head beneath a tree, and staunching the wound from which life was ebbing. He waved no fragment of his blade, nor shouted victory. Yet a scene there was, from which we learn that certainly he did not die on the instant; that he knew himself victorious; that he was able to make anxious inquiries as to how went the day; that God had given him sufficient time to think of all; to remember his own dear Glen Ogilvy, and the dear ones it held; and that while recommending his soul to his Saviour, he could breathe a prayer for his young and heroic wife, and their only infant, the heir to his short-lived title. Can we doubt that he did so?[1]

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[1] Sir John Dalrymple, in his valuable Memoirs of Great Britain, has given an inaccurate account of the relative position of the armies before the fight. And yet he frequently quotes "Mackay's Manuscript," who is more intelligible in his description of the battle array than in any other part of his confused narrative. It is still more strange, that Dalrymple, with Mackay's MS. in his hand, should have given us for history such nonsense as this:—"Lord Dundee, who had been the foremost *on foot* in the attack, was the foremost *on horseback in the pursuit.*"—(Vol. i. p. 58, *quarto edit.*)

[2] This brave and actively loyal lady was at this time one of Hamilton's State-prisoners, her correspondence with Dundee having been intercepted, as he mentions in his letter to Melfort.—(See before, p. 603.) The Privy Council offered to allow Lady Errol to go at large under her parole of honour anywhere within ten miles of Edinburgh, but the spirited lady rejected the offer.

> ". . . . . Cœlumque
> Adspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

In the face of Parliament; Earl Melville, now the royal Commissioner; Earl Crawford, (the fanatical torturer), President of Parliament; Sir John Dalrymple of Glencoe, King William's Advocate, prosecuting the dead lion for high treason; Hamilton, at the head of the Peers of Parliament, sulky and superseded,—the following evidence, *inter alia*, was given:—

"14*th May* 1690.—Lieutenant John Nisbet, in Captain Macculloch's company, in the Viscount of Kenmore's regiment of foot, of the age of twenty-four years or thereby, not married, solemnly sworn, purged of partial counsel, and malice against the defenders, upon his great oath interrogated: *Depones*—That, at the engagement at Killiecrankie, he saw a person who was said to be the Viscount of Dundee, in arms on horseback: And that, when the deponent was prisoner at the Castle of Blair in Athole, after the fight in Killiecrankie, several persons came to the room where the deponent was, and said that the said Viscount's body *was interred:* And remembers, *particularly*, that one named *Johnston*[2] told the deponent, that *he had catched the Viscount as he fell from his horse, after his being shot*, at the said fight; the Viscount then asking the said Johnston, *how the day went*, and that he answered—*the*

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[1] There can be no question as to their mutual and fond attachment. As to the subsequent fate of this interesting lady, see note in the Appendix.

[2] That there were *Johnstones* among Dundee's officers, is particularly noticed in the *Gramiad*, when enumerating the cavaliers at the Dalcomera gathering,—"Rædus uterque illinc, simul et *Johnstonia pubes*."—See before, p. 575.

day went well for the King—meaning King James,—*but that he was sorry for his Lordship;* and that the Viscount replied—*It was the less matter for him, seeing the day went well for his Master.*"[1]

This short, but very interesting record, is worth volumes of romantic legends or Highland traditions. This was told the young soldier by one who had just returned from the interment of Dundee. One who had caught him in his arms as he fell from his horse. The Government witness was emphatic in his recollection of the tale. No more was said in Parliament of the last moments of the hero. It was not the object of that assembly to pursue such inquiries. In breathless silence the ultroneous and unwelcome trait would be received. An angry gesture from Hamilton, an ugly scowl from Dalrymple, would suffice to check curiosity, and chill the sentiment. But there, on the records of the Scotch Parliament of 1690, guaranteed by the sanctity of an oath, authenticated by the dignity of heroism, the terseness of genius, and the conciseness of death, stands the last heroic sentiment that Dundee can be proved to have uttered—the best vouched of all the last words of heroes mortally wounded in the moment of victory—"*It is the less matter for me, seeing the day goes well for my master.*"

But Lochiel was right. The day could not go well for King James if it went not well with Dundee. The army of Mackay was obliterated. Duke Hamilton and Sir John Dalrymple felt at once that their Government was gone, like the army of their General:—

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[1] *Records of Parliament*, July 14, 1690. Sir Walter Scott says, that Dundee, "with his right arm elevated, as if *pointing the way to victory*, was struck by a bullet *beneath the armpit*, where he was unprotected by his cuirass."—*Tales of a Grandfather*. He could never have conversed, or spoken, after a mortal wound in that direction. Sir Walter was misled by a mistake of his own. In his *Minstrelsy* (ii. p. 98), he has this note:—"In Penicuik-house is preserved the buff-coat which Dundee wore at the battle of Killiecrankie. The fatal shot hole is under the arm-pit, so that the ball must have been received while his arm was raised to *direct the pursuit*." But we have ascertained, from the very best authority on the subject, that there is no such relic preserved in the family of Sir George Clerk. The buff coat referred to is understood to have belonged to *General Monck*, and there is no shot hole. The story is of the same material as the coat.

The Duke of Hamilton to Lord Melville.

"Holyrood House, 28*th July* 1689.

"My Lord:—On Friday last, Major-General Mackay marched from St Johnston (Perth), with about four thousand foot and four troops of horse and dragoons, and was at Dunkeld that night, where he received intelligence that Dundee was come to Blair in Athole. He marched on Saturday towards him; and, within two miles of Blair, about five at night, they engaged: And several inferior officers and soldiers, that are come here this evening, give us the account that, after a sharp engagement, *Dundee being much stronger*, the Major-General was quite defeated; and I have yet heard of no officers of quality that have come off but Lieutenant-Colonel Lauder, whom my Lord Ruthven spoke with as he came from St Johnston this day; and gives the same account of their being wholly routed; but the confusion is such here that the particulars are hardly to be got. We have given orders at Council this afternoon, to draw all the standing forces to Stirling, and have sent to the west country to raise all the fencible men, and Sir John Lanier has writ to the English forces in Northumberland to march in here, and is gone to Stirling to command; for Mackay is either killed or taken, by all the account we have yet got; but you shall quickly have another flying packet, or an express. I am sorry for these sad news I send you, to acquaint his Majesty with. And my humble opinion is, that his Majesty must *first beat Dundee, and secure the Kingdom, ere he attempt any other thing*. And now Dundee will be master of all the other side of Forth, where there are so many great numbers of disaffected to join him. So the King must make haste to assist us to reduce him, for I fear we shall not be able to defend *this side* of Forth long, and the King will know what new men is, after a ruffle given. We do not know what to do with the prisoners, there is so many of them in the Castle and Tolbooth here; and desires the King's commands in it, if they may be sent, some to Berwick, and some there to the Tower, in a man-of-war we hear is just now coming up to Leith. I intend to adjourn the Parliament to-morrow or next day, everybody desiring it, to October. In this *confusion and disorder we are in here*, and having so many other things to dispatch, all I can further say is, that I beg you may haste down the King's commands, in this unhappy juncture, to your Lordship's most humble servant,

"Hamilton."

In a letter to the same, dated on the following day, his Grace again writes most despondingly,—"We have got no notice of Dundee's motion since the action; and we fear all Perthshire and Angus will be in arms for him presently; so what resolution the King takes should not be delayed; for if he carries Stirling *he has all Scotland.*" The Lord Advocate, Sir John Dalrymple, also writing to Melville on the 28th, calls it—" sorry, sad, and surprising news. I think the other side of Tay is lost, and Fife is in very ill tune,—*the Lord help us*, and send you good news of your son." And the Solicitor-General, Sir William Lockhart, writing at the same time, says,—" All we can now do is to intreat the King will send force with all expedition here, for *we have nothing to hinder Dundee to overrun the whole country.*" But the great fact soon followed the news of the defeat, and their weeping and gnashing of teeth was at once changed into a jubilee. On the 30th of July, Hamilton thus reports to Melville the death of Dundee:—

> " My two last gave your Lordship a very bad account of the action between Mackay and Dundee; which I did not tell you *so ill* as both officers and soldiers said that came from the action, as you will understand from the express I sent last night: But this morning we got news that helped *to comfort us again;* for I see letters this morning to my Lord Murray, from sure hands, that *Dundee was killed in the action;* and a little after we had the certain account that Mackay, your son (Leven), Kenmore, Belhaven, Colonel Ramsay, with two battalions, were come to Stirling, and all those were said to be killed. So now I see no officer of quality amissing but Brigadier Balfour, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mackay, who, I hope, may be prisoners. They say Colonel Cannon commands now the Highlanders, since Dundee is gone, *by whose death I think they have little reason to brag of the victory.*[1]

Dundee did not die on the field. It will be seen from the above letters, that Hamilton had information of the defeat of Mackay, from inferior officers and soldiers, the day after it occurred. But it was not until the morning of the 30th, the third day after the battle, that the news of the victor being dead arrived to cheer the sinking heart of the royal Commissioner. When the portion of Hasting's and Leven's regiment, which had been left standing, were driven down the declivity, or dispersed, after the momentary struggle near which Dundee fell in the friendly arms of young Johnstone, his condition being thus known, immediate attention would be attracted to the fatal spot. For round it not an enemy remained to dispute the field, in probably much less than half an hour after the Clans came down. The reflection is consolatory, that Dundee was spared to breath his last in the castle he had so nobly defended, and that he had survived until the day after the battle. The distance was not great from the spot where he fell; and no proper accommodation could have been found for the wounded Viscount much nearer. He had been conveyed to the castle of the Blair, where more than one of his dear friends were brought that night to die of their wounds. It was the scene at once of the wildest triumph, and the deepest mourning. The supper after the fight must have contrasted strangely with the breakfast of that morning, when all was joyous chivalry, and ardour for battle, the Cavaliers in prancing trim, and the Claymores in brightest plumage. Marvellous to narrate, the leading chieftains, old and young, Lochiel and Glengarry, Duart and Sleat, had all come through that terrific onset, and the fire of the Orange brigade, without a wound. But, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, had fallen the flower of Clanchameron and Clandonald. Dundee lived long enough to exult in his victory, and to mourn that he did not die alone. He himself, in the letter we are about to give, estimated his own loss in the battle at little less than nine hundred, and these were principally Macdonalds and Camerons. Macdonald of Largie, and the Tutor, or nearest agnate of his house, both died of their wounds in the castle. And so did "*Halburtonius ingens*," after performing prodigies of valour. Dundee's favourite officer, Gilbert Ramsay (who is said to have had a vision, before the fight, of his own death, and that of his friends), appears to have died on the field.[1] But all other feelings were absorbed, and all interest and anxiety concentrated, at the couch of the dying Viscount. His heart was high to the last. They had told him that his wounds were not mortal, an announcement upon which he appears to have placed little reliance himself, and which probably was but the expression of a clinging hope. All the news of the great victory that could be gathered so soon after, was brought to cheer the departing warrior. And, as was fitting, the last energy of his life, bestowed upon sublunary affairs, was expended in addressing his beloved Sovereign. Nor is it at all inconsistent with the character of his whole career, that with the pen in his hand, and not the sword, did great Dundee expire:—

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[1] Letters printed in the Appendix to Mackay's Memoirs.

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[1] "In the battle, the Highlanders, besides their unparalleled General, Dundee, lost the brave Pitcur, who, like a moving castle in the shape of a man, threw fire and sword on all sides against his enemy. Colonel Gilbert Ramsay, Macdonald of Largo, his Tutor, and all his family: Glengarry's brother, and all his relations: And five cousin-germans of Sir Donald of the Isles, and many private Highlanders."

"*Lord Dundee's Letter to King James after the Fight.*"

"Nairne's Papers, A. L. *ubi supra.*"

"SIR:—It has pleased God to give your forces a great victory over the rebels, in which three-fourths of them have fallen under the weight of our swords. I might say much of the action, if I had not the honour to command in it; but of 5000, which was the best computation I could make of the rebels, it is certain there cannot have escaped above 1200 men. We have not lost full out 900. This absolute victory made us masters of the field, and the enemy's baggage, which I gave to the soldiers;[1] who, to do them all right, both officers and common men, Highlands, Lowlands, and Irish, behaved themselves with equal gallantry to whatever I saw in the hottest battles fought abroad by disciplined

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—*Memoirs of Dundee*, 1714. In Lochiel's Memoirs, it is stated that that chieftain lost one-half of those who followed him to the field. Every possible attention appears to have been paid to the dying warriors. Lieutenant John Hay, one of the Parliamentary witnesses, "Depones, he saw Sir Donald Macdonald, a young man, a chief of the Macdonalds, in company with the rebels in arms at the castle of Blair, and that he came up to the room where the Tutor of Largie died, and conveyed his corpse down the stairs." Lord Macaulay dogmatically denies, on the strength of the Parliamentary evidence, that Struan Robertson was at the battle of Killiecrankie. This would have been strange, as Dundee's quarters, immediately before, were at Struan. But the evidence proves the very contrary of Lord Macaulay's assertion.

[1] Dundee's elevated position enabled him to scan the whole array of the enemy, which accounts for his attempting to make a precise computation of their numbers before the battle; and probably his computation was not far from the truth. He would also have a view of the 1200 baggage horses, with their attendants, that were stationed on the haugh of the Garry; and doubtless he had given his troops to understand, before engaging, that the baggage was to be the prize of their victory.

armies; and this Mackay's old soldiers felt on this occasion.[1] I cannot, now, Sir, be more particular; but take leave to assure your Majesty, the Kingdom is generally disposed for your service, and impatiently wait for your coming; and this success will bring in the rest of the nobility and gentry, having had all their assurances for it,[2] except the notorious rebels. Therefore, Sir, for God's sake assist us, though it be with such another detachment of your Irish forces as you sent us before, especially of horse and dragoons;[3] and you will crown our beginnings with a complete success, and yourself with an entire possession of your ancient hereditary Kingdom of Scotland. *My wounds* forbid me to enlarge to your Majesty at this time, though they tell me they are not mortal. However, Sir, I beseech your Majesty to believe, whether I live or die, I am entirely yours,

"DUNDEE."

Dying of his wounds as he then was, and within a few hours of his death, in all probability this letter was only dictated by Dundee, although it is possible that he was able to affix the signature with his own hand. The original may have been among King James's private papers, which are supposed to have been destroyed in France. But a copy of it, in a strictly contemporaneous hand, is found among Carte's MSS. in the Bodleian, along with the papers of David Nairne, who was Secretary under Melfort during the exile of the last of the reigning Stuarts. Supposing this letter to have reached the King in Ireland, the mode of conveyance is sufficiently indicated by some of the evidence in the process of forfeiture. It had been carried by Dundee's aide-de-camp, Major James Middleton,[4] who at the same time would be the bearer of the sad news which indeed rendered that missive a dead letter, but one too interesting to be withheld.[1] No reply could come to Dundee. But to the "old man standing at the gate of Blair with a gun in his hand," who well knew that the cause had perished with its great supporter, came an answer from the ruined monarch, dated from his Court at Dublin Castle, on the last day of November 1689:—

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[1] This manifestly refers to the destruction of Mackay's own regiment, by the charge in which Dundee led the Claymores with the most forward of his own Cavaliers.

[2] This refers to his indefatigable correspondence with every loyalist whom he had the slightest hopes of gaining.

[3] See before, p. 604, Dundee's letter to Melfort, in which he pleads in the same earnest strain, for "*some horse, some foot.*"

[4] Lieutenant Colt "Depones, he saw Major James Middleton come to the Viscount of Dundee at Stobhall, the day after the deponent was taken at Perth, and that he continued with him in arms," &c.; and he further "Depones, the time the deponent was prisoner there (in the castle of Duart in Mull), Major Middleton was then in that place on his way for Ireland, to give King James an account of the fight of Killiecrankie."—(*Records of Parl.*) This was immediately after the battle.

"*To Our Trusty Cousin, the Laird of Ballechin.*"

"JAMES R.—The news we have received of the brave Viscount Dundee's death, has most sincerely affected us. But we are resolved, by extraordinary marks of favour, to make his family conspicuous, when the world may see lasting honours and happiness are to be acquired by the brave and loyal. What he has so happily begun, and you so successfully maintained, by a thorough defeat of your enemies, we shall not doubt a generous prosecution of, when we consider that the Highland loyalty is inseparably annexed to the persons of their Kings: Nor no ways fear the event, while the justice of our cause shall be seconded by so many bold and daring assertors of our royal right. If their courage, and yours, and the rest of the commanders under you, were not steady, the loss you had, in a General you *loved and confided in*, at your entrance into action, with *so great inequality of numbers*, were enough to baffle you. But you have showed yourself above surprise, and given us proof that we are in a great measure like to owe the re-establishment of our Monarchy to your valour."[2]

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[1] The letter was first printed (from the contemporary copy still preserved among the *Nairne Papers* in the Bodleian Library), by Mr James Macpherson, in his valuable collection of historical documents illustrative of the Revolution 1688, published in 1775. Lord Macaulay, with whose account of Dundee's death that letter did not quadrate, disposes of it in this summary manner: "Macpherson printed a letter from Dundee to James, *dated the day after the battle*. I need not say that it is as *impudent a forgery* as Fingal."—(Hist. iv. 378.) Neither the MS. of the letter in the Bodleian Collection, of which Macaulay had no knowledge whatever, nor Macpherson's print of it, which Macaulay had never read, bears *any date at all*; an omission for which the circumstances under which it was written sufficiently account. See No. I. of the Appendix to this volume, where Lord Macaulay's violent and reckless accusation is disposed of.

[2] This interesting but very sad document is still in possession of the "old man's" most loyal and worthy descendant and representative, Robert Stewart, Esq. of Ballechin in Strath Tay.

In the midst of such associates as he loved in life, the hero breathed his last. Those gallant loyal peers, Buchan, Frendraught, Dunfermline, and Dunkeld, though foremost in the fight, had all marvellously escaped. They could not fail to be beside the couch of the dying Viscount. The noble, the heroic, the good, wept in the church of Blair, over the closing tomb of him who but four-and-twenty hours previously, had shone in the midst of them, as the very flower of chivalry, the leading star of their great adventure. In his own armour they laid the warrior to rest, under the sacred roof of the fane that hallows his glorious but fruitless victory.[1] Poets, and classic scholars instantly bore witness to the intellectual accomplishments of the devoted hero, who had not left his like behind him among the nobles of Scotland. "The libeller," said the persecuted Principal of the College of Edinburgh,[2] "does not think that I *rejoiced* at the fall of Dundee? I assure him of the contrary. For no *gentleman*, *soldier*, *scholar*, or *civilised citizen*, will find fault with me for this. I had an *extraordinary value* for him; and such of his *enemies* as retain any generosity, will acknowledge *he deserved it*." Not an enemy, in that year 1690, breathed a contradiction in reply to that eulogy. His most learned and accomplished contemporary, Dr Archibald Pitcairn, "*stupendi plane ingenii vir*," hung this fair wreath upon his tomb:—

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[1] In the old Statistical Account of Scotland (vol. v. p. 50), in the Rev. Alexander Stuart's account of the parish of Moulin in which the battle was fought, the tradition existing in the last century, relating to the death of Dundee, is thus given:—"A small mount, on the ground *where the battle began*, is called in Gaelic *Tomb Clavers*; that is, *Mount Clavers*. A number of human bones were found in it, in digging for gravel. At this spot, it is said, Lord Dundee fell; but it is believed he was afterwards *carried to Blair, where he died of his wounds*." This is quite consistent with all the best evidence, both as to the spot where the hero fell, and the place where he expired.

We are indebted to Mr Robert Chambers for the following extract from a letter, written by the late General Robertson of Lude, to a friend, dated 25th March 1810:—"Lord Dundee's, and Pitcurr's bodies were buried together in their armour, at the Kirk of Blair. In removing a seat there some years ago, the remains and armour were taken up, and the latter consigned to the uses of the blacksmith and tinker, by the clouded mind and unfeeling hands of rapacious destruction. On hearing of this, I with much difficulty recovered the front piece of Dundee's helmet, but so much mutilated by fire and the hammer, as scarcely to discover any of its ancient lustre."

[2] Principal Monro was meanly accused, by the persecuting Commission in 1690, of having *rejoiced* over the victory in which Dundee fell. See before, vol. i. p. 30.

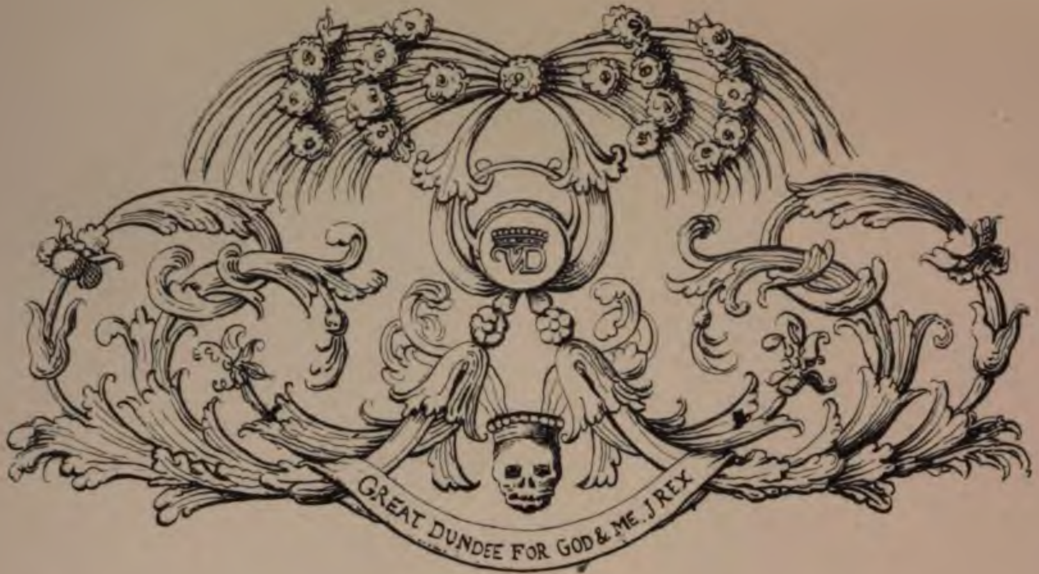
"*In mortem Vicecomitis Taodunensis.*

"Ultime Scotorum, potuit quo sospite solo
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ:
Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.
Illa tibi superesse negat: tu non potes illi:
Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale:
Tuque vale, gentis priscæ fortissime Ductor,
Optime Scotorum atque ultime—GRAME, vale!"

And England's immortal poet paid the homage of a translation:—

Translation by John Dryden.

"Oh, last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy Country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New Gods the temples, and new Kings the throne!
Scotland and thou did in each other live;
Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee, survive.
FAREWELL, who dying didst support the State,
And could not fall but with thy Country's fate."


GREAT DUNDEE FOR GOD & ME. J REX
VD

VISCOUNT DUNDEE'S RING.

From a Drawing by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe Esq

Edinburgh, Thomas G. Stevenson 1850

APPENDIX.

No. I.

LORD MACAULAY'S ACCUSATION OF FORGERY AGAINST MACPHERSON DISPROVED. MR GEORGE SMYTHE'S DISSERTATION ON THE DEATH OF DUNDEE EXAMINED AND REFUTED. THE AUTHENTICITY OF DUNDEE'S LETTER TO HIS SOVEREIGN AFTER THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE ESTABLISHED.

THE very interesting letter written, or, much more probably, dictated by Dundee, a few hours before his death, and addressed to his Sovereign, immediately after the victory of Killiecrankie, is not known to exist in its *original form*. The fact of such a letter existing in any form, was only first made known to the world by its publication in 1775, by Mr James Macpherson, of Ossianic notoriety, in that voluminous and valuable historical collection, which he entitled, "Original Papers, containing the Secret History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover." Besides many other interesting and important documents, this collection also contains Dundee's long and anxious letters to Lord Melfort, James's principal Secretary of State then with him in Ireland; which letters, dated a few weeks before the battle of Killiecrankie, we have given, in their order of date, in the foregoing Memorials. In printing these documents, Macpherson was more careful, and doubtless better able, to satisfy the public as to the existence of such documents, and in what collection he found them, than he was in the case of *Fingal*. Carte the historian had acquired a great store of historical materials, of which Macpherson was so fortunate as to become possessed. This included the collection so well known, and so often quoted, under the name of the "Nairne Papers," the many historical documents contained in which, form the bulk of Macpherson's publication of "Original Papers."

In his introduction to this important work, Macpherson himself affords the following information:—

"The late Mr Thomas Carte, who gave to the public a History of England to the end of the year 1654, had been extremely industrious in collecting materials for bringing down his work to a much later period. Having obtained an order from Rome for inspecting such papers, belonging to the family of Stuart, as lay open in the Scotch College at Paris, he spent several months in that place, making extracts, and collecting notes. In particular, he made very large and accurate extracts from the Life of James the Second, written in that Prince's own hand. But his most valuable acquisition was the papers of Mr Nairne, who had served as under-secretary to the three successive ministers of King James during his exile in France, from the Revolution to the year 1701. Upon the death of that Prince, Nairne continued in the service of his son; and his collection contains an almost uninterrupted series of the correspondences and secret negotiations of the family of Stuart down to the year 1719.

"It is needless to explain minutely, why papers of such value lay so long neglected and almost unknown. They are jumbled together in such a mass of confusion, that a great deal of time and industry, and, it may even be said, a very considerable knowledge of the period to which they relate, were absolutely necessary to give them the importance they deserve. They were *placed in the Editor's hands*, as materials for a history of this country, from the Revolution till the complete settlement of the family of Hanover upon the throne. But when he examined them with precision, he found that the extracts from the Life of James the Second threw a new and striking light on almost all the transactions of his brother's reign. This circumstance induced him to begin his history with the restoration of monarchy; and to satisfy himself, as well as to *authenticate his materials to the public*, he went to Paris to make still further discoveries, and, in particular, to make fresh extracts from King James's Memoirs," &c.

"How *Nairne's Collection* came into the possession of Carte is as unimportant in itself as it is imperfectly known. Several papers, particularly the letters of Lord Caryll, which complete the chain of the secret correspondence with Britain, are in the Scotch College, and have passed through the Editor's hands. These, together with others which he received through various channels, shall be pointed out as they occur in the following volumes."—*Introduction to Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. I.*

In printing the documents from the Nairne Papers, Macpherson, besides noting the fact that he finds the particular document among the Nairne Papers, adds, also on the margin of his print, *Carte's own lettering*, and *numbering*, of the document. Thus, Dundee's most important letter to Melfort, from Moy in Lochaber, (which we have given in its order of date, June 27th 1689), is marked on Macpherson's margin, "Nairne's Papers, D.N. vol i. fol. No. 48." In like manner, the note of Dundee's speech to his soldiers before the battle is marked, on Macpherson's margin,—"July. Nairne's Papers, A.L. fol. No. 242." And Dundee's letter to the King after the battle is marked on his margin,—"Nairne's Papers. A.L. *ubi supra;*" indicating, that this letter has been copied on the same folio, or leaf, as the speech; both documents being very short. The marginal words, in the print,—"Nairne's Papers,"—stand for Macpherson's own statement that he found the particular document in that collection; the letters and numbers which follow, are *Carte's* own markings on the document, whereby Macpherson intended to give his readers every facility for finding the MS. which he prints.

Subsequent to Macpherson's use of these papers, they appear to have been deposited in the *Bodleian;* for he does not intimate that he examined them merely in that Library. On the contrary, he says "they were placed in the Editor's hands;" and his publishers (W. Strahan and T. Cadell, London), in a short *Advertisement* prefixed to Macpherson's *Introduction*, state,—"The *originals* are now in the hands of the booksellers."

Lord Macaulay was not inclined to admit the authenticity of a letter beside which his own history of Dundee's death could not stand. So he thus disposes of it, with that imperious *reticence*, as regards details, which so often protects his anathemas from immediate detection.

"Macpherson printed a letter from Dundee to James, *dated the day after the battle.* I *need not say*, that it is as impudent a forgery as Fingal."—(*Hist.* iv. 378, *note*).

Surely it was necessary to have said a great deal more in support of such a charge? Did the noble historian mean, that this alleged forgery by Macpherson is an *isolated letter* that he had printed? Or did he mean to refer (although making no such reference), to Macpherson's "Original Papers," published in 1775; and to say that this is an *isolated forgery*, occurring in the midst of that voluminous and valuable collection of such like historical documents, not one of which, save this one, does Lord Macaulay impugn? But "Macpherson printed" *them all*, and at the same time. What, then, of the rest? We verily believe that Lord Macaulay, while bringing this violent criminal accusation against the memory of Macpherson, had derived the fact of Dundee's letter, and the idea of its being forged, from some other and more modern source, and had never taken the trouble to consult that quarto volume of "Original Papers," or to inspect therein the letter which he denounces as an "impudent forgery." For it seems impossible that any critic, so experienced and able as Lord Macaulay, could have read Macpherson's explanatory Introduction to his publication of those Papers, or have studied the general contents, structure, and object of that work, and then have come to the conclusion, or periled so violently the assertion, that one of the least consequential of those many documents had been deliberately forged by the able compiler of that great publication, in the hands of the most respectable publishers of their day in London, at the same time attaching to his print of this supposed forgery a collector's, or library-reference, for the benefit of future explorers. All this, too, without a conceivable motive for thus leavening the whole lump of his laborious compilation with a single petty act of useless forgery. This surmise is somewhat confirmed by the fact, that Lord Macaulay says, that the letter is "dated the day after the battle." But neither in Macpherson's print of the letter, nor in the MS. from which he printed it (to be noticed in the sequel), is there any date whatever. To be sure, Macpherson unfortunately labours under the imputation of having forged, or invented, Ossian. The rapid and reckless historical genius of Lord Macaulay could not resist the fling at Fingal, however illogical and ridiculous this application of the legal maxim, *falsum in uno falsum in omnibus*. But he had not even perceived how unfortunate was his argument derived from Fingal upon this occasion, against the illustrious culprit, the *splendide mendax*, of Ossian. The original, the most determined, and the most elaborate detector of Macpherson in the Fingal affair, was the historian Malcolm Laing. How has that critical inquirer treated the letter in question? "Dundee," says Laing, "survived to write a concise and dignified account of his victory to James. With the loss of nine hundred of his men, two thousand of the enemy were killed or taken; and but for his untimely fate, not a man would have escaped. Had he survived to improve this distinguished victory, little doubt can be entertained that he would have recovered the whole of Scotland beyond the Forth." (*Hist.* iv. 222, *latest edition*). And Laing's authority for this adoption of Dundee's letter is, "*Macpherson's Orig. Pap.* i. 370–72." Neither has Lord Macaulay condescended to say, whether he means that Macpherson forged *the MS.* of such a letter, or that he falsely asserted the existence of an MS., and only forged the contents in his print. This suggests three inquiries to clear the case. *1st*, Does the MS. from which Macpherson professes to print the letter, exist? *2d*, If it exists, are there any reasons for believing that Macpherson forged the document? *3d*, If Macpherson be exonerated in the matter, is there any reason for rejecting the document on the ground of forgery at all?

1st and *2d*. Lord Macaulay himself repeatedly refers to the *Nairne Papers in the Bodleian*, for some purpose of his own; but constantly ignoring Macpherson's publication of them. Nor does he afford a hint that any MS. of the letter he so violently impugns, exists among the papers in the Bodleian. We believe that, in point of fact, he was entirely ignorant of its existence; and that his assumption of forgery, wherever he may have picked up the idea, was founded upon no inspection of the letter itself, either in MS. or in print. It happens, fortunately, that the Carte Collection, including Nairne's Papers, are at present undergoing a very intelligent inspection, for the purpose of being arranged and catalogued, in the hands of the Reverend W. D. Macray, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. An introduction to this gentleman (through the kindness of Mr David Laing of the Signet Library), has enabled the author of these pages to throw sufficient light upon the subject of the present enquiry, without the necessity of a pilgrimage to Oxford for that purpose. To the questions, whether any MS. of the note of Dundee's speech to his soldiers immediately before the battle of Killiecrankie, or of Dundee's letter to the King immediately after, still exists among the Carte Collection, or Nairne's Papers, as quoted and marked by Macpherson in 1775; and whether, if such documents exist, they are accurately printed; and whether there is any reason to suppose or suspect that the documents themselves are forgeries,—the following very satisfactory answers were most obligingly returned by the reverend gentleman applied to:—

"BODLEIAN LIBRARY, *Jan.* 2, 1862.

"DEAR SIR:—Nairne's Papers *are* preserved in Carte's Collection in this Library. Amongst them is the volume marked 'A.L.' in folio, from which Macpherson printed the papers enquired for by you. The Speech, and Letter, are *copies* by a *contemporaneous* hand, written on the two sides of the same leaf, and numbered 242, as in Macpherson. The one is headed,—'The L^d. Dundee's speech before ye Batle.' And the other 'Lord Dundee's lre to King James after ye ffight.'

"They are very correctly printed by Macpherson; the only trifling variations being the following: In the speech: 'usurpation[*s*] and rebellion[*s*];' 'but ['*twill*] inspire.' In the letter: '['*tis*] certain.' '*Mackay's*' [instead of M'Kay's]; '[*in*] this occasion,' '[*to*] your service,' [*e*]ntirely yours.'[1]

"There is no *endorsement* upon the paper, nor is it more fully described in the table of contents prefixed to the volume.

"The other references are correct. The letters in D. N. vol. i. folio 46, 48, are *copies*, not originals.[2] I believe Macpherson is *perfectly trust-worthy*. In the course of cataloguing the Pepys Papers, I found that his papers printed from that collection were very correct, with the exception that the letters from Abbeville to Lord Preston are described by him as being to Lord Sunderland (p. 285); and I believe the Tanner extracts are equally faithful.

"Any further information in my power I shall be happy to give.

"I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

"W. D. MACRAY."

To farther enquiries, the reverend gentleman again responded in the same obliging and distinct manner. "Lord Macaulay," he says, "*did* consult the Carte Papers personally. I recollect showing him some other papers myself. But I do not know whether he saw this volume or not;" meaning the volume containing the MS. of the letter which Lord Macaulay denounces as an impudent forgery by Macpherson. Mr Macray adds: "When I say that the *copies*,"—of Dundee's speech to the soldiers, and letter to the King,—"are *contemporaneous*, I mean that they are *evidently before* 1700. There can be *no doubt whatever* that they were written about 1690." In a subsequent letter, Mr Macray says: "There is not, as far as the paper itself is concerned, for anything that I can see, a *shadow of reason* for pronouncing the dying letter a forgery. Probably, Lord Macaulay did not look in the right vol. for it, as the variety of labels affixed by Carte is rather perplexing, and that, therefore, not finding it, he assumed its non-existence."

The *manes* of Macpherson, for which we appear, cannot afford to allow any such charitable conjecture in favour of the *manes* of Macaulay. It seems plain that that unsparing historian had made no search for such a document at all. Being on the spot, the least enquiry on the subject would have put the document into his hand; as we are well entitled to say, who have acquired so complete a knowledge of it from a distance. He had no desire to find such a manuscript, and, therefore, he would not hunt for it.

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[1] We have printed the letter in our text in terms of these trifling corrections. The letters within brackets are as the words are written in the MS. Macpherson would hardly have misprinted his *own forgery*.

[2] These are Dundee's letters to Melfort, given in our text at p. 603, from Macpherson's Original Papers, and to which Macaulay slightly refers (*Hist.* iv. pp. 357, 367), as authentic documents, but without acknowledging their publication by Macpherson in the same volume of his collection that contains the alleged forgery.

So far, then, as these documents are concerned, we have already redeemed Macpherson from the clutches of Macaulay. The manuscripts, both of Dundee's speech to his soldiers, and letter to the King, from which Macpherson professes to have printed them, *still exist*, and prove the perfect accuracy both of his print and of his references. Moreover, the documents are in a manuscript character contemporaneous with the time of Dundee, in the 17th century, and not of Macpherson in the 18th. And this disposes of the two first heads of our inquiry.

3d. Dundee's speech to his soldiers may be an accurate or inaccurate note of what he said; or a dressed version of a less finished speech. But *the letter* is either true or false. Whether he wrote or dictated, it either contains his own words, as a dispatch to his Sovereign, or it is *an invention*, and therefore an imposition and a fraud. But by whom, and for what purpose, with what possible motive, could such a fraud have been committed at the time? It must have been to serve some purpose of the time. But it was not *published;* it was never publicly heard of at the time. This *abeyance* of the short dispatch, is just what might be expected, seeing that Dundee expired immediately after it was written. But had it been *invented* for a purpose, there would have been some attempt to make it serve its purpose. Any purpose, or motive, however, for so weak an invention, cannot be conceived. It could not be intended to keep up the interest of the King in the Scotch campaign; because such a dispatch could only have reached him *simultaneously* with the news of Dundee's death. Neither could it have been intended to deceive either the Highlands or the Lowlands; for Dundee was publicly interred immediately after his death, which was notorious over Scotland, north and south, on the third day after the battle. And who, of those around him, nobles, chieftains, and cavaliers, could or would have forged that letter? It bears neither date nor place of writing. A forger would have given both. If a forgery, it is one of the most curiously composed that was ever attempted. Its whole internal structure is simply redolent of Dundee himself, in the briefest form. Would a forger, knowing that Dundee had been brought dead into the castle of Blair, have figured him saying, "they tell me they *(his wounds)* are not mortal?" Would he not rather have been figured as dying of a mortal wound? Every sentence in the letter, the whole strain of it, be-speaks the dying Viscount himself. He refers to his own "computation" of the enemy's forces. Why? Because his own vision had taken in the whole of them, from the accident of their relative positions. He says nothing of the five hundred prisoners. Why? Because the Athole men brought them in later. He refers to his own service in a foreign country, a reference that would hardly have occurred to a forger. He speaks of "Mackay's old soldiers" having felt to their cost the gallantry of the victors. Why? Because the charge he led in person broke Mackay's own regiment. He refers to his own voluminous correspondence with the nobility and gentry; and he implores the advent of the King, and more "horse and dragoons," just as he had been writing in the previous month to the King and to Melfort. The internal evidence is entirely in favour of the authenticity of a letter, the forgery of which would have been without the shadow of a motive, or intelligible purpose.

How, then, did this idea of forgery enter the mind of Lord Macaulay, who vouchsafes no hint as to his means of justifying an accusation so fiercely preferred? He had fallen into the mistake of assuming that a modern theory of Dundee having expired on the spot where he fell in the arms of young Johnstone, had been proved with such absolute certainty, that it was impossible he could have died elsewhere. The evidence for this theory he had never sifted. But finding it adopted in a most respectable quarter, it chimed in with his whole treatment of Dundee to grasp at the modern assumption; and so he put his own lordly *imprimatur* upon it, as a fact, in support of which it was quite unnecessary for him to quote any authority whatever. The noble author bestows a just and patronising encomium upon the compilation, for the Bannatyne Club, of the Leven and Melville Family Papers, so well edited by the late Hon. W. L. Melville; and at the conclusion of his fourth volume (*last edition*), he pointedly notes:—"The History of Scotland during this autumn (1689), will be best studied in the Leven and Melville Papers." Now, in the able preface to that valuable volume, we find the following paragraph, by Mr Leslie Melville, which we suspect to be all that Lord Macaulay had taken the trouble to look upon, in support of his criminal charge against Macpherson:—

"After describing Dundee's death wound, Mr Laing says, 'he survived to write a concise and dignified account of his victory to James.' The lamented editor of Dundee's letters (Mr George Smythe of Methven), published for the Bannatyne Club, *perceived* that this letter, which was first published by Macpherson, was a forgery; and the letter of James to Cannon, (No. 262 of the annexed collection), stating that Dundee was *killed* 'at the very entrance into action,' confirms this view of the question."—*Preface*, p. 38.

It is remarkable, that an editor so accurate as Mr Melville, should, on so critical a question, have misquoted one of the family documents he was editing. We have already given, in the foregoing Memorials, King James's reference to the death of Dundee, in his letter to Ballechin. He had also written to Colonel Cannon (Dundee's imbecile successor), adverting to the death of the hero in the very same terms; but not as quoted by Mr Melville in his preface. In neither of these letters does the King use the word "killed." In the letter to Cannon, the expressions are—"We need not, therefore, exhort you to courage and loyalty, which, if you had not been very steady, in *the loss you had* in your General, at the very entrance into action, with so great inequality, were enough to baffle you; but you have showed yourself above surprise, and sufficiently revenged the death of your leader." It will be at once perceived, that there is nothing in these general expressions at all inconsistent with the King's understanding of the fact, or with the fact itself, that Dundee fell, mortally wounded, at the conclusion of the great onset, but survived long enough to dictate this letter at Blair. He was lost to his army when he fell from his horse.

Lord Macaulay, in this question of forgery, appears to have leant upon Mr Melville, who leans entirely on Mr Smythe, who did not directly accuse Macpherson of forgery, but who first mooted, and argued, a theory of Dundee's death that is *contradicted* by the letter to the King in question; and therefore Mr Smythe's argument implies its fabrication by somebody.

Examination of the proofs adduced by Mr Smythe, to prove that Dundee died on the field.

The late Mr George Smythe of Methven, in his ably edited "Letters of the Viscount of Dundee," forming his contribution to the Bannatyne Club, in 1826, has a very elaborate note, professing to prove that Dundee expired on the spot where he fell, and therefore could not have written or dictated the letter to the King in question. "This letter," says Mr Smythe, "was printed by Macpherson, from a document *said* to have been discovered among the Nairne Papers.—*Original Papers*, vol. i. p. 372. As it has hitherto been *received as genuine*, I have admitted it into this collection; yet I must own that I entertain great doubts as to its authenticity. Independently of the *negative* evidence, afforded by the silence of all the contemporary writers, as to the existence of such a document, and particularly by that of King James, to whom it is addressed, and to whom, if it had reached Mr Nairne, it must have been communicated, there appears to me to be *positive* evidence of its falsehood, as Dundee *is proved* to have died upon the field, immediately after he received his wound."

If, indeed, that fact be *positively proved*, there is an end of the question. But Mr Smythe's fallacy, upon which his whole case depends, consists in assuming that to be *proved*, which not only is *not* proved, but against which there stands the *positive proof* of that very letter; a letter which bears not the slightest symptoms of forgery about it,—unless Mr Smythe's *theory* is to suffice to bring it under such suspicion. That gentleman did not know of the existence of the MS. in the Bodleian. He appears to have regarded the fraud to be of this nature, that a manuscript was referred to that never existed at all. And all this is based upon the erroneous idea, that a peculiar and fallacious view, of certain small items of circumstantial evidence, amounts to *positive proof* of a fact involving a charge of useless and unintelligible *forgery*, by Mr Macpherson, or by *some person unknown.* But Mr Smythe, in the ingenious note of which we have quoted the commencement above, lays fairly before the public the *proofs* upon which he relies for his conclusion, that "Dundee is *proved* to have died upon the field, immediately after he received his wound;" and these proofs we shall now examine, in their order, as he gives them:—

1. "King James, in the History of his own Life, says, that Lord Dundee, 'when crossing over the plaine to give some orders on the left, where the enemy made the most opposition, was most unfortunately *killed* by a random shot.'—*Clarke's Life of James II.*, vol. ii. p. 352."

Answer.—Mr Smythe seems to have supposed that his quotation gives the very words of King James himself. But they are merely the words of some unknown compiler of the Life of James, from the King's own papers. When that compiler gives the King's own words, he does so under double marks of quotation; and this important distinction is carefully and accurately preserved in Mr Clarke's able editing of the publication, of this MS. *compiled* Life of King James. Now the passage relied on by Mr Smythe, is part of the *compiler's* narrative—not an extract from the King's own writing. This distinction should always be observed in quoting from Clarke's edition of what is generally called King James's History of his own Life. In the present instance, however, it is of the less consequence, because, supposing the sentence quoted to have been the *very words* of King James, so far from being *proof* that Dundee died on the field, it would not even be proof that King James *meant to say so.* Mr Smythe gives the word "killed," in italics. But that will not, in a question of proof, make the word go for more than what it necessarily means. Killed does not necessarily mean *killed on the spot.* A man who is mortally wounded in a battle, and who dies a day or two after in the nearest bed to which he could be removed, is, in the strictest parlance, said to have been *killed* in that battle.

2. "Father Hay, who was also a contemporary, and who describes Lord Dundee as his 'particular friend,' expresses himself in terms exactly similar. He says, that 'the late Viscount of Dundee was *killed* at Killiecrankie, in the beginning of that famed battle.'—*Hay's Collection*, vol. ii. p. 55, MS. Advocates' Library."

Answer.—The same answer serves for Mr Smythe's second proof. It does not even prove that Father Hay *meant* that Dundee was killed on the spot, or died on the field.

3. "Craufurd, in his Peerage, which was published in 1716, states, that 'his Lordship received a shot of a musket-ball in his right side, of which he instantly expired.'"

Answer.—There is no doubt as to Craufurd's *meaning* here; but the unsupported assertion of a peerage writer, twenty-seven years after the event, can go a very short way indeed as *positive proof* of the fact that Dundee "instantly expired," on receiving his mortal wound. The fact, and usual statement, that Dundee was *killed* at Killiecrankie, being in his mind, the peerage writer, without considering the question at all, jumps to the conclusion that the hero died on the field, and he uses the somewhat conventional phrase, "instantly expired." But this evidence, *quantum valeat*, is utterly destroyed by the fact of being itself *disproved.* For the Parliamentary evidence taken in the process of Dundee's forfeiture, establishes the fact, that he, *at least*, held a conversation, after his mortal wound, with one of his own officers, who caught him when falling from his horse. So he did not "instantly expire;" nor does the Parliamentary witness say, that he then and there expired at all.

4. "Lord Balcarres, although he does not expressly say that Dundee died on the spot where he fell, affirms that his body was stripped there; and it can hardly be supposed that this would have been done had he been still alive. His words are—'Next day after the fight, an officer riding by the place where my Lord Dundee fell, found lying there a bundle of papers and commissions, which he had about him; those who stripped him thought them but of small concern, that they left them there lying.'—*Memoirs*, p. 108."

Answer.—Mr Smythe himself, as we shall immediately find, casts some doubt upon the fact, whether Lord Balcarres ever wrote such a sentence in his MS. Memoirs at all. But assume it to have been so written by him. That Lord Balcarres meant to say, by the single word "stripped," that it was Dundee's *dead body* that was stripped, and by *unfriendly robber hands*, is surely a very violent deduction from that single word, and quite inadmissable in this question of evidence. It is *proved* that Dundee had a friend with him the instant he fell. He fell on the field of his own victory. He fell surrounded by friends who were chasing every enemy off that field. Many of his friends on that field were men of high distinction, and warmly attached to him. The Highlanders at the time adored him, and regarded him as their chief of chiefs; and surely that sentiment would not be cooled at the time of his fall, dying in the arms of victory, leading the Highlanders in one of the greatest and proudest triumphs of Celtic chivalry. Are we to believe that Dundee was stripped and robbed by the Highlanders (and who else could have done it?), the instant after he had died the death of a hero, and that his dead body, on the field of his own victory, was left naked and desolate as the corpse of Palinurus? The thing is *impossible*. But Balcarres, supposing the sentence to be his, never meant to say so. Dundee is understood to have been wounded in the lower part of his right side, near the edge of his cuirass. Before he could be carried off the field, or the nature of his wound looked to at all, it would be necessary to strip him of his cuirass, and every cumbrous article of his military equipment. He would then be carried off wrapped in the plaids of the Highlanders. That *friends*, stripping him, *neglected* papers, "thinking them but of small concern," is quite intelligible. But *robbers* stripping him, could hardly be supposed likely to have touched a bundle of papers on such an occasion, whatever their literary value. Manifestly, the sentence in question, if Balcarres wrote it, implies no such meaning as Mr Smythe has attached to it.

5. "My friend, Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe has communicated to me a curious MS. note upon this passage [in Balcarres], which occurs in a copy of Lord Balcarres's Memoirs, in the library of Christ Church, Oxford; and which, although it contradicts his Lordship's statement, relative to the discovery of the papers, affords additional evidence in support of the opinion that Dundee was killed upon the field:—'*N.B.* I spoke with some that were at that fight, and saw the V. of Dundee's corpse naked upon the ground, and was [*were?*] of the number that wrapped it in a pladd, and brought it off the field to the Blair of Athole? *they* said they saw no papers, nor was there any such rumour among them; so that I suspect this passage was not in Balcarres's original narrative, but interpolated by the gentleman who first brought it from France, who, they said, was Cockburn of Ormiston, Justice-Clerk at that time.'"

Answer.—This "MS. note" does more than "contradict his Lordship's statement." It suggests that his Lordship never made the statement at all. Mr Smythe's proofs here fall foul of each other. But what is the value, as evidence, of an *anonymous* MS. note, scribbled on the margin of a book in a library? Who wrote it? When was it written? Mr Smythe does not pretend that such questions can be answered. Giving Mr Charles K. Sharpe full credit for the accuracy of his transcript, this evidence, *per se*, to *prove positively* that Dundee died on the field, is, we think, utterly valueless. Moreover, that the assertion it contains, that Dundee's *corpse* was found "*naked* upon the ground," is so devoid of all probability, as to condemn, as evidence, any unvouched statement in which it appears.

6. "The depositions of the witnesses who were examined before the Parliament, in the process of treason, *seem also* to confirm the notion that Dundee died immediately after he received his wound, and that he was carried from the field alive. James Osborne depones—'That he saw the Viscount of Dundee at the fight of Kelachranky,'and saw a dead body which was said to be the Viscount's body, wrapped up in a pair of Highland plaids, after the said feight.' James Malcolm, son of the laird of Balbedie, depones—'That he saw the late said Viscount of Dundee lyeing dead of the wounds he receaved that day in the feight.'"

Mr Smythe then quotes from the evidence of Lieutenant Nisbet, who depones to the information as to Dundee's fall from his horse, which he had from Johnstone who caught him, and which evidence we have given in full in the foregoing Memorials.

Answer.—Not one of these witnesses support Mr Smythe's assertion. The two first depone to having seen Dundee dead in the Castle of Blair Athole after the fight; and nothing more can possibly be extracted from their recorded depositions. The last witness furnishes the interesting and important fact, that Dundee was *not* killed on the spot; but was able to make inquiries as to the state of the battle, and to make an emphatic rejoinder when spoken to on the subject.

And this is the whole of Mr Smythe's *positive evidence*, on which he relies for his positive assertion, that "Dundee *is proved* to have died upon the field, immediately after he received his wound." Now, we say, that, taken either singly or collectively, as evidence to substantiate that assertion, the proofs quoted are not worth the paper on which they are printed.

The *negative* evidence to which Mr Smythe points is still more easily disposed of.

7. "The silence of all contemporary writers as to the existence of such a document, and particularly that of King James, to whom it is addressed, and to whom, *if it had reached Mr Nairne*, it must have been communicated."

Answer.—The latent, and inconsequential nature of the document, under the circumstances, will perfectly account for the very few *contemporary* notices that exist of Dundee's death containing no reference to it. A very short letter dictated by the dying man, and immediately carried to the King in Ireland, along with the news that he only survived a few hours after it had been written, was not in the least likely to be mentioned by the King in any letter of his that has come down to us. Neither is there any other contemporary notice of Dundee's death where it was likely to be referred to. Lord Balcarres's Memoirs being written for the information of King James himself, were not likely to contain a reference to an inconsequential fact, better known to the King than to Balcarres, and which it is quite possible that nobleman (in prison at the time), never happened to know. That such a letter actually was written at the time, the manuscript still existing in the Bodleian proves; and as for the value of such *negative* evidence, of its being a contemporary forgery, as that there are no *contemporary notices* of it, it seems rather to be better evidence of its authenticity. For such a fraud (if the idea be conceivable at all), must have been perpetrated for a purpose; and would hardly have escaped all publicity or notice at the time. From the labels and lettering on the different volumes of Carte's Collection in the Bodleian, a doubt may be suggested, whether the documents in question, Dundee's speech, and letter to the King, actually belonged to *Nairne's* Collection (as Macpherson had understood it), or to *Carte's* own collection from other quarters. But that question is not material to the charge of forgery with which we have been dealing.

Drummond of Balhaldy, whose Memoirs of Lochiel were printed in 1737, was offended at Lord Balcarres, who, in his contemporary Memoirs, seemed to cast a slur upon young Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, on the left of Dundee's line, as not having been so forward, in the first great onset, as the other Clans. But while impugning Balcarres's account of Dundee's fatal exertion to rectify a little confusion in that quarter (a confusion, at least, which Balhaldy admits), he misquotes him. "If the reader will reflect," he says, "on the extent of Dundee's front, occasioned by the great intervals that were left between the battalions, and that Sir Donald was posted on the extremity of the left wing, he will not imagine it probable that Dundee, who *charged in the centre*, would *make signs*, at so great a distance, for Sir Donald to advance, who could not possibly perceive him," (p. 273). There is a great mistake here. Balcarres says nothing about *making signs*. His words are—"When Dundee saw the cannon taken, the enemy's horse fled, and his horse broke in through Mackay's own regiment, *he rode* to bring up Sir Donald Macdonald's regiment," &c. Balhaldy's account otherwise substantially agrees with Balcarres's; and also with the fact of Dundee having been carried from the field alive, by his friends. For he says, that Earl Dunfermline, and other Cavaliers, found him on the ground (doubtless attended by Johnstone), exhibiting "some small remains of life," and were in the act of carrying him away, when fired upon by Leven's battalion, and driven off for a while, at which time Halyburton of Pitcur was mortally wounded. But it would have been strange indeed, if the attempt of the victors to save their beloved commander, and carry him to Blair, had not been immediately renewed; and there is nothing in Balhaldy's account to warrant the idea that no such attempt was made. The authenticity of Dundee's last letter, then, the idea of which being *forged*, is in itself a theory utterly inexplicable and unintelligible, receives no contradiction whatever, from any of the contemporaneous, or old accounts of his death that have come down to us. Moreover, Mr Smythe has committed the same fault of which we have pointed out an instance in the able preface to the Leven and Melville Papers; the not attending, namely, to very precise accuracy, in quoting, or printing, such documentary evidence. Mr Melville misquoted (from quoting loosely) one of the family documents he prints. Mr Smythe has misprinted Dundee's letter. He gives the conclusion thus:—"whether I live or die, I am *sincerely* yours, DUNDIE." But Macpherson printed it—"whether I live or die, I am *intirely* yours, DUNDEE;" and this last is the expression used in the manuscript in the Bodleian. The cold and familiar phrase substituted by Mr Smythe, is quite out of keeping, as the last words of the dying Viscount, and casts a factitious air upon the letter, the authenticity of which is supported by the characteristic phrase as it appears in the manuscript.

We have only to add, that the invariable tradition in Blair Athole is, that Dundee was carried from the field to the Castle, and died therein.

II.

THE VISCOUNTESS OF DUNDEE.

THE whole history of this noble lady is rife with romance and tragedy. We have been enabled to disclose the fact, for the first time, that Claverhouse won her heart and hand, despite the opposition of all her family, culling the fair flower from out that garden of fanaticism which he is accused of having watered with the blood of the saints. "And for the young lady herself," he says, "I shall answer for her. Had she not been right principled, she would never, in despite of her mother and relations, have made choice of a *persecutor*, as they call me." Then came the Conventicle storm on their wedding-day, compelling the happy bridegroom to make that night the heath his bed, the bracken curtain for his head. "I shall be revenged some time or other of this unseasonable trouble these dogs have given me,—*they might have let Tuesday pass!*" Another stormy crisis ere long succeeds. "I hope the meeting of States will think it unreasonable I should leave my wife in the condition she is in." Then we have the author of the *Gramiad*, an ear and eye witness, describing the parting of this Hector and Andromache, when the devoted Viscount set out on his grand adventure. After this comes the plot of the Scotch dragoons (now the *Greys*), concocted between the heroic Viscountess and Lieutenant-Colonel William Livingstone of Kilsyth, destined to be her second husband. That she corresponded with Dundee during his campaign, and raised money for him, he himself mentions in his letter to Melfort; and Mackay records his detection of her letters to the Viscount in the North. The news of the great victory brought fearful joy and hope to Glen Ogilvy—the news of the glorious death, frightful dismay. No wonder their infant boy, nursed by that widowed mother's tears, died within three months thereafter. No wonder that she became an object of deep interest to the exiled King and Queen. For the next notice of her we are indebted to the obliging attention of Mr Robert Chambers, who favoured us with the following interesting communication :—

"Alexander Robertson of Struan, writing at Paris, 9th April 1690, to his mother, 'The Lady Strowan Robertsone, to be left at Mr Drummond's lodging, at the signe of the Sune, in Dickson's Close, Edinburgh,' says in a postscript—'Let me know what is become of my Ladie Dundie. If she be in Edinburgh, goe see her, and tell her that the K[ing] and Q[ueen] *almost adore her.*'

"Extracted from Struan's letters, temporarily in my possession, by favour of the present Struan Robertson."

"*June* 1859." "R. C."

This young chief was still a minor; and in his castle it was that Dundee established his quarters, on the Garry, immediately before his occupation of Blair.

William Livingstone, after Mackay's detection of his plot, was nearly subjected to torture by the Hamilton Government, and thereafter narrowly escaped death from the sentence of the military tribunal that sat on his delinquency. He had to entreat the Government for his life, who gave it to him, as all their fears were dissipated by the death of Dundee. Then in a few years, seemingly about the year 1694, he married the widow of Dundee, under the manifest sympathies that drew them together. They, too, had an infant son; and then came another tragedy, and another romance, that beggars the powers of fiction. The late Hon. William Leslie Melville kindly permitted the author of these pages to copy the following from his note-book of the family papers :—

"Extract of a letter from Countess of Wemyss in her own right, to her sister [*daughter?*], the Countess of Leven, dated London, October 26, 1695 :—'I doubt not but you have heard or this time of my Lady Dundee hir sad death at Holland. It seems she was newly come to the place, and could not get lodgings, which made her to go to a little hous for a night; but in the midle of the night, the hous fell, and killed hir and hir sone, and hir woman. The V. of Kilsith escaped, but was very ill hurt; so it is doubtful if he will live, with grife and pain togither. This is very sad news,' &c.—*Leven and Melville Papers.*"[1]

And now comes the romance. Precisely one century after this awful event, the following appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of date July 27, 1795:—

"A correspondent has favoured us with a very particular account of a discovery lately made in the aisle of Kilsyth Church:—

'On the 15th May, some young people went down to visit the vault or burying-ground of the family of Kilsyth; prompted by curiosity, one of them tore up the lid of a leaden coffin; under the lid there was a substance of the colour and consistency of putty, but of a rich aromatic flavour; below that they discovered a fir cover, as clear and clean as if new from the plane; this excited their curiosity still more, till at last they had the hardiness to lift this lid. To the astonishment of all, they discovered the body of the Lady Kilsyth and her infant son.

'Lest some violence should have been offered their ashes, I examined the tomb next day.

'To my great surprise, I found the shroud as clean, and the ribbons as bright, and both as fresh, as the hour they were laid in the tomb. There was not a single fold or knot of either discomposed, and scarcely a particle of dust upon them.

'Both bodies were entire, the features distinct, and as placid and pleasant to look upon as if they had been only asleep. The infant was a peculiarly interesting and moving spectacle; with the smile of innocence upon its lips, fair and full of flesh, it arrested the attention of every beholder.

'The Lady herself bore evident marks of a violent death. Upon the right temple there is still visible a large wound, covered over with a black patch of silk, about the size of a crown, and her features have rather the marks of anxiety. Beautiful auburn hair, and a fine complexion, with a few pearly drops like dew upon her face, when uncovered, occasioned a sigh of astonishment and silent wonder.

'The body had been embalmed, and the sutures are still visible and entire. The brain had been extracted, and the corpse embalmed in some fluid of the colour and consistency of brandy or spirit of wine. Part of it still remains, but it is now become quite vapid.

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[1] We were fortunate in obtaining this contemporary notice, of the sad fate of Dundee's Viscountess, from Mr Melville's note-book, as he has not printed the letter in his valuable collection of the Leven and Melville Papers.

'When first opened, the whole tomb, though upwards of sixteen feet square, was filled with the most delightful and odoriferous perfumes. The flavour is now gone, though it lasted for upwards of a month.

'The tomb is now shut up, to prevent rude people from offering any sacrilegious violence to the ashes of the dead.

'The lady unquestionably was the daughter of John [William] Cochrane, son of Lord Dundonald, first married to Viscount Dundee, and afterwards to the Viscount of Kilsyth; and that she and her husband were killed on the Continent appears from Dalrymple's Memoirs and Letters. Her corpse was sent over and deposited in the family vault of Kilsyth, with great pomp and ceremony, according to the form of the Church of England, in the end of last century, along with her infant son, who died suddenly about the same time.

'The account of her funeral has been handed down among the people in this part of the country; and that she was a violent opposer of the establishment of the Presbyterian worship and church government in 1690, appears from the Kirk-Session records.' "

It would appear, that this correspondent of the Edinburgh Evening Courant, whose account is so immediately contemporaneous with the curious discovery, was none other than the Reverend Mr Rennie, minister of the parish, who drew up a similar statement for Sir John Sinclair, which was published by him in his statistical account of the parish of Kilsyth in 1796. We shall here quote, however, a much more minute and very interesting account with which the same reverend gentleman favoured Dr T. Garnett, for his "Observations on a Tour through the Highlands," &c., published in 1800.

Dr Garnett's Statement.

"While we were resting ourselves for a few days at Glasgow, after the fatigue of our journey, before we proceeded to the falls of the Clyde, we received an invitation from the Reverend Mr Rennie, minister of Kilsyth, to visit that place, in order to see a curious mummy which had been discovered in a vault under the church, near a year before.[1] The place is about fourteen miles distant from Glasgow. The vault had been closed up, but Mr Rennie had the goodness to order an opening to be made, through which we descended with difficulty, but were amply repaid for our trouble; for, though the body was by no means in that high state of preservation that it was when first discovered, having received some injury from the air, and still more from the sacrilegious hands which had torn away part of the shroud, still it was wonderfully perfect. Mr Watts took a drawing of it, which he afterwards *corrected under the eye of Mr Rennie*, so as to make it *exactly resemble* the appearance of the body when first discovered. Mr Rennie politely offered to draw up a particular account of the circumstances attending this mummy, which I afterwards received from him, and which I shall insert in his own words:—

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[1] From the date of the Courant, in which the story first appears, Dr Garnett must have been on this excursion in 1796, although his tour was only published in 1800, in two volumes quarto, London.

Mr Rennie's Account.

"There is an arched vault, or burying-ground, under the church of Kilsyth, which seems to have been the burial-place of the family of Kilsyth for many generations. As the estate was forfeited, and the title became extinct in 1715, it has never been used for that purpose since that period. The Earl [Viscount] fled with his lady and family to Flanders; and though he returned more than once *incog.*, in the habit of a common beggar, and as such lodged with several of his tenants, yet it is certain he was not buried at Kilsyth. The tradition is, and it is said to be confirmed by some papers and letters lately found, that he, and a number of the unfortunate noblesse, who had been concerned in the rebellion [1715] were either murdered, or killed by a sudden accident in Holland, about the year 1717.[1]

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[1] Here the worthy minister is quite at fault. The tragedy occurred in 1695, as the letter from the Countess of Wemyss to the Countess of Leven proves. Lord Kilsyth was severely hurt, but not killed. He lived to marry another wife. Sir John Sinclair has this note to the statistical account: "Lady Kilsyth, with her infant son, was smothered or killed in Holland, or Flanders, by the falling of the roof *along with her husband*. It has been supposed that the thing happened not by accident, but design; that several considerable persons who had been *concerned in the rebellion* 1715, were involved in it, as well as the family of Kilsyth; and that only two of the whole company escaped, by being seated in a window." This is all wrong, as is proved by the date, 1695, given in the Countess of Wemyss' letter. The accident happened in the night time, and in a "little hous" in which the Viscount and Viscountess, their infant, and her maid, had gone for the night, not finding a lodging elsewhere. And how could a lady have an infant in 1717, who was married to a former husband so early as 1684? Mr Hill Burton, who is somewhat fond of speculating and puzzling instead of searching, and of making historical bricks without straw, puzzles over this difficulty, and leaves doubt upon the story.

"At all events, it seems certain that this lady, with her infant son, were smothered by the falling in of the roof of the room, in which a number of the nobility who had been concerned in the rebellion were assembled. It is generally said and believed, that this was not by accident, but design; that the landlord, and some of his accomplices, had cut the beams which supported the roof, and that, upon a signal being given, he let it fall in, with a view to smother the whole company. It appears that very few escaped, and I never heard it doubted or denied, that Lady Kilsyth and her infant perished in the ruins. Indeed the wound she received on the right temple is still visible, and when the body was first discovered it was covered with a black patch, about the size of a crown piece.[1] There is no mark of violence on her son. He seems to have been smothered, as it is generally said, sitting on the knee of his mother at table.[2]

"Her body was embowelled and embalmed, and soon afterwards sent over to Scotland. It was landed, and lay at Leith for some time in a cellar, and was afterwards carried to Kilsyth, and buried in great pomp, according to the form of the Church of England. It is not twenty years since some of the inhabitants of the parish died, who were in their youth eye-witnesses of the funeral.

"The body was inclosed, first in a coffin of fir; next in a leaden coffin, nicely cemented, but without any inscription; this was again covered with a very strong wooden coffin. The space between the two was filled up with a white matter, somewhat of the colour and consistency of putty, apparently composed of gums and perfumes, for it had a rich and delicious flavour. When I was a boy at school I have frequently seen the coffin in which she lies; for the vault was then always accessible, and often opened. But at that time the wooden coffin was entire. Indeed it was only within a few years that it decayed. Even after this the lead one remained entire for a considerable time; but being very brittle and thin, it also began to moulder away; a slight touch of the finger penetrated any part of it. In the apertures thus made nothing was seen but the gummy matter above mentioned. When this was partly removed, which was easily done, being very soft, and only about an inch in thickness, another wooden coffin appeared, which seemed quite clean and fresh.

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[1] But the engraving of Mr Watt's drawing which accompanies the account in Garnett's Tour, exhibits the patch on the lady's cheek-bone, under the right eye. Probably the drawing is accurate, and Mr Rennie may have written temple by mistake.

[2] All this is corrected by the contemporary letter to Lady Leven.

"But no one ever thought of opening it till the Spring of 1796,[1] when some rude regardless young men went to visit the tomb, and with sacrilegious hands tore open the leaden coffin. To their surprise, they found under the lid a covering of fir, as clean and fresh as if it had been made the day before. The cover of this being loose was easily removed. With astonishment and consternation, they saw the body of Lady Kilsyth, and her child, as perfect as the hour they were embalmed.

"For some weeks this circumstance was kept secret; but at last it began to be whispered in several companies, and soon excited great and general curiosity. On the 12th of June, while I was from home, great crowds assembled, and would not be denied admission. At all hours of the night, as well as the day, they afterwards persisted in gratifying their curiosity.

"*I saw the body soon after the coffin was opened.* It was quite entire. Every feature, and every limb, was as full—nay, the very shroud was as clear and fresh, and the colours of the ribbons as bright, as the day they were lodged in the tomb. What rendered this scene more striking, and truly interesting, was, that the body of her son and only child, the natural heir of the title and estates of Kilsyth, lay at her knee. His features were as composed as if he had been only asleep. His colour was as fresh, and his flesh as plump and full, as in the perfect glow of health. The smile of infancy and innocence sat on his lips. His shroud was not only entire, but perfectly clean, without a particle of dust upon it. He seems to have been only a few months old. The body of Lady Kilsyth was equally well preserved; and at a little distance, with the feeble light of a taper, it would not have been easy to distinguish whether she was dead or alive. The features—nay, the very expression of her countenance, were marked and distinct, and it was only in a certain light that you could distinguish anything like ghastly and agonising traits of a violent death. Not a single fold of her shroud was discomposed, nor a single member impaired.

"But no description can give a just or adequate idea of the neatness or elegance of her appearance. I therefore refer to the sketch taken by your friend. I have only to lament that his representation was finished chiefly from my description, as at the time you saw the body it was much sullied, and the shroud injured. But it is as near the original as I can recollect, or as any pencil can express. I can only say, it is not a flattering portrait. Let the candid reader survey this

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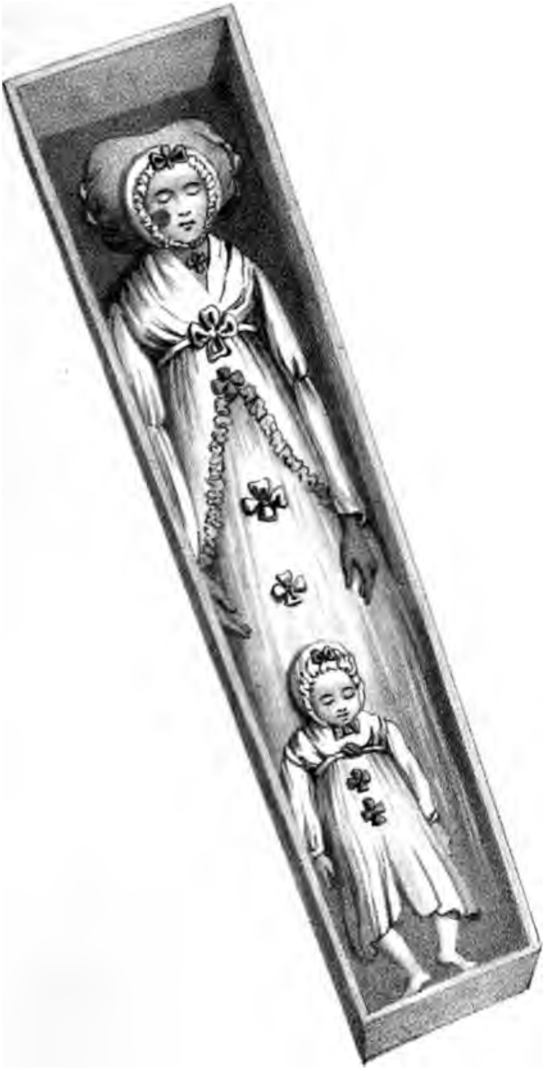
[1] The date of the *Edinburgh Courant* proves this to be a mistake for 1795.



LADY KILSYTH (VISCOUNTESS DUNDEE) & HER INFANT,
as discovered in the Vault at Kilsyth 1795.
From the Sketch in Garnett's Tour.

W. H. M'Farlane, Lith. E

sketch—let him recal to mind the tragic tale that it unfolds, and say, if he can, that it does not arrest the attention and interest the heart. For my part, it excited in my mind a thousand melancholy reflections; and I could not but regret that such rudeness had been offered to the ashes of the dead, as to expose them thus to the public view.

"The body seemed to have been preserved in some liquid nearly of the colour and appearance of brandy; the whole coffin seems to have been full of it, and all its contents saturated with it. The body had assumed somewhat the same tinge, but this seemed only to give it a fresher look; it had none of the ghastly livid hue of death, but rather a copper complexion. It would, I believe, have been difficult for a chemist to ascertain the nature of this liquid; though perfectly transparent, it had lost its pungent qualities, its taste being quite vapid. I have heard, however, that several medical gentlemen carried off small phials full of it, but do not know whether they made any experiments with it. The rich odoriferous flavour continued not only in the vault, but even in the church, for many weeks, as can be attested by many hundreds. All agree that it was a mixture of perfumes, but of what kind it was not easy to say; the most prevalent seemed to me to be that of spirit of turpentine, and it is certain that this odour continued the longest.

"The head reclined on a pillow, and as the covering decayed, it was found to contain a collection of strong scented herbs. Balm, sage, and mint, were easily distinguished, and it was the opinion of many that the body was filled with the same. Although the bodies were thus entire at first, I confess I expected to see them soon crumble into dust, especially as they were exposed to the open air, and the fine aromatic fluid had evaporated; and it seems surprising that they did not. For several weeks they underwent no visible change; and had they not been sullied with dust, and the drops of grease from the candles held over them, I am confident they might have remained as entire as ever; for even a few months ago, the bodies were as firm and compact as at first, and though pressed with the finger, did not yield to the touch, but seemed to retain the elasticity of the living body. Even the shroud, though torn by the rude hands of the regardless multitude, is still strong, and free from rot. Perhaps the most singular phenomenon is, that the bodies seem not to have undergone the smallest decomposition or disorganisation. Several medical gentlemen (I think you did so yourself,) have made a small incision into the arm of the infant; the substance of the body was quite firm, and every part in its original state.

"Lady Kilsyth was of the family of Dundonald. This appears from Crauford's peerage, and other undoubted authority. She is there called Jean, daughter of William Lord Cochrane, son and heir of William Earl of Dundonald. It is equally certain that she was first married to the Viscount of Dundee, and even after she married her second husband she still retained that title; for he was then the heir-apparent only of the title and estates of Kilsyth, and of course till the death of his father,[1] she was not called Lady Kilsyth. There was a singular circumstance attending this connection. She had come on a visit to Colzium, the seat of the family of Kilsyth, about a year after the battle of Killiecrankie, in which her husband the Viscount Dundee fell. At that time it was said that William Livingstone (afterwards Viscount Kilsyth, and her husband) first paid his addresses to her. As a pledge of his love, he presented her with a ring; but, as ill luck would have it, she dropped it next day in the garden. To lose a ring in such circumstances, and so soon, was no doubt regarded as an evil omen; a liberal reward was therefore offered to any person who should find and restore it, but in vain, it could not be found; and until the year 1796, nearly a century after, was never heard of. At that time, however, the tenant of the garden, when digging potatoes, discovered it in a clod of earth. At first he regarded it as a bauble, but the moment the legend became apparent, the tradition came fresh into his recollection, and he instantly *supposed* it to be the ring of Lady Kilsyth. It is of gold, and about the value of ten shillings; about the breadth of a straw, and without any stone. The external surface is ornamented with a wreath of myrtle, and on the internal surface is the following legend:—*Zovrs onlly & Euer*. This ring is, I believe, in the possession of Sir Archibald Edmonston of Duntreath, the proprietor of the Kilsyth estates."[2]

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[1] Lady Dundee's second husband did not succeed to his father, but to his elder brother the second Viscount of Kilsyth, of whom so little is heard, in those stirring times, as to induce the belief that he was either out of the country, or *non compos*. In 1689 Sir John Dalrymple, Lord Advocate, calls William Livingstone "Liftennent-Collonell Levistoun of Kilsyth." Crauford, the peerage writer, says, that "*James* Viscount of Kilsyth (whom William succeeded) died a bachelor in 1706." Yet the Countess of Wemyss, in her letter to Lady Leven, dated 26th October 1695, calls Lady Dundee's husband, "V. of Kilsith," according to the extract we obtained from the late Honourable W. L. Melville.

[2] The story of the posied ring, and its application, is manifestly one of those romantic family anecdotes, the belief in which has more to do with the fancy than the judgment. When the plot of the Scotch dragoons is considered, and William Livingstone's part in it, the sympathy between him and Lady Dundee, that enabled him

The sequel to this sad but most interesting discovery, so well authenticated, and admirably recorded, by the Reverend Mr Rennie, will be found in the note, as kindly communicated by the present proprietor of Kilsyth, Sir Archibald Edmonstone of Duntreath. The beauty of Lady Dundee was celebrated in verse, more zealous and prolix than attractive, upon the occasion of the sad calamity that deprived her of life. But the enthusiastic poet could scarcely hope to have his estimate of her charms verified by ocular inspection a century thereafter:—

"Who will not grieve for her death, who, when she
Did live on earth, all others did outvie
In all the charming attraits of that grace
Of stately person and most beauteous face:
And in proportion to this sacred shryne,
The Gods did make her spirit all divine."[1]

to aspire to her hand, becomes very obvious. But we have no faith in the history of the ring, except that some such relic was found at Colzium. The present possessor of Colzium, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, was so kind as to favour the author of these pages with the following particulars, in a letter dated 3d February 1862:—

"The marriage (between William Livingstone of Kilsyth and Lady Dundee) took place at Colzium, where my modern house has replaced the old tower house; and at my door, more than half a century ago, a ring was found (in my possession), with the inscription, '*Yours for ever*;' which, *tradition says*, was given by Livingstone to his wife on the day of their marriage, and which she immediately lost, and which was considered a bad omen. Some years afterwards another ring was found, larger, not far off, with the inscription, '*Yours till dathe*,' now also in my possession, which I have little doubt Lady Dundee must have given to Livingstone, but of the loss of which there is no tradition.

"William Livingstone and his wife had to retire to Holland, from political motives, where her death occurred, and that of the last male heir of the family. Livingstone, after succeeding to his brother, married again (a Makdougall of Makerstown), and had a daughter who died young, and the family became not merely attainted, but extinct.

"About forty years ago, the old church (of Kilsyth) was pulled down, and a new one built in a different situation; the vault was, however, preserved, and my factors have been buried in it. On the death of my last, Mr ———, eleven years ago, when the vault was opened for him, I, to my disgust, found that the sexton had taken up the body of Lady Dundee, to put that of Mr ——— in its place. *I then saw it.* It was perfectly shrivelled and discoloured; and what surprised me was, that in the sketch in *Garnett's Tour*, the child was lying at the mother's feet, whereas now it was lying on her breast; I suppose so placed when the coffin decayed. I immediately ordered the body to be walled up within the vault, so that it never be exposed again—and I have put up a memorial inscription on the spot. No relic, that I am aware of, was found in the grave."

[1] These lines are about the best of a long and very rude elegy on the death of Lady Dundee, contained in a volume of *Adversaria*, among the MSS. of the Advocate's Library. The curious reader may consult Mr Maidment's *Analecta Scotica*, 1834–38, where more elegies on this lady are printed than deserved so good an editor.

The various stories of Dundee having been *assassinated* on the field of battle, which have found their way into print, are so nonsensical, all contradictory of each other, and contradicted by the most authentic evidence on the subject, that we forbear loading our pages with a repetition of them. The curious in baseless family legends, and Highland traditions, seasoned with the marvellous and the romantic (which even Sir Walter Scott sometimes preferred to truth itself), may consult the traditionary notes of such stories about Dundee, wherewith Mr Robert Chambers has pleasantly garnished his popular history of the Rebellions. One of these traditions, however, as it affects the character of the Viscountess, as well as that of her second husband, we must here take in hand to destroy.

" A Lowland Cavalier story," says Mr Chambers, " which has never hitherto been noticed in print, ascribes the fate of the hero to a passion which William, third Viscount of Kilsyth, not then come to the peerage, entertained for this lady; and Lady Dundee herself is said to have been so thoroughly convinced of this, that, on the *New-Year's morning* which succeeded, she sent the supposed assassin *a white nightcap, a pair of white gloves, and a rope*, being a sort of suit of *canonicals for the gallows*, either to signify that she esteemed him worthy of that fate, or that she thought the state of his mind might be such as to make him fit to hang himself. *After all*, as the story proceeds to say, Lady Dundee, like Queen Mary, consented to marry the suspected murderer of her husband. The old Lady Claverhouse, mother to Lord Dundee, was much shocked at the match, which offended her moral sense in much the same way as the union of Hamlet's mother and uncle disgusted that most philosophical of princes. It is said, that when she received an account of the nuptials, she knelt down, and fervently prayed to God, that, should he see fit to permit the unworthy couple to go out of the world without some visible token of his indignation, he would be pleased to make her some special revelation, to prevent her from utterly disbelieving in his providence and justice; one of the most emphatic prayers, perhaps, ever uttered. Her daring request was strangely fulfilled."

Mr Chambers then goes on to narrate the alleged fulfilment; the lady's tragical death, namely, with that of her innocent infant, and guiltless maid, by the fall of the house at the Hague; laying the scene, however, in the year of the rebellion 1715, instead of 1695, which we have shown to be the true date.

This story, highly improbable on the face of it, we can prove to be absolutely *impossible*. Lieutenant-Colonel William Livingstone, who succeeded his brother James as third Viscount of Kilsyth, was the chief plotter, in the attempt to bring back to the allegiance they had never willingly forsaken, the Scotch dragoons, which had been *Dunmore's* dragoons in the reign of King James. The history and failure of this plot, which was keenly furthered by the Viscountess of Dundee, we have already illustrated. Mackay discovered the plot towards the end of May 1689. In the month of June thereafter, he took courage to arrest, and send as state prisoners to Edinburgh, all the officers engaged therein. At the head of these was William Livingstone, next in command of the Scotch dragoons under Sir Thomas Livingstone. From that time, until sometime *after* the battle of Killiecrankie, when he effected his pardon, William Livingstone was a *state prisoner*, threatened with *torture*, and narrowly escaping the punishment of death, at the hands of a military tribunal. Our readers will judge how far the following letter, written a few weeks after the battle of Killiecrankie, and affording lamentable evidence of a crushed spirit and exhausted loyalty, is compatible with the tradition that the writer thereof assassinated Dundee on the heights of Renrory, upon Saturday the 27th of July 1689. The miserable pleading is addressed to the Earl of Melville, King William's Secretary of State for Scotland:—

"EDINBURGH, *5th September* 1689.

"MY LORD: I am sorry the first address I make to your Lordship should be of this kind, which my misfortunes obliges me, the particulars whereof I suppose you are already fully informed of; and my concern therein is not altogether so deep, having more of a heedless, ill-timed respect to others, than regard to myself, or any base design; but I shall not now insist to extenuate my fault, all laying so open before your Lordship. I am hopeful you'll have such constructions of me in it as may incline your Lordship to a favourable representation of me to his Majesty, in whose mercy I have voluntarily thrown myself; being guilty, I confess, of what *forefaults my life as a soldier*, in concealing what I ought to have revealed; though I must say still, with no bad intention, which, in all actions, are to be considered. However, it's on the King's clemency I now only depend; and does, with all humble intreaties, beg your Lordship's mediating power and earnest intercession of it, to the *sincerest of penitents.* His Majesty having made no examples but of his mercy as yet, I hope I may be one more added to the number; and (did the rigour of the law reach also my small fortune), that his gracious bounty would leave me in condition to show my grateful resentment of his mercy and bounty in my *future* *due faithful services* on all occasions, and how much I shall be always sensible of the honour of your Lordship's countenance and favour, in being proud to own myself, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, W. LEVINGSTON."—(*Leven and Melville Papers*, 273).

If William Livingstone assassinated Dundee at Killiecrankie, he must have been sent from prison to do so. Lord Cardross, writing from Edinburgh to Lord Melville, July 20, 1689, just seven days before the battle, says: "Lieutenant-Colonel Livingstone, with the other conspirators, have all confessed; and we are so merciful [*being, however, prepared to torture them had they not confessed*],[1] that, upon his petition, the Council was this day speaking of recommending him to the King's mercy."

The Lord Advocate, Sir John Dalrymple, having procured that terrible lever of State prosecutions, the royal authority to employ torture to extort confession, had soon brought the chief plotters into a state of the utmost peril, and the most abject submission. On the 20th of July he writes to Melville,—"Liftennent-Collonell Levistoun of Kilsyth is the most innocent of the *ill pack*, for he [*only?*] concealed all. Captain

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[1] "*Remit, and Order for Torturing the Scots Dragoons.*"

"*18th July* 1689.—His Majesty's High Commissioner [*Hamilton*], and the Lords of Privy Council, understanding that, by the confession of Serjeant Provinciall, and other testimonies taken before Council of War, and in presence of the Committee of Council appointed for expiscating of the late horrid conspiracy against *Major-General Mackay* and his Majesty's forces, there doeth appear more clear and certain evidences of probation against *the officers* of the Scots Dragoons. They remit to the former Committee to proceed in the examination of the said matter *by torture*, how far they shall think necessary to be used upon *any of the delinquents.*"

"*Remit and Order for Torturing Francis Provinciall.*"

"*18th July* 1689.—His Majesty's High Commissioner, and Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, having heard the examinations already taken before the Council of War against *Serjeant Provinciall*, whereby there ariseth a great deal of presumption of his knowledge of the correspondence keeped by some of the officers of the Scots regiment of Dragoons with the Viscount of Dundee, they, for discovery of so horrid a villany, do hereby remit to the *Earls of Sutherland* and *Leven*, the *Lord Ruthven*, the *Lord Advocate*, and *the Laird of Ormistone*, to be present this afternoon at the Council of War, which is to be called by Major-General Mackay, and to hear the said *Serjeant Provinciall* farther examined upon the said correspondence of the officers with Dundee, and in case of any prevarication in his confession, or concealing of the truth, they remit to the *said Lords* to appoint the said *Serjeant Provinciall to be put to torture*, for expiscating the whole truth of the said matter from him."—*Privy Council Register.*

Levistoun was the most ingenuous, he freely and first confessed. All the rest are both guilty and obstinate." And on the 25th of July, just *two days* before the battle of Killiecrankie, Dalrymple thus pleads to King William's Secretary for the life of Livingstone, who, of course, was in prison at the time. "My Lord, I took all the pains I could to be at the bottom of that matter of the dragoon officers, and to vindicate M'Kay; but though they have been abominably guilty, yet it will sound harsh to give too severe examples of military discipline. There is one Sergeant Provinciall, *a Papist*, who was the most guilty;[1] he may serve for an example. *Kilsyth* is the far least guilty, and it 's a good family. I humbly propose to your Lordship to keep what concerns him entire, for some time. If he be referred to a council of war, he is lost, as well as the rest. We have not yet heard of great severities on the other side.[2] Besides, the Council have empowered M.-General Mackay *to offer him in exchange for Blair;* but I had much rather that his affair were continued; for the man is both *very penitent*, and *apprehensive* that the King, being a soldier, may leave him to the severity of military discipline. I am confident I shall be able to satisfy your Lordship that it's no prejudice if you delay his business for some time. My dear Lord, *adieu.*"

William Livingstone's subsequent marriage to Dundee's widow would seem to have somewhat revived his withered loyalty, for he died a Jacobite in exile, and his title and estate were forfeited.

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[1] This may well be doubted. He was William Livingstone's sergeant and confidential servant; but he was "a papist." It may also be doubted that "Kilsyth was the far least guilty." Captain Creighton, in his Memoirs, takes great credit to himself for not having peached against his superior officer, and says, that "my noble friend, the Lord Kilsyth, who thought himself indebted to my fidelity for his life and fortune, was so extremely generous as to make me a present of five hundred pounds, which I *immediately sent to Melville.*" This was as a bribe to the Secretary of State; which, he says, he was advised to send, by the Dukes of Hamilton and Queensberry, but was cheated out of his liberation after all.

[2] There were no severities on the other side whatever. Had there been any truth in the stories, that Dundee had written that brutal letter to Hamilton, threatening to cut Blair and Pollock in pieces, and send them to the Council, packed in a hamper, and that he had shot a young officer with his own pistol, in front of the army, because he had run away, there would have been some allusion to such *severities* in this correspondence.—*See before*, p. 584–94.

III.

SUMMARY OF THE EVIDENCE AND ARGUMENT REFUTING THE FANATICAL AND CALUMNIOUS FABLE, ADOPTED FROM WODROW BY LORD MACAULAY, OF THE DROWNING OF MARGARET LAUCHLISON AND MARGARET WILSON, AT WIGTON, IN 1685.

THERE can be no question that Margaret Lauchlison (or Maclauchlin), and Margaret Wilson, two women in the lower ranks of life in Scotland, were tried for high treason in 1685, found guilty by the verdict of a jury, and condemned to die. They were tried under a special royal commission of Justiciary. This special commission bears date 27th March 1685. It was limited to "the 20th day of *April next*, unless the same be further prolonged, or recalled," prior to that date. The chief commissioner, thereby invested with high Justiciary powers, is Colonel James Douglas, brother to the Marquis of Queensberry, a Privy Councillor for Scotland, and Colonel of the foot regiment of Scots Guards. He is commissioned "to be our Justice in all the *Southern and Western Shires*, to the effect underwritten." All the principal heritors of the different districts are named in the Commission, as assistant Commissioners, and placed under the orders of Colonel Douglas. The assistant Commissioners named for the shire of Wigton, and the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, are, the Viscount of Kenmure, Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, Sir Godfrey MacCulloch of Mireton, and David Graham, Sheriff of Galloway, Claverhouse's brother. The circumstances under which this special Commission was issued must here be shortly stated. That the murderous spirit, so often written in characters of blood, evinced by the leaders of the Conventicle system in the reigns of Charles II. and James VII. (who were the defeated and disappointed *rump* of the *Argyle Covenanters* of the previous reign), arose from exasperation under severe treatment by the established Government, and would not have existed had due forbearance been observed, is the defence now generally made for them when hard pressed, and made without a shadow of truth or justice. All authentic *records* (for there is hardly any authentic *history* on the subject) destroy that defence. Their quarrel with Government was the death of the Marquis of Argyle, and the burning of the Solemn League and Covenant, by the hands of the public executioner. The Conventiclers made no secret of such being their *grievance*, although their blatant abuse—based upon a system of monstrous lying,—always involved vague allegations of *cruelty* exercised towards the saints of the Covenant. But they never ceased proclaiming that their object was to dethrone the King, and sweep the royalists off the face of the earth, in order that the Covenant might be *Magna Charta* both in Scotland and England. Peden, their great priest and prophet, drove many to the gallows (which he contrived to escape himself), by thundering that doctrine into the ears of his deluded followers. "John," he roared to one of them, "*have at* the unhappy race of the name of Stewart: *Off the throne of Britain they shall go*, if all the world set side and shoulder to hold them on." John was most deservedly hanged for high treason a few months afterwards. Nor did this scoundrel charlatan of religion, Peden, make any secret whatever of his thirst for the blood of the royal and the loyal. In the first volume of these Memorials, we were enabled to produce, in the face of Wodrow's denial that the Conventiclers announced they would give no quarter in battle, a *facsimile* of the banner, yet existing, which they carried, bearing the words, "No quarter for the active enemies of the Covenant." Since that publication, we have heard it asked, What proof is there that that relic is not fictitious? We shall answer that question here. In a letter (without a date) from Alexander Peden to some "dear friends," that skulking apostle of blood thus expresses himself:—"Verily I fear the followers of the Lamb shall be forced to *tread upon the dead bodies* of the wicked ere all be done. The whole land shall have enough to do to *shool them in the earth* ere all the play be played. Christ will kill faster with his own hand than all the hands of the kingdom shall be able to bury. Many shall be buried *unstreight*, and *moals* shall be the winding-sheet of many that look life-like the day. The blood of God's foes shall preach strange things to his people, and we shall rejoice with trembling. They that will not *serve God*, [*i.e.* the Covenant], to themselves be it said—The day is near, when BLOOD shall be the sign of Christ's soldiers; and NO QUARTERS shall be their word; DEATH and DESTRUCTION shall be written with broad letters on *our Lord's standard*."

Here is the very motto of the "Bloody Banner;" and the words printed in capital letters are so printed in the collection of fanatical epistles from which we quote.[1] Nor was this the language of one

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[1] "A collection of letters, consisting of ninety-three, sixty-one of which were written by the Reverend Mr James Renwick," &c., "from the years 1663 to 1689 inclusive," &c. This volume, which is very rare, was printed at Edinburgh, 1764.

The manner in which the Rev. Mr Renwick slaughtered his poor horse, as narrated by himself in one of these letters, is characteristic. He is writing of one of madman. It was the language of all the leading Scotch saints and martyrs of the time. James Renwick (whom Sir John Dalrymple bagged, and hung up in his own whig larder), in a letter contained in the same collection, dated November 18, 1685, and addressed to a *female* disciple, Mrs Jean Hamilton, refreshes her with this inspiration:—"I think that Scotland shall be made a *waste land*, ere *God's controversy* against it be ended. He will sell the *heritages of Earls, Lords, and others*, yea, and their *carcasses*, good cheap."

Nor did these firebrands confine their ebullitions to epistolary correspondence. Claverhouse's complaint was most just and true, that all his own humane exertions to restore law and order, and the safety of the lieges, "*without blood, and without severity or extortion*," was paralised by their truthless agitations, and truculent violence. "Did the King and the Duke know,"—he writes to Queensberry in 1682,—"what those rebellious villains they call *ministers* put into the heads of the people, they would think it necessary to keep them out. The *poor people* about Minnigaff *confess*, upon oath, that they were *made renew the Covenant*, and believe the King was a Papist, and that he designed to *force it on them*."

On the 8th of November 1684 (about the very time when Claverhouse was exerting himself in his own Constabulary to have the punishment of death for petty offences changed to a minor one commensurate with the delinquency), Renwick put forth his anonymous *Declaration of War* against the State, and violent incentive to *assassinate* the King and all his supporters. Of this most treasonable and savage document, copies were fixed to the market-crosses and church-doors all over the south and west of Scotland. Obedience to Renwick's mandate was instantly manifested by the Thugs of the Covenant. On the 19th of November, at midnight, two of the King's Life Guards were murdered in their beds, at Swine Abbey. On the 11th of December, the established clergyman of Carsphairn was also murdered at midnight in his own manse, having just risen from his bed. Immediately thereafter, the

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his escapes from the hands of justice, to Robert Hamilton, a murderous savage like himself, August 28. 1684. "After I had lighted from the horse, I saw before me a piece of good equitable ground; whereupon I essayed to mount again upon the horse, but the beast would not stand unto me; whereupon I resolved to kill the horse, lest the enemy should be thereby strengthened; howbeit, having but one shot, I thought fit to keep it for a greater extremity; finding the beast such as would not stand still, I *reached it with a shabble which I had*," &c. That is to say, he butchered the poor horse, which had just saved him from the pursuit of dragoons, with a short sword, the same as those with which the miscreants murdered the Bishop on Magus Moor.

same gang, suddenly augmented to one hundred and eight armed men, stormed the Tolbooth of Kirkcudbright, murdered the sentinel, released the prisoners, and carried off the town-drum, and all the arms they could find. These desperate proceedings, at the formidable crisis when Argyle's invasion was brewing in Holland, drove the Government, as any civilised Government at any period would have been driven, to the most active and peremptory measures for the protection of the Throne, and the lives of the lieges. The imminent danger of the crisis, gave rise to various royal Commissions of Justiciary, for the rooting out of these invisible Thugs; and one device of the Government was that *Oath of Abjuration*, which fanatical pamphleteers, and whig historians, are so fond of denouncing, and so shy of quoting. Here it is:—

Oath of Abjuration, 1685.

"I do hereby abhor, renounce, and disown, in the presence of the Almighty God, the pretended *Declaration of war* lately affixed at several parish churches, in so far as it *declares war against his sacred Majesty*, and asserts that it is *lawful to kill* such as serve his Majesty, in Church, State, Army, or Country, or such as act against the authors of the pretended declaration *now shewn me*. And I do hereby utterly renounce and disown the villanous authors thereof, who did, as they call it, *Statute and Ordain the same*, and what is therein mentioned. And I swear I shall never *assist* the authors of the said pretended declaration, or their emissaries or adherents, in any point of punishing, *killing*, or *making of war*, any manner of way, as I shall answer to God."—*Privy Council Register.*

By the royal proclamation, of date 30th December 1684, issued against this murderous Declaration of War, all within the realm of Scotland, without exception, "both men and women, *past the age of sixteen*," were liable to have this test-oath put to them, and to incur the penalties of high treason for refusing to take it.

All the royal Commissioners, in the different shires, appointed to search out the guilty, and apply the test, were specially instructed by the Privy Council how to proceed. The second of these special instructions, which were issued at the close of the year 1684, is conceived in the following terms:—

"2*do*. If any person *own* the principles [of Renwick's murderous proclamation], or do not *disown* them, they must be *judged*, *at least*, *by three*. And you must immediately give them a libel, and the *names of the Inquest and witnesses;* and they, *being found guilty*, are to be hanged immediately in the place, according to law. But at this time your are *not to examine any women*, but such as have been *active* in the said courses *in a signal manner*, and those are to be *drowned*."

This was an instruction, not of cruelty, but of careful criminal justice. And, as regards *female* delinquents, the instruction was most forbearing and humane. Under these general instructions, which applied to all the county Commissioners in Scotland, Colonel James Douglas's special Commission for the "Southern and Westren shires," held sittings in those localities from the 27th of March to 20th of April 1685. Towards the close of that Commission, two females, *Margaret Lauchlison* and *Margaret Wilson*, were "justly condemned to die, by the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council and Justiciary, in a Court held at Wigton, the 13th day of April *instant* (1685), for not disowning that traitrous apologetical declaration lately affixed at several parish churches within this kingdom, and refusing the oath of *abjuration of the same*."[1]

Wodrow says, that, along with these two, there was tried and condemned "Agnes Wilson, a child *not thirteen* years of age." *A falsehood.* The royal proclamation, and orders of Council, expressly limit the test in question to those *above sixteen* years of age; and, in the case of females, to those who had "been active in a signal manner." Nor is there a vestige of evidence to be found anywhere, that the child Agnes Wilson, or any other child, was examined under that oath. With regard to the two condemned women, brought to trial under an order of State characterised at once by necessity, justice, forbearance, and humanity, they were treated by their judges in the very same spirit. They might have been forthwith drowned in terms of their sentence. That this was not done, *proves* that the spirit of *cruelty* did not preside at their trial. Their conduct had compelled their condemnation, but their Judges did not desire their death. They are allowed to cry *peccavi*, and to petition the Privy Council. The petition of the elder female happens to be extant. But both must have petitioned, for both are included in the same reprieve, under the whole authority of the State in Scotland, and in a form tantamount to a pardon. This pardon stands recorded in the register of the Privy Council, of date 30th April 1685, as follows:—

"The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council do hereby reprieve the execution of the sentence of death pronounced by the Justices against

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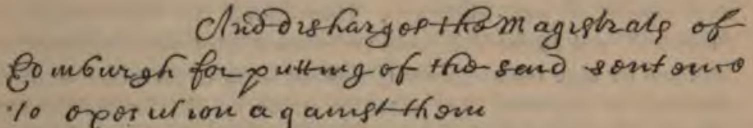
[1] These are the words of Margaret Lauchlison's petition to the Privy Council. *See before*, p. 80.

Margaret Wilson and *Margaret Lauchlison*, until the [blank] day of [blank], and discharges the *Magistrates of Edinburgh* for putting of the said sentence to execution against them until the foresaid day; and recommends the said *Margaret Wilson* and *Margaret Lauchlison* to the Lords Secretaries of State, to interpose with his most sacred Majesty for the royal remission to them."

The Lord Advocate, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lord President of the Session, and Lord Castlehill, are the law Lords whose names appear on the very full sederunt of the Privy Council at which this reprieve was pronounced. Wodrow himself admits that "at this time a recommendation from the Council for a remission was looked on as a material pardon."

The reprieve proves that the condemned women had been removed to *Edinburgh*. Here is a *fac-simile* of the words in the Register:[1]—



And discharges the Magistrats of
Edinburgh for putting of the said sentence
to execution against them

As they had been condemned to death at Wigton on the 13th of April, under a special Commission of Justiciary, which expired on the 20th of that month; and as a subsequent royal Commission, for the Southern and Western shires, issued to Lieutenant-General Drummond immediately thereafter, declared "all former commissions granted by us or our Privy Council for trying *or punishing* the said crimes in the country, either to noblemen, gentlemen, or officers of our army, to be *void and extinct*,"—the reason for removing the condemned women from without the jurisdiction of the Magistrates of Wigton, to head-quarters, to be dealt with directly by the Privy Council, is obvious. Moreover, it is proved by the original burgh records of Wigton, that the chief magistrate thereof was himself *in Edinburgh* on the 30th of April, the date of the reprieve, attending his duties as Commissioner to the Parliament for the Borough, and that he did not return to Wigton till about six weeks *after* the 11th of May, the day on which these women are said to have been executed there under the jurisdiction and superintendence of this same Provost of Wigton. Further, as the recommendation from the Privy Council to the Secretaries of State, dated on the 30th of April, could hardly, in the usual course, have received any answer from London before the 11th of May, the condemned must have been still in prison in Edinburgh of that date, instead of being drowned at Wigton. Neither in the records of the High Court of Justiciary, nor in any other criminal record extant, nor in any public record, or private journal or diary of the period, is there any notice of these two reprieved criminals having been thereafter put to death in any manner of way whatever. That during the whole reigns of Charles II. and James VII., only two women, tried and condemned in Scotland for high treason, actually suffered death in pursuance of their sentence, is expressly and pointedly stated by the Lord Advocate himself, Sir George Mackenzie, in his "Vindication" of those Governments, published in 1691, as follows. The italics are as published:—

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[1] We have thought it necessary to show, by means of a *fac-simile*, how distinctly the word *Edinburgh* is written in the original Register; because, in a fanatical work, published in 1851, by "The Rev. James Anderson," and entitled, "The Ladies of the Covenant," which professes to give a *verbatim* transcript of the reprieve as contained in the public register, the word "Wigton" is silently substituted for "Edinburgh." This alteration (however it may have happened), enables the reverend author to argue, that, although reprieved by the Privy Council in Edinburgh, the poor women, being in the hands of cruel authorities in Wigton, were put to death there in terms of their sentence. The idea is nonsense, even had they been left at Wigton.

"There were indeed two women executed, and *but two*, in both these reigns, and they were punished for most heinous crimes which no sex should defend. Their crimes were, that they had recepted and entertained, for many months together, the murtherers of the Archbishop of St Andrews, who were likewise condemned traitors for having been openly in rebellion at *Bothwell Bridge;* whereupon, they having been prosecuted, declined the King's authority, *as being an enemy to God, and the Devil's Vicegerent.* And though a pardon was offered to them upon their repentance, they were so far from accepting it, that they owned the crimes to be duties; and our accusers should remember that these women were executed for higher crimes than the following Montrose's camp, for which *four score women and children* were drowned, being all in one day thrown over the bridge at *Linlithgow*, by the Covenanters, and six more at Elgin by the same faction, all without sentence, or the least formality of law."

That the two women here referred to by Sir George Mackenzie were executed in the reign of Charles II., and not of James, that they suffered together under the same process, that they suffered by hanging at Edinburgh, and not by drowning at Wigton, and that they suffered most justly, is all proved by the records of the High Court of Justiciary, and by the contemporaneous diaries of Fountainhall.[1]

Sir George Mackenzie's "Vindication," published in 1691, was specifically, and most virulently, answered in 1692, by some one designing himself "A Lover of Truth." But the article of Sir George's "Vindication," quoted above, was left without answer or contradiction, and therefore tacitly admitted, by his covenanting opponent.

So far, then, as contemporaneous *records*, public and private, throw any light upon the subject, the following propositions may challenge refutation :—

1. Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson were tried for high treason on the 13th of April 1685, immediately before Argyle's invasion, under a law necessary for the protection of the Throne, and the lives of the lieges ; but a law of careful criminal justice, and of great forbearance and humanity as regards traitors of the female sex.

2. The Judges at Wigton, who condemned these women to death in terms of that law, exercised their jurisdiction as humanely as the circumstances could possibly admit of, by allowing them ample time to petition the Privy Council for mercy.

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[1] These two women were Isabel Alison, and Marion Harvie, of whom Fountainhall says, "they were of Cameron's faction, *bigot and sworn enemies to the King and the Bishops ;* of the *same stamp* with Rathillet [the murderer of Bishop Sharpe], Skeen, Stewart, and Potter." Sir George Mackenzie conducted their trial, and did all in his power to escape the necessity of bringing them to the scaffold. Of course, if the other two women had been drowned at Wigton, Sir George could not have failed to mention that also. Nor would his fanatical opponents have failed to notice it, had there been any omission on the subject. Both Wodrow and his parrot Cunningham record, as another cruel instance of martyrdom, the case of *Christian Fyffe,* who had violently assaulted a clergyman, on a Sunday, in his own church, and was guilty of the most outrageous treason in her speech, and was tried accordingly, and condemned to death, on the 27th of March 1682. This was the year after the execution of the two women referred to by Sir George Mackenzie ; and would seem to contradict his pointed statement that no women suffered for such crimes but the two who were hanged in 1681. Cunninghame, in his History, says expressly that Christian Fyffe "was hanged accordingly." *A falsehood.* The Government had come to the determination to execute no more women for high treason if they could possibly avoid it, and *no more were executed.* Most fortunately, we have Fountainhall's record to place against that of Wodrow and Cunningham. "March 27, 1682 : At Criminal Court, the woman called Fyffe, who had *struck Mr Alexander, one of the ministers of Edinburgh,* was condemned to be hanged on the 7th of April next, *for railing against the King,* and calling him a *villain,* a *knave,* an apostate and perjured man, *who deserved to be murdered,* &c. This was a wild delusion of *Cameron's sowing.* But the *Privy Council,* looking upon her as mad, REPRIEVED HER."—*Decisions.* And so, in the case of the *Wigton* women, we have both the express and published statement of Sir George Mackenzie, and the record of the reprieve itself, to place against Wodrow and Lord Macaulay.

3. The Privy Council, including all the high functionaries of the Crown, exercised humanity towards these two women, by recommending them to the Crown for pardon, upon their own petitions, and submission to the royal authority and mercy.

4. On the 11th of May 1685, when these two women are alleged to have been executed at Wigton, by drowning, in pursuance of their sentence, and under superintendence of the Chief Magistrate there, they were in prison in Edinburgh, awaiting their pardon from the Crown, the Provost of Wigton being in Edinburgh also at the same time.

5. *No woman whatever* suffered death for high treason in Scotland, in the reign of James the Seventh, and *only two* in the reign of Charles the Second.

Yet, it seems, Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson *must* have suffered death at Wigton by drowning, in terms of their sentence. For, after the *Revolution*, did not Old Mortality chisel the fact on their tombstones? And, after the *Disruption*, did not Young Mortality raise a monument to their martyrdom? And, has not Lord Macaulay painted the scene of their drowning after Wodrow, and sold his glaring copy, as an original, to the nation for a large sum of money? But let us grapple with that grizzly monster, Covenanting Tradition.

The obstinate propagation of a Protean lie, is not *Tradition*. As there was no crime too outrageous for Covenanting fanaticism not to perpetrate, and present under the aspect and authority of divine influence, we must not wonder that their whole records of historical facts are founded upon, and promulgated through, a system of monstrous lying. To print and publish anonymously, that the Governments of Charles II. and James VII. were habitually guilty of drowning innocent women because of their religion, though knowing that the only two female traitors condemned to suffer that death, in the whole course of those two reigns, had been *pardoned*,—was a matter of course for such a creature as Alexander Shields, in such a festering mass of literary corruption, and social pollution, as "A Hind Let Loose." Yet, happily enough, the only notice of *the drowning of women* occurring in that volume, printed in 1687, (being the earliest reference to any such act that we can discover, after the condemnation of those women at Wigton), affords a strong argument against the truth of that *Macaulesed* abomination, the drowning drama on the sands of the Solway.

"Others were dayly more and more confirmed in the ways of the Lord, and so strengthened by his grace, that they chose rather to endure all torture, and embrace death in its most terrible aspect, than to give the Tyrant and his complices any acknowledgment; yea, not so much as to say, *God save the King*, which was offered as the price of their life, and test of their acknowledgment; but they would not accept deliverance on these terms, that they might obtain a better resurrection;[1] which so enraged the tygrish truculency of these persecutors, that they spared neither age, sex, nor profession; the tenderness of youth did not move them to any relenting, in murdering *very boys* upon this head; nor the grey hairs of the aged; neither were women spared; but some were hanged; some drowned *tied to stakes within the sea-mark*, to be devoured gradually with the growing waves, and some of them very young, some of an old age."

In this feculent paragraph, a specimen of the "many dreadful lies" of which Sir George Mackenzie complains as poisoning the deluded minds of the vulgar, we have the *germ* of that which, after the Revolution, had expanded into the dimensions of a melodrama of martyrdom. *No woman had been drowned.* But there was an order of Council, that, in the event of a woman being executed, she should be drowned, instead of being hanged or dismembered. *Therefore*, women *were* drowned, and to drown them was a *constant characteristic* of the inhumanity of the Government. Such was the logic of those fanatics, who were not satisfied with falsifying in their text. To catch the vulgar eye, "A Hind Let Loose" is adorned with a frontispiece, as execrable in art as the volume is in morals. There, in one compartment of the wretched engraving, is represented the *dismemberment of a female* on the scaffold,—a scene which never occurred. In another compartment, two women are displayed *tied back to back* against the same stake in the sea, which scene never occurred either. But even this lie of the graver suffices to prove, that when Alexander Shields promulgated his virulence in 1687, just two years after the pardon of the female saints of the Solway, the elaborate fable as it appears in Wodrow,—who says, "the old woman's stake was a good way in beyond the other, and she was *first dispatched*, in order to terrify the other to a compliance," had no existence. Shields, in his more contemporaneous work, was neither prepared to describe any such scene, nor to name any woman who had so suffered. As it is, he stands convicted of a gross falsehood, by the positive evidence of Sir George Mackenzie, and the negative evidence of Fountainhall, and all the records extant.

The first notice we can discover of any specific mention of Margarets Lauchlison and Wilson as having been drowned, occurs in a rare fanatical pamphlet printed in 1691, the third year after the Revolution, anonymous as usual. It is entitled, "A Second Vindication of the Church of Scotland," &c.; and the plan of it is to rake together, in the most slovenly and reckless form, all the rubbish of unvouched scandal and calumny against the Government that could be gathered from the gutters of the Covenant. Among others, appears this accusation.

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[1] Yet this same Shields, who was a great coward as well as rebel, actually saved his own neck from the halter by *taking the Oath of Abjuration!*

"Some gentlemen (whose names, out of respect to them, I forbear to mention), took two women, *Margaret Lauchland* and *Margaret Wilson*, the one of 60, the other of 20 years, and caused them be tied to a stake within the sea-mark at Wigton, and left them there till the tide overflowed them, and drowned them, and this was done *without any legal trial*, 1685."

What! the *reprieved* women? Saved in Edinburgh, and drowned at Wigton? Are we to accept of this unvouched story in 1691 from a pamphleteer who manifestly was *ignorant* that the women were either tried or pardoned? But fortunately he himself has furnished an antidote against the calumnies of his pamphlet, in his own preface:—

"*The truth* of matters of fact," he tells us, "asserted in this treatise, is *not to be taken from me*, but from those who are my *informers*. Few of them I pretend to *personal knowledge* of; therefore, not *my veracity* is pledged for them, but that of others.[1] If I have here asserted any thing that I cannot bring creditable witnesses for, let me be blamed. But if they have deceived, or been deceived, (which I hope shall not be found), *I am not to answer for that.*"

Now, as this fanatical writer declines his own authority, for his story of the drowning of these women, and refers to no witness whatever, nor to a vestige of evidence elsewhere, perhaps we may venture to doubt the truth of a tragedy which had entirely escaped the keen scent of Fountainhall for such startling incidents, and the notice of every other chronicler of the time. A tragedy, moreover, which it is impossible to reconcile, upon any theory that will bear the slightest inspection, with the *proved fact*, that these very women had been removed to Edinburgh, and were there reprieved from death, under the authority of the Privy Council, of all the law officers of the Crown, and of the chief Judges of the land, the chief Magistrate of Wigton being himself present in Edinburgh at the time as representing the burgh in Parliament.

Not until twenty years after the date of the last mentioned pamphlet can we trace the calumny again, and then in a totally different shape.

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[1] Who these "others" are, the pamphleteer does not mention. Neither does he say who he is himself.

Then, indeed, we have it in full bearing. It is the golden age of *Wodrow*, and the triumph of the Kirk. The calumnious fable, one of great capabilities, was too precious to the historical system of the Covenant, not to be reproduced from time to time. And yet, at each reappearance it exhibits those strange and contradictory variations, in its unvouched details, that still stamp it with the impress of falsehood. Had that great melo-drama of drowning been ever in reality represented, and in the presence, as the story goes, of *hundreds*, either on the sands of the Solway, or at the mouth of the Blednoch, (for *tradition* even differs as to the *spot*), it is absolutely impossible that the scene would have been handed down under such a contrariety of elaborate description. On the 25th of February 1711, it is certified solemnly for the truth, and so recorded by the minister and kirk-session of *Penninghame* parish, that "they put the old woman first into the water," that her drowning might terrify her companion into submission, "a virgin martyr of eighteen[1] years of age." Old Margaret simply performs the part of drowning, at her own stake in the water. The young saint is garrulous while the old one is gurgling. But, on the 15th of April 1711, the minister and kirk-session of *Kirkinner* parish, equally intent upon recording a heinous crime against the government of King James, miss the young saint entirely, and merely record that old Margaret "was, *according to the sentence*, fixed to the stake till the tide made, and held down within the water by one of the *town officers*, by his halbert at her throat, till she died." And then, in 1717, ere the illustrious Wodrow occupies the field, appears the anonymous pamphlet ascribed to *De Foe*, ambitiously entitled, "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland, in four periods," wherein the story is again recorded, but this time chiefly to the glorification of Saint Margaret the elder. As we had missed this latter version in our text, we shall give it here:—

"The first I meet with is the story of a poor woman, and a young maiden of *about sixteen* years old, in the West of Scotland, who were cruelly murdered by *some men belonging to* Grierson of Log, an eminent persecutor in that part of the country. They began by putting the questions to them above mentioned; and the first they offered, as what was most popular at that time in the world, and best served, as they thought, to expose the persecuted people to the Court, was that of

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[1] In these fanatical accounts the age of Margaret Wilson, is variously called, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, and twenty-three.

Will ye say God bless the King. As I have received this story from *creditable witnesses*, take it as follows:—

"The *woman* told them she should pray to God to forgive the King his sins. The *maid* said, she would pray that God would please to give the King repentance. But it would be an impious thing, said the *woman*, to pray to God to save, that is to bless, a *Covenant-breaking, perjured magistrate*, and in the prosecution of his perjury too. And they both declared it was against their consciences, their principles, and the *Covenant;* and that therefore they would not do it. The *woman* said boldly, that while the King was a persecutor of God's people, he was an enemy to God, and to the Church of God; and she thought it was an abominable thing to ask of any Christian to pray to God for prosperity to the persecutors of the Church of Christ; for that was to say, *God speed to them*, even in the very persecution itself. She was an undaunted woman, and challenged them to answer her in that particular. But they had nothing to say to her argument, but thought they would have some regard to theirs, which was, *Pray to God to bless the King—or die.* 'Will ye kill me,' says the *woman*, 'because I will not bless those who God curses? The Lord forbid that I should do it, though I were to die a thousand times.' Upon this they fixed a stake in the sea, at the low water-mark, and *binding the poor woman and the young girl to the stake*, let them stand there till the tide flowed over them and drowned them both; being also tormented almost to death with the cold, by standing in the water so long as till the tide was high enough to drown them. However, they both endured it with great constancy, and without the least offer of compliance with the barbarous adversary."

From all this we learn, that the "creditable witnesses," between 1711 and 1717, had told one story to the minister of Penninghame, a different story to the minister of Kirkinner, and a third, differing from both, to the author of Robinson Crusoe. And, moreover, that all and each of these separate biographers of the female martyrs of the Solway, were either utterly ignorant of the fact of the *petition for mercy*, and *consequent pardon*, or had knowingly concealed it—a circumstance, in either view, equally conclusive against the truth of their records. At last, in 1722, the public are more fully enlightened, perhaps we ought to say "refreshed," by the grander Oratorio of Wodrow. But in his hands the sacred romance swells into dimensions so alarming that even his copyist, Lord Macaulay, was constrained, tacitly to reject some of his dangerous details. To the old woman and the young maiden, tried and condemned at Wigton, Wodrow adds a *third*, hitherto unrecorded, Saint Agnes, a *child of thirteen*, who by the existing law could not even be examined. Wodrow's version, with its most lame, impotent, and dishonest conclusion, has been thoroughly sifted and exposed in our text.[1] It is important to bear in mind, however, that Wodrow blunders out a valuable fact, utterly destructive of an appeal to the authority of *tradition*. "I shall give it," he says, "at the greater length, and *the rather*, because the advocates for the cruelty of this period, and *our Jacobites*, have the *impudence* some of them *to deny*, and others to extenuate this matter of fact." What is the value of *tradition*, and tradition against *record*, if that tradition is publicly denied to be a fact, whenever it is specifically promulgated; a tradition, moreover, which never is repeated twice in the same form? After Wodrow comes his rival, the pedlar Walker, in 1727. His eloquent version may be called the people's cheap cursing and swearing edition. But he destroys Robinson Crusoe, with whom the old woman is the tongue of the trump while the virgin of sixteen (whom Walker makes *twenty-three*) sings very small. "The old woman," says the pedlar, "was first tied to the stake, enemies saying—'Tis needless to speak to that *old damned bitch, let her go to hell.* But, say they, Margaret, ye are young, if ye'll pray for the King we will give you your life," &c.; upon which young Margaret pours forth a flood of testimony that staggers the Solway. And so both suffer, at their *separate* stakes, by what the pedlar calls "an extraordinary and unheard of death."[2] But he does not add—"which nobody can deny." On the contrary, he, too, says,—"*which some deny to be matter of fact!*"

And last of all, in our own enlightened days, towering in the midst of this lumber of Scotch fanaticism, this old broker's shop of covenanting rubbish, we have the lordly figure of Macaulay, the critic, the poet, the orator, the historian, and the whig, hunting out dresses for his masquerade of history, an appropriate costume for the character of *Bloody Clavers*—"KING OF THIS TOPHET,"—cribbing here, disguising there, culling the tit-bits of the dominie, and just avoiding the oaths of the chapman, mingling Wodrow's mouldy cant with Walker's brimstone fire, until the Muse of History sickens with disgust, turns from the most pretentious of her pupils, and demands the restoration of GREAT DUNDEE.

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[1] See before, pp. 72–77.

[2] Had any such scene occurred on the 11th of May 1685, either as a public execution or (ridiculous idea) a *public murder*, by some of the *officials* of Government, *contrary to the orders of Government*, surely it would not have passed without the slightest reference, to this "extraordinary and unheard of death," either in the contemporaneous pamphlets of Shields, or the correspondence of Renwick and Peden. In the rare old volume of letters already quoted (p. 687), we find one from Renwick to Robert Hamilton, dated from Edinburgh, May 13, 1685, with the fanatical news of the day, but not a word about the female saints of the Solway. Nor in this collection of ninety-three letters from the years 1663 to 1689, is there any mention of these women at all. Again, in Alexander Shields' "Short Memorial of Sufferings and Grievances," printed anonymously in 1690, he gives a list which he calls "A short hint of those that have been murdered since the year 1682," particularly in the year 1685, which contains *no notice whatever* of the alleged drowning of Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson, or of *any woman whatever* having been martyred, by any form of death, between 1682 and 1690. This, which precisely confirms the statement of Sir George Mackenzie in his "Vindication," seems of itself *conclusive*.

That a fanatical scene had occurred at *the trial* of these women, before the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, at Wigton, on the 13th of April 1685, can scarcely be doubted. The very few wretched women brought to trial in those times for high treason had been excited to a pitch of madness by the slippery apostles of the covenant, who, when caught themselves, would take the abjuration oath to save their lives, or plead abjectly for mercy if condemned, or prime themselves with brandy for the scaffold. In the case of the only two women (as stated by Sir George Mackenzie) who suffered for high treason during the whole reigns of Charles II. and James VII., their outrageous treason at the bar, *coram publico*, rendered it unnecessary for the public prosecutor to lead any evidence of the main charge against them, that they had for many months concealed and harboured some of the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe. Take this specimen, which we find in the record of the trial, being Marion Harvie's mode of pleading guilty :—

"Marjory Harvie adheres to the fourth article of the phanatic's new covenant, the same being read over to her, and disowns the King and his authority, and the authority of the Lords of Justiciary, and adheres and abides at the treasonable declaration emitted at Sanquar, and approves of the same, and says it was *lawful to kill the Archbishop of St Andrews*, when the Lord raised up instruments for that effect; and that he was as miserable and perjured a wretch as ever betrayed the Kirk of Scotland. Declares that ministers brought them up to that [the Bishop's] principles, and now they have left them; and that she has heard Mr John Welsh and Master Riddell *preach up these principles she now owns*, and blesses God she ever heard them preach so, for *her soul has been refreshed by them*. She approves of Mr Cargill's *excommunicating the King*. Declares she can write, but refuses to sign the same."[1]

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[1] Records of the High Court of Justiciary. The declaration is signed by the

Now, there can be little doubt that some such scene would occur at *the trial* of these two women at Wigton; and this we believe to have afforded the foundation for all that false and contradictory *dramatizing*, of the humane exertions made to save them from themselves, which the martyr-mongers cooked after the Revolution, and transferred to the scene of their alleged execution. And if there be any truth at all in the anecdote referred to in Wodrow's correspondence, (which we have given in our text), of an old decrepid and maimed pauper woman, *said* to be the daughter of Margaret Lauchlison, pretending to some reminiscence of her mother's appearance immediately before her execution, as we find it in her statement of a *marvellous dream*, elicited by a fanatical clergyman, (a proof which Wodrow himself excludes from his history), we have no manner of doubt that it was a reminiscence of her *trial*, which occurred in 1685, and not of her *execution*, which never occurred at all. And such is the conviction to which we have conscientiously come, after a laborious search on the subject, despite a modern monument in Wigtonshire, which

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head—and lies."

IV.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION OF A REWARD FOR THE APPREHENSION OF DUNDEE, DEAD OR ALIVE.

[The following royal proclamation, printed on a folio broadside of the period, offering a high reward for the apprehension of Dundee, *dead or alive*, was obligingly communicated by Mr David Laing. It bears date 18th July 1689. The reward is "Eighteen thousand merks *Scots* money," which amounts to £1000 *sterling*. But Sir John Dalrymple, Lord Advocate, writing to Secretary Lord Melville on the 24th of July says,—"We have by proclamation put 20,000 lbs. *ster.* on Dundee's head, which may probably *cach him*, who must be in the power of the Clans."—*Leven and Melville Papers*.—(*See before*, p. 612.) Their anxiety to "cach" Dundee may have occasioned the issuing of two proclamations, but the word "ster.," we think, must be a mistake for *Scots*.]

Lord Justice-Clerk and three Lords of Justiciary, 17th January 1681. But they delay pronouncing sentence until the 21st, doubtless to give the women time to retract their treason.

A PROCLAMATION

AGAINST THE VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE AND OTHER REBELS NOW IN ARMS.

At Edinburgh, the Eighteenth day of July One thousand six hundred eighty-nine years,—

THE Lord High Commissioner, and Lords of His *Majesty's* Privy Council, Considering that by the express Laws and Acts of Parliament of this Kingdom, it is Declared to be high Treason for the Subjects of this Kingdom, or any number of them, upon any Pretext or Ground whatsoever, to rise or continue in Arms, without his *Majestie's* special Authority and Approbation; and that nevertheless some hundreds of *Irish* Papists, with some Gentlemen and *Scots* Officers, Shipped at *Craig-fergus*, Aboard three Men-of-War, in order to an Invasion and Descent upon the *Isles* of this Kingdom, or *High lands* about *Lochaber*, to joyn with the Viscount of *Dundee*, who, and the Persons underwritten, have Associat themselves together against His *Majestie's* Authority and Laws, Protestant Religion, and Government of this Kingdom, viz., *Alexander* Earl of *Dumfermling*,   Lord *Dunkeld*, *David Haliburton* of *Pitcurr*,   *Innes* of *Cockstoun*,   *Grant* of *Ballindalloch*,   *Gordon* of *Achinachie*,   *Fullartoun* of that *ilk*, Captain *Alexander Bruce*, *Alexander Leslie* of *Bogholm*, Lieutenant *John Cleland* of *Faskine*, Sir *Ewan Cameron* of *Lochzeal*,   *Cameron*, his eldest Son,   *M‘Donald* of *Glengarie*,   *M‘Donald of Keapoch*,   *Stuart* of *Appin*,   *M‘Donald* of *Glencoe*, Major *William Grahame*,   *Grahame*, Brother to the Viscount of *Dundee*, *James Malcolm*, Son to the Laird of *Balbedie*, the Laird of *M‘Clean*, *Alexander M‘Clean*, designed Commissar *M‘Clean*, and   *M‘Clean* of *Lochbuy*, the Captain of *Clanronnald*, *William Farquhardson* of *Inverray*, and   *Farquhardson*, his Brother,   *Kinnaird* of *Coubin*, with several others: Therefore, that simple and unwarry People be not insnared by the saids Rebels, and their Emissaries, and involved in their Rebellion; and to take off all pretence of Ignorance or Excuse,—The Lord High Commissioner, and Lords of his Majestie's Privy Council, in his Majestie's Name and Authority, Declare the said Association, and Assembling together of the Viscount of *Dundee*, and Persons foresaids, to be open and manifest Rebellion, and high Treason, and that the Authors and Actors in the same, and all that shall joyn with them, are, and ought to be Pursued as declared Traitors to his *Majesty*, and his Authority and Government: And the said Lord High Commissioner, and Lords of Privy Council, Do hereby Prohibite and Discharge, in Name and Authority foresaid, any person or persons, to Harbour, Reset, Intercommune with, Abbet, Assist, or Supply any of the saids Rebels, or to keep Correspondence with them, without Warrant from General-Major *Mackay*, or other Officer Commanding His *Majestie's* Forces in Chief; but on the contrary, that they do their utmost endeavour to Resist, Prosecute, Detect, and Apprehend any of the Persons above named, as desperat and bloody Traitors, or any other that have joyned, or shall joyn in Rebellion with them: And for their further encouragement, the Lord High Commissioner, and Lords of Privy Council, do, in his *Majestie's* Name and Authority foresaid, ensure and engage the sum of Eighteen Thousand Merks, *Scots* Money, to be effectually payed down, and delivered to any person or persons who shall apprehend the said *John* Viscount of *Dundee*, and shall deliver him dead or alive, to any of his *Majestie's* Commanding Officers, or Magistrats in the place, together with an absolute Indemnity for all Crimes committed before the performance of that Service, and even though the persons that shall apprehend him have been in open Rebellion, and in Correspondence with him. And Ordains these Presents to be Printed, and Published at the Mercat-Cross of *Edinburgh*, and other Head Burghs of the Kingdom.—*Extracted by me*,

GILB. ELIOT, *Cls. Sti. Concilii.*

GOD Save KING WILLIAM and QUEEN MARY.

Edinburgh, Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*, By Order of His Majestie's
Privy Council. Anno Dom. 1689.

V.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS IN THE ORIGINAL ORTHOGRAPHY, FROM THE QUEENSBERRY PAPERS.

[The following comparative examples will suffice to dissipate the idea that Dundee was illiterate because he did not spell as we spell now; a foolish notion which has more or less obtained, ever since it was rashly said, by Sir Walter Scott, that Claverhouse spelt "like a chambermaid."]

Claverhouse to Queensberry.

"GASTON, *May the* 3, 1685.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—On Frayday last, amongst the hilles, betwixt Douglas and the Plellands, we perseued tuo fellous a great way throu the mosses, and in end seised them. They had no armes about them, and denayed they had any; but being asked if they would take the Abguration, the eldest of tuo, called John Broun, refused it; nor would he swear not to ryse in armes against the King, but said he kneu[1] no King; upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable peapers, I caused shoot him dead, which he suffered very inconcernedly. The other, a young fellou, and his nepheu, called John Brounen, offered to take the oath, but would not swear that he had not been at Neumilles in armes, at the rescuing the prisoners. So I did not knou what to doe with him. I was convinced that he was guilty, but sawe not hou to proceed against him; wherefor, after he had said his prayers, and carabins presented to shoot him, I offered to him, that if he would make ane ingenous confession, and make a discoverie that might be of any importance for the King's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him; upon which he confessed that he was at that attake of Neumilles, and that he had com straight to this house of his uncle's on Sunday mornning. In the time he was making his confession, the souldiers found out a house in the hille, under ground, that could hold a dusen of men, and there were swords and pistolles in it; and this fellou declaired that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell where he was in armes. He confessed that he had a halbart, and told who gave it him about a month agoe, and we have the fellou prisoner. He gave acount of the names of the most pairt of those that wer there; they were not above sixty, and they were all Gaston and Newmilles men, saive a feu out of Streven parish. He gave also acount of a conventicle keeped by Renik at the bak of Carantable, where there wer threttin scor of men in armes, mustered and exercised, of which number he was with his halbart. He tells us of ane other conventicle about three monthes agoe, keeped neer Loudon hille, and gives account of the persons wer at both, and what childring wer baptised, particularly that at Carntable, which was about the time that Liew: Murray and Crichton should have laiten them eskeap.[1] He also gives acount of those who gave any assistance to his uncle, and we have seised thereupon the Goodman of the upmost Plellands; and ane other tenent about a myle below that is flaid upon it. I doubt not but, if we had time to stay, good use might be made of his confession. I have acquyted myself when I have told your Grace the caise. He has been but a moneth or tuo with his halbart; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no marcy, justice will pass on him; for I, having no comission of Justiciary myself, have delyvered him up to the Lieuetenent Generall, to be disposed of as he pleases.[2]

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[1] It will be observed how much the confusion to the modern eye, in all these old letters, is increased by the simple fact of the frequent use of the convertible letter *u* for *w*; a fashion, not of framing a word, but of forming a letter.

"I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

"J. GRAHAME."

The next example is a very interesting letter to Queensberry from the young widow of James third Marquis of Montrose, whose untimely death in 1684 was universally deplored. Sir Walter Scott might rather have said that Claverhouse spelt like a *Marchioness.*

The Marchioness of Montrose to Queensberry.

"LESLE, *Joulay* 8, 1684.

"MY LORD:—Tho I was veray confedant your generosatay and frindchip for my dear Lord wold meke your Lordchepe mindfull of his pour childes afears, yet the honor of the acount of it was more than I could justly have expekted till your Lordchepes retouran; and tho I never was afrayed bot the King and the Duke would be so grasiose as to be favarabell to my child, yet I war vere unworthay if I had not a dipe sence of your Lordchepes extrem faver and goodnes in choueng yourselfe so frindly to me a pour desolut wido, by your care of my son and his famolay, which is noue all the earthly confort that I have since God has bin plesed to deprave me of a housband which was derear to me then my life; and if I live in the worald it shall be my stoday to make my unexprasabell kindnes to him apiear by my care of the child, and brideng him oupe a loyeall sobieke to his royeall mastear, as all his famolay ever was, and a sarvant to all those whom I knoue his dear father had honour and frindchepe for; which in a singolour menour I have often heard him exprace for your Lordchepe, iven a foue dayes before his death, which his mead misarable hir who shall upon all okasiones evedance hir bieng most sinserly, my Lord, your Lordchepes most humbell most obliged aflikted servant,

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[1] See afterwards, the letter from King James, dated April 23, 1685.

[2] The "treasonable papers," found in John Brown's house, would also be given up to the chief military authority at the same time; they do not appear to have been sent to Queensberry. Never was an armed rebel and outlaw more justly and necessarily executed than was John Brown, on the eve of Argyle's invasion,

"CHRISTIAN MONTROSE."[1]

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[1] It may be necessary to state, that we transcribed this letter (which is written in a large distinct hand), very carefully. The signature *Montrose* is an obvious and very exact imitation of the great Marquis's. This Marchioness was Lady Christian Leslie, second daughter of the Duke of Rothes. Charles K. Sharpe, in a note to Kirkton's History (p. 224), quotes the following anonymous letter, found among the Wodrow MSS.

"1687. We have at length, on Saturday last, at 8 at night, had my Lady Marquis of Montrose marry'd in her own lodgings, to whom therin I sincerelie wish much joy; tho' truly she hath had non of her former husband's relations, nor any of her own, except a youth of 15 yeares, Kilbirnie, to wish her so much. But the lady hath taken strong heart, and carys joy enough in her countenance, and indeed I do not suspect her guiltie of dissimulation therein. Sir Charles Halket, and Sir William Bruce, came heir on Sunday's night to bid her joy, and she is to go from this to Kinros for good and all upon Wednesday. She lookes, now that she is free of her sables, alse faire and graceful as ever, has gained an huge respect from all persons by that *debonnaire* temper, which, with other qualifications, she deriveth from her father, and appeares to be blist from heaven with as stretching a temper towards her circumstances as any person I know. A most fonde wife she was to her former husband, a most passionate mourner for him, and each year keipt the day of his death, which she solemnized with floodes of teares. Wednesday last was the day for this year; how she performed the usual ceremonies of the day I know not; the Lady Craighall would doubtless something divert; but on Thursday she did me the honour of a visite, and really she bare the countenance of one that had been afflicted the day before; and now that she is marryed, she appears alse joyfull and fond a bryde as any in the Kingdome."

Her second husband was Sir John Bruce of Kinross, but she had no second family.

The following letter is from the first Marquis of Athole, so often mentioned in these volumes, who behaved so falsely to Dundee, when the latter quitted Hamilton's Convention with his fifty troopers.

"*For the Earlle of Queinsbrie, these.*"

"DEARE BROTHER CLIFFORTT :[1]—I defered wreting inn hopes to hed some thing to wreat; but bieng to goe out of toune toumorou, I send your Lop. all I knoue, which I belliue ye douc allredie by better hands. D[uke] H[amilton] was heare toue or thrie days. He refused the Testt. The P[resident] of the S[ession] was of opinione that he might be indulged untill Januar; for he found hime in better youmer then formerlie, and was in hopes he might be brought of the partie. E[arl] Perth was of the same opinione. Some dide opose it at that mitteng. Pr[esident] is much gouerned by the Lockartts. The Test mittes with much opsisione by the ministers, and some lawers. I am gled to heare all is so queitt with you. The Presedent geue his colieuges ane acompt frome you of it. Earll Argylle has refoused to take the Test. You[r] frend H[a]ttone is in grett trubell at it. He says, D[uke] H[amilton] and Argill aught not to be loused; for it will be pregides to his Majete servise. I wishe you joy of Dendonald's pension; for he could spere it, but your Lop. could not want it. I am, unalterabille, dear brother Clifortt, yours,[2] A."

The following fifteen letters from James VII. to the Duke of Queensberry, written at the crisis of Argyle and Monmouth's invasion, are all holograph of the King.

1.

"ST JAMES'S, *April* 11, 1685.

"I could not refuse this bearer the E: of Breadalban, to write to you by him, he desiring me to do it. I beleve for the countenence of it, he was willing I should do it, for he did not speake to me to say anything in particular, only that I would lett you know I looked on him as one I believed was ready to serve me, wch I do. This all I have tyme to say now.

"J. R."

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[1] Athole constantly addressed the Scotch High Treasurer, as "Dear Brother Clifort;" probably some jocular allusion to the notorious English Treasury statesman, and leader of "the Cabal" of five, in the reign of Charles II., Sir Thomas Clifford, afterwards created a Peer.

[2] This letter is not dated, but is indorsed in Queensberry's hand, "M. Athol 1681."

2.

"St James's, *April* 16, 1685.

"I had not tyme by the last post to answer yours of the 10: w^{ch} came by the flying pacquett, and have not much lessur now to do it, and therefore shall begin with that part ont w^{ch} concerns the Act for Religion. I see you are for passing it in the very same words were in that act w^{ch} past in my tyme there, for the security of the P[rotestant] Reli[gion]; but all the alteration I would have in it, is, that only the words, '*and all acts against Popery,*' should be left out; and lett them be left out; for tho they signify but little in themselves where you are, it might do a great deele of harme here. I have charged L^{d} Morray to signify the same thing to you. I thought to have sayed more to you, in answer to your letter, but am so tyred with the severall ceremonys of this day, that I can only tell you I have ordered two troups of Dragoons downe to Carlile to look after those borders."[1]

"J. R."

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[1] The following letter to Queensberry, dated two days later, relates to the same subject. It is not signed, but appears to have been written by the Earl of Dumbarton, Hamilton's brother, who was in London about to be commissioned as commander-in-chief in Scotland against Argyle and Monmouth's rebellion. We transcribe it in the modern orthography.

"Whitehall, *April* 18, [1685.]

"Last Wednesday I received the honour of [your] Grace's letter. Just after you went from hence, I put the King in mind of the north of England and Ireland. He has ordered two troops of dragoons to march to Cumberland, and I have written by his command to the Lord Justices of Ireland, to acquaint them how much his Majesty's service suffered by the *Communion of the Saints*, desiring them to give the most effectual directions to all officers, both civil and military, in those parts, that the like might be prevented in future. It is difficult, in these *devout times*, to find an opportunity of talking to the King of any business; however, I found one, the day after I received yours, to speak about the *Haily Kirke*, and left him fully resolved to allow this act to pass as the former; but, I not being the proper officer to signify his pleasure to you in this affair, he was to speak with one of the Secretaries about it. But, next day, I found him quite turned; for he called me, and said he considered the last act, and as for the clause of the Protestant religion, he was content it should be in, but not that *confirming all laws against Papists;* which he said was new, and *stuck in by Argyle*. However, I took the liberty to say, that there were the same reasons for both; for, as the inserting them could add nothing to what was before, so the leaving them out could take away nothing, but would give a needless jealousy which might alarm them here, and so produce a worse effect than could follow upon the other way. I doubt not but you have received his Majesty's directions in this matter. I cannot imagine what correspondence my Lord Tarbat can have here that you can dissapprove of. I cannot think him so good a

3.

"St James's, *April* 23, 1685.

"I have only tyme to tell you, that I have heard, that a party of twenty Dragoons, meetting with about 80 of the rebels, did not engage them as they ought to have done, by w^{ch} means those rebels gott away.[1] I do not heare who it was that commanded the Dragoons; let it be enquired into, and if the matter of fact be true, such a faint hearted pitifull officer must be severly punished. I have ordered the Sec[retary] to give an account of some intelligence latly come from Holland, by w^{ch} you will see the rebels designe to attempt something. Lett a company of E[arl] Mar's Reg[iment] be sent to Sterling Castel to reinforce that garrison. I hope the magazin of meal is still contenud there as it was in my tyme. I intend sone to send E[arl] Dumbarton downe to you to give me an account of the true condition of all the forces there.

"J. R."

4.

"St James's, *May* 3, 1685.

"I had last night your[s] by Gosfort, of the 29, by whom I see how well you and the Parliament have begun, which will be a very good presedent to the English one; and I make no doubt, but that you will continu doing so, and ending well. I have not tyme by this bearer, the Lord Glammes, to say much to you, it being necessary that the instruction you sent for should be sone with you; and besids, I intend to dispatch E[arl] Dumbarton very sone, by whom I shall write at large to you, only pray let D[uke] Hamilton know I take kindly the motion you wrot me word he made, in the Articles, for the advantage of the Crowne. I hope Cap: English[2] will be punished as he deservs, for losing the Prisoners. I had, before I heard of that, signed a Comission for Geo: Windram, for English his troupe, and for Gosfort to be Major.

"J. R."

Christian as to be able to forgive the Lord Viscount Melfort, who he knows has hindered his business all this while. However, I have writ to him very freely, though I am confident there is a mistake in it. I wish your Grace all the prosperity imaginable."

[1] This misadventure seems to be referred to in Claverhouse's dispatch about John Brown, and the offending officers to have been Lieutenants Murray and Creighton.

[2] This was Captain Inglis, from whom the prisoners were rescued by the rebels at Newmills, as mentioned in Claverhouse's dispatch about John Brown. His nephew, John Brownen, whose life Claverhouse humanely saved, was actually the leader in that treasonable rescue. Captain Inglis had been previously complained of by Claverhouse, as being a very inefficient officer.

5.

"St James's, *May* 8, 1685.

"I have now given L^{d} Dumbarton all his dispatchesse, and I have charged him to speak to you of severall things w^{ch} would be to long for a letter, having more confidence in him, and so refer to him for what I have to say; only this I shall say to you myself, w^{ch} is, that you need not aprehend it is in anybody's power to do you ill offices with me; no body has gone about it, and if they had, it would only have done them harme, and not you; therefore feare nothing of that kind; on the other hand, be not *so jealous;* and beware of such as, under a pretence, of making their court to you, improve, or make, storys of others, to satisfy their privat malice against others. I have seen the mischeef such kind of people have done here, to those they pretended to be friends to. I have discoursed at large to this bearer upon this, and other subjects, so that I need say no more upon them. I intend to send Beckman downe sone after him, that no more tym may be lost in securing the bridge of Starling, w^{ch} is a very necessary worke.

"*May* 10: What is written before is of the date you see it, since when I thought it better to keep this bearer till the Holland letters came, which was not till this day at none, which have brought considerable intelligence, of w^{ch} you will have had an account by Gosfort, who will be some hours, I believe, soner with you then this bearer, being the better horseman. What els I have to say I reffer to him.

"J. R."

6.

"St James's, *May* 10, 1685.

"I have only tyme to tell you that I send you by this bearer, Gosfort, an account of the intelligence, I received, this day, from Holland, by w^{ch} you see how busy, and undertaking, the rebellious crue that were there are. Besids Cap. Gifford in a fift rate, who is already sayled, I have ordered Cap. Talbot in the Falcon, to go into the Frith to receive your orders. No care shall be wanting here to advertice you of what I know; and am sure none will be wanting where you are, to do what is best for my service. Let the D. of Monmouth be prosecuted as well as the other Rebells. L^{d} Dumbarton will be sone after this bearer with you."

"J. R."

7.

"St James's, *May* 17, 1685.

"I keept this bearer, Cap. Barkley, till this day, to see what newse the Holland letters would bring, which only confirme that most of the fugitivs of both nations, except the D. of Monmouth, are gone with the ships, and that their cheef aime is at Stirling; but considering the good postur you have put things in, that is easier sayd, then done. Things are, God be thanked, very quiat here, and I am confident the Parliament will do their duty, as becoms them. This bearer will tell you all the newse of this place.

"J. R."

8.

"St James's, *May* 19, 1685.

"I had yesterday the newse you sent of the Ld Argils having touched at Orkeney, and am glad to find by the same letter from the Sec[ret] Com[mittee] that you have put all things in so good a postur to receive the Rebells. I have ordred the arms and amunition you sent for, to be gott ready to be sent by sea, which, wind and weather permitting, will be sone with you. I have also ordred Cap. Hamilton in the Kingfisher, a 4 : rate, to saile for the West of Scotland, to joyne the frigates, already sent thether. I shall take the best care I can to secure the English borders. This bearer, Ld Charles Murray,[1] will give you an account of all things here; and besids I have not tyme to say more, being just a going to the Parliament.

"J. R."

"I was glad to heare the Sesse past so unanimously. I hope the Parli[ament] here will follow such good precedents as you have given them."

9.

"Whitehall, *May* 23, 1685.

"I had yesterday morning yours of the 18: with the letter of the Sec[ret] Com[mittee] which gave an account of that arch Rebell Argiles being landed at Dunstafnage, and the orders you had given upon it, wh I approve of. The Secretary will give you an account of what has been done here, and a full answer to the Sec[ret] Com[mittees] letter. As for severall things are in your letter I have not really tyme to answer them; only you need not feare, that any one can do you ill offices with me, nor has any gone about to do it, wh I find you are aprehenciue of.[2] I send downe this bearer, L. Col. Maxwell, to go and serve with D[uke] Gordon, as aide de eamp, or with any other, that may have to do with Argile, or any of the rebells, he being a good officer, and ingenire. He will tell you all the newse of this place.

"J. R."

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[1] Athole's second son, soon afterwards created Earl of Dunmore.

[2] How did Queensberry repay the King's constant anxiety on that subject!

10.

"WHITEHALL, *May* 25, 1685.

"I have now a little tyme to myself, and so shall answer such particulars of yours of the 18, which I did not in my last. And, as you say, had some frigats been sent soner, Argile had never gott where he is; but at that tyme there was none ready, and the first that were, were dispatched as fast as they could. You will do well to lett S^{r} George Lockhart know I am very sensible of his serving me so well as he dos, as he shall see when occasion offers. As for what you propose concerning the two Sessnooks, and Arkinlass, you may promise any of them their livs, if they will confesse any thing which may be of use.[1] I shall not be surprised if any speake to me about S^{r} J. Cochran's forfitur; and the Lady you mention might have well spared the making so long a journay; and I do not think L^{d} Melford will interest hemself in such an affaire. As I had writen thus far, L^{d} Murray shewed me a letter he had, of something Macnaghton had done in quiting Inverary, after the manner he did, and a strong houce having been given up by some of L^{d} Athol's men in that country, which sure ought to be inquired into, and severly punished, if true as is sayd; which is all I have tyme to say now,

"J. R."

11.

"WHITEHALL, *May* 28, 1685.

"This morning I had yours of the 24, and besids your letter (w^{ch} you may be sure nobody shall see) read all these w^{ch} come from the Sec[ret] Com[mittee] to w^{ch} they will know my mind from the Secretare, both as to what concerns D[uke] Hamilton, and all other things; to w^{ch} I must refer you, having had so much to do all this day that I have not been able to have writen so fully myself as I intended; and hope to have tyme bettwene this and Saturday next, to answer severall particulars in your last letter. You will have this by Lord Aran, who I am sure will serve me very frankly.[2] Above all things have a care of securing Sterling; and lett there be so many troups there, as to secure the towne as well as castel, of the militia or others, as shall be thought fitt by you in the place; and lett them fall to worke to throwgh up the earth, for the securing of the bridg, so sone as Major Beckman, the ingenere, shall be with you. I have not tyme to say more; all things here go on very well,

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[1] The Campbells of Cessnock and Ardkinlass, the treasonable conspirators sent from England with Carstares, peached and saved their lives.

[2] Duke Hamilton's eldest son.

"J. R."

12.

"WHITEHALL, *May* 31, 1685.

"By the last post I made the Sec[retary] write to you my mind, how necessary I thought it was to presse Argile; and to see to drive him out of the country before the winter. I am still of the same mind, but I would not have that mistaken as to one point; for when I say I would have him prest, I intend that should be done by Highlanders and meletia, and what troups may be had from Irland; but by no means would I have the standing troups go North of Sterling; for as long as you keep the West and South quiat, and keepe Argile from getting into Galloway, I thinke you will sone master him; and I am apt to thinke his chief designe is to gett thether, wch he will endeavuor, without hindred by the arrival of some of the frigats. Sr Rog. Strickland will be dispatched as sone as is possible; and when Argile and his fellow rebels see so many men-of-war there, and heare how quiat all things are here, they will be very much dishartened. As for what you write concerning some forfiturs for Ld Dumbarton, when this rebellion of Argile is over it will then be tyme, and not before, for me to dispose of any of the forfited estats, and then the E[arl] Dumbarton shall be provided for. As I had writen thus far, I receved yours of the 28, and by it see you had had myne by Maxwell; and God be thanked all thing hetherto go on as well in Parli[ament] as I can desire, wch you will heare of from others. And as to all that the Sec[ret] Com[mittee] have writen about, the Secretarys will lett you know my pleasur. I intended to have answerd the other parts of your letter, but have not tyme now to do it, and can only tell you, you need not feare any ill offices can be done you.

"J. R."

13.

"WHITEHALL, *June* 4, 1685.

"I had this morning yours of the 31 of May, by a flying pacquett, and the winds must have been very crose to have hindred the frigats getting to their station. If they had been there, Argile would hardly have venturd to land in the West. I confesse I cannot help thinking 'tis only a faint he maks of landing at Largs, and that he dos it only to draw E[arl] Dumbarton as far as he can from Galloway; and then, if the frigats do not come to hinder him, will give him the slip, and go along the cost with his ships and boats, and land in Galloway, by which means he may have fower or five days tyme to be there, and have the disaffected people come to him, before E[arl] Dumbarton can gett to him; for if he lands at Largs he must have some design on Glasgow, and I do not thinke him strong eneugh for that. What els I have to say you will know by the letter to the Sec[ret] Com[mittee] from the Secretary; and it will be a good recrut will come to you, from Holland, of the three Scots Reg[iments]. All things, God be thanked, are very quiat here. I have a fancy in my head, that if Argile should give E[arl] Dumbarton the slip, and gett some days before him into Gallaway, that he may march into England, hoping to find some help there. If that should happen, E[arl] Dumbarton must follow him. A ship with fower or five thousand arms was taken by one of my frigats, w^ch^ was going into Scotland, neare Poole, in Dorsettshire, w^ch^ will be a great disapointment to the rebells some where.

"J. R."

14.

"WHITEHALL, *June* 10, 1685.

"This morning I had yours of the 6, and another tyme send by a flying pacquett rather then expresse; for you see the person you sent was forced to send the letter on, he happening to be indisposed. I am glad that at last some of the ships are gott to L^d^ Dumbarton; and I hope by this Argile's businesse is done for him; for I make no doubt of his having been hard prest, both by sea and land. You see I was in the right in beleving his making a shew of landing at Largs was only a faint, his cheef aime being for Galloway; but now he has slipt the oportunity; and you see I was not in the wrong for to have the standing troups continu in the West; for keep that part of the country quiat, and of necessity Argile must fall; and I am still of the mind that Dumbarton, with the standing troups, should continu still in those parts, and now that we are masters at Sea, you may have men from Irland if needfull, and the three Scots Reg[iments], wind and weather permitting, will be sone with you. But I should thinke 'twere hard Argil's businesse were not done for him, without either of those helps. All things, God be thanked, continu very quiat here. I have taken all the care I can to keep them so. The D. of Monmouth, as they write from Holland, is sailed in a ship of 32 guns, for Scotland, with some arms and amunition. If he had designed for any part of England, I must have heard of him by this. I aprove of the proposal you make of annexing the forfited lands to the Crowne, as you will see by the Sec[retary's] letter to the Sec[ret] Com[mittee] to which I must refer you to what els I have to say.

"J. R."

15.

"WHITEHALL, *June* 15, 1685.

"I have now so much businesse upon my hands, that I have but little tyme to write to you, so that I must reffer you to the Sec[retary's] letter to the Secret Com[mittee]; only this I must say, that there must be money found for the paying of the three Scots Reg]iments] gone to you from Holland, which I hope will be with you before this gette to you; and then the other standing forces must be payd before any fees or pensions whatever; and I know it may be done, and expect it. I shall do well enough with the rebel Monmouth. The Parliament here do their part, and I make no doubt that Argil's businesse will be sone done for him by you.

"J. R."

VI.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

[The following account of the Battle of the Boyne may be compared with Lord Macaulay's, which differs from it in some respects. The letter, which we divest of its confusing orthography, is from that unprincipled traitor, General James Douglas, to his brother the Duke of Queensberry.]

"DUBLIN, *7th July* 1690.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—I have not had the honour of a line from you this long time. Neither can any I speak with tell me how matters does go with you. I hear only that Earl Drumlanrig comes not here, at which I believe your Grace is not dissatisfied.

"We have marched constantly since the King landed; first to the mountains and straight passes of the Nury, Dundalk, and Ardie; all which the enemy did very civilly leave to our possession, notwithstanding that Dundalk is as well fortified as can be. Then we marched to Tradath, on the 30th of June, where we found King James's army very strongly encamped on the other side of the river Boyne, and entrenched in many places. The King covered his table and ate his *dinner*, at large musket-shot from a battery of the enemy's; who perceiving him, levelled a cannon, and the *very first shot* wounded him in the shoulder the largeness of both my hands. He said *nothing, only three words* in Dutch, *t'hoobt niet naeder;* that is to say, *it needs not to come nearer*. After this, his Majesty *went to his tent*, and got himself pansed [his wound dressed], and so *returned on horseback*,[1] called the General officers, and told he would attack the enemy to-morrow. Upon which it was resolved we should march some of our troops up the river, towards Slain Bridge, hereby to oblige the enemy to quit the strong post. Count Schomberg marched for this purpose, with four thousand horse and three thousand foot; but no sooner he did this, but we perceived the enemy marching to attack the Count with their whole army. This did oblige the King to command me to sustain the Count with twelve thousand foot, and it pleased God it succeeded to admiration. Our King did bravely attack their rear, with his sword in his hand, and he was so lame with the shot he had received, that he could not hold his weapon almost. However, at the head of the *Inskilling horse*, on he went, and carried all before him.[1] The enemy's horse fought wonderfully bravely as ever men could do. *Count* Shomberg and I attacked the left wing, and all ran before us. In this affair the enemy has lost three thousand men; their foot have all dispersed and laid down their arms; their whole baggage, ammunition, and artillery is taken. Tradath [Drogheda] the next day did surrender to us. They have lost a vast deal of their most considerable officers. Lt.-General Hamilton is our prisoner. *We* have lost a hundred men,[2] and *Old Shomberg shot by one of his French foot, through a mistake.* King James has run very fast, and at last is shipped at Waterford, to go to some place or other, but none can tell where. I am to be detached within two or three days at the head of ten thousand men. I hope this summer we shall have little ado here, and King James shall not be in power to trouble us longer. I wish God may bless you and all your family; so I rest your Grace's most faithful servant and affectionate brother,

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[1] It would appear, by this account, that William was at his rural table, and not on horseback, when wounded. Lord Macaulay gives it in the form of a *melo-drama*, thus :—

"The Chiefs of the Irish army soon discovered that the person who, surrounded by a splendid circle, was *breakfasting* on the opposite bank, was the Prince of Orange. They *sent for artillery*. Two field-pieces, screened from view by a troop of cavalry, were brought down almost to the brink of the river, and placed behind a hedge. William, who had just risen from his meal, and was again *in the saddle*, was the mark of both guns. The *first shot* struck one of the holsters of Prince George of Hesse, and brought his horse to the ground. 'Ah!' cried the King, 'the poor Prince is killed.' As the words passed his lips, he was himself hit by a *second ball*, a six-pounder. It merely tore his coat, grazed his shoulder, and drew two or three ounces of blood. Both armies saw that the shot had taken effect; for the King *sank down for a moment on his horse's neck*. A *yell* of exultation rose from the Irish camp. The English and their allies were in dismay. Solmes flung himself prostrate on the earth, and burst into tears. But William's deportment soon reassured his friends. '*There is no harm done*,' he said, '*but the bullet came quite near enough*.' Coningsby put his handkerchief to the wound; a surgeon was sent for, a plaster applied; and the King, as soon as the dressing was finished, rode round all the posts of his army, amidst loud acclamations."—*Macaulay's History*, vol. v. p. 260.

The taciturn King's *three Dutch words* are worth the whole of this word-painting, which is not like King William at all. Then, as for the King being on horseback, when the cannon-ball took him on the shoulder, would that not have taken him off his horse, considering the wound as described by General Douglas? Macaulay has followed Story's "Impartial History" in this; but according to Douglas, he was sitting by the river side at his dinner when wounded, which is much more likely. Kennet's History (iii. p. 599) has it thus:—"My Lord Conningsby no sooner saw his Majesty wounded, but he rid up and clapt his handkerchief upon the sore place, while the King himself *mounted again*, and kept on his pace, and only said—*There was no necessity the bullet should have come nearer*." But General Douglas's version is doubtless the most accurate, and is by far the most characteristic.

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[1] The way William *could fight*, and the way James *could not*, was the best title of the former to the Crown of Britain, which otherwise he obtained by anything but fair means, or a people's free will. Lord Macaulay's anxiously elaborate portraiture of William, is about as true as his ridiculous portrait of Bishop Burnet, whom he dubs "honest" and "courageous," the very two things he was not.

[2] Probably meaning of the troops led by *Count* Schomberg and Douglas. Killiecrankie showed a better butcher's bill than this. As for the death of old *Duke* Schomberg, the Count's father, who was in his eighty-second year, compare Douglas's curt notice with the following picture by Lord Macaulay:—

"Schomberg, who had remained on the northern bank, and who had thence watched the progress of his troops with the eye of a General, now thought that the emergency required from him the personal exertions of a soldier. Those who stood about him besought him in vain to put on his cuirass. Without defensive armour, he rode through the river, and rallied the refugees, whom the fall of Caillemot had dismayed. 'Come on,' he cried in French, pointing to the Popish squadrons, 'Come on, gentlemen; there are your persecutors.' Those were his last words. As he spoke, a band of Irish horsemen rushed upon him and encircled him for a moment. When they retired he was on the ground. His friends raised him; but he was already a corpse. Two sabre wounds were on his head; and a bullet from a *carbine* was lodged in his neck."

"JA. DOUGLAS."

"I hope your Grace will tell E[arl] Drumlanrig that his old friend Colonel *Callimot* died yesterday of a musket-shot in the thigh which he got of the enemy."

VII.

HENRY NEVIL PAYNE.

IN our text (pp. 126–151) we have sifted and exposed the calumny with which Lord Macaulay, adopting *con amore*, a gross and malicious falsehood of Burnet's, assailed the character of James VII. on the subject of judicial torture. The disingenuous *reticence* with which, as the counterpart of that calumny, the same historian has attempted to shelter the character of King William from every imputation of the kind, has also been submitted to the close examination which the truth and justice of history demanded (pp. 112–126). We have here to add the sequel of this sad story of cruelty and oppression, which it was not the object of Lord Macaulay to expose. While reviewing, as he could not well avoid, but *more suo*, the horrors of that case of double torture, far more severe and less excusable than any case of judicial torture that occurred in the two preceding reigns, he carefully abstains from coupling therewith the name of King William, and dismisses this flagrant case of royal delinquency, by a *summing up*, as flimsy in the art of it, as it is disingenuous in the *animus*:—

"Payne was then (after torture) carried to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he long remained utterly forgotten, as he touchingly complained, by those for whose sake he had endured more than the bitterness of death. Yet no *ingratitude* could damp the ardour of his fanatical loyalty; and he continued, *year after year*, in *his cell*, to plan insurrections and invasions."—*Hist.* v. p. 334, 335.

What mystification is this? What insurrections and invasions could this poor prisoner plan "year after year in his cell?" Or why, then, was he not brought to trial, and hanged? And what has the alleged *forgetfulness*, on the part of a few weak minded and ruined plotters among the aristocracy, towards their humble, crippled, but stout hearted emissary in limbo, to do with the question of his treatment by King William? What could they have done for him? Did their "ingratitude," if such a thing was, constitute the grievance under which Nevil Payne was suffering, or the cruelty and oppression which History was bound to have noticed and condemned in connection with his name? What are the facts?

King William's victim having been tortured, under the presiding direction of a merciless Presbyterian fanatic, until human life could bear no more, the Privy Council grant his petition, on the 16th of December 1690, to be allowed some freedom within his prison, while his crushed limbs were being doctored. On the 6th of January 1691, that crumb of mercy is recalled, at the express order of King William, and the sufferer remanded to "close prison," at the risk of his life. Yet previously, on the 11th of December, Earl Crawford himself, who admits that he had "been the prompter of the executioner to increase the torture to so high a pitch," writes that harrowing letter to be reported to King William, in which he says, that the heroic sufferer pleads earnestly for banishment, under pain of death should he return; "which," adds Earl Crawford, "after his torture, he desired I might *represent to my master, for the sake of God.*" But their master, who had now nothing earthly to dread in the matter, was inexorable. Then followed, 6th January 1691, that remonstrance to the King, from his Privy Council in Scotland,—"That, by the *Claim of Right*, the delaying to put persons in prison to trial, is declared to be *contrary to law;* wherefore, in all humility, we offer our *opinion and advice*, that your Majesty give orders to your Advocate to bring the said Naval Pain to his trial here; or, if your Majesty think it more conduceable to your service, to cause transport him to England, he being *a native of that kingdom.*" The "humility," the "opinion and advice," of his Scotch Council, all go for nothing with King William, and the tortured remains in prison untried. At length, two years and a half thereafter, on the 19th of May 1693, the following entry appears on the Records of the Scotch Parliament:—"A warrant given to my Lord Advocate to raise an indictment, and insist against *Navell Payne* for high treason, before the Parliament." On the 13th of June he is brought before the Parliament, and an indictment against him read. But there is no case whatever to go to trial; and Parliament, utterly ashamed of the whole affair, remits the process to the Commissioners of Justiciary, along with those against the Duke of Gordon and the Earl of Seaforth,—"or *otherways*, continues these processes until next Session of Parliament, *as his Majesty shall think fit to order.*" Nor let it be supposed, as Lord Macaulay would fain insinuate, that this was a measure of forbearance against an incorrigible, treasonable plotter. Government having failed to extort a word from Nevil Payn, under the utmost extremity of torture, that either compromised himself or any one of his aristocratic associates (which is more than Carstares could say), were equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to patch up a case against him that could either face Parliament or a Jury. A few letters, between the poor sufferer and some Jacobite friends, had been intercepted. Some names, of course, were couched in covert terms; and what seemed to be Jacobite allusions, and gossip, mingled with his own miseries, were mystically rendered. These were all rudely printed by the Government, on ten foolscap pages, under the imposing title, "Navil Payn's Letter, and some other Letters that concern the subject of his Letter, with short notes on them, for the clearer information of Members of Parliament, in order to Navil Payn's trial."[1] The "short notes" are comments and guesses, printed on the margins, professing to interpret the covert names, and putting any interpretation on various passages, importing nothing in themselves, that the unknown commentator's ingenuity could suggest. Any thing more thoroughly contemptible than this State prosecution cannot be conceived, judging by the only productions in the case, and those unwarrantable *ex parte* marginal assumptions. They afford no ground whatever for Lord Macaulay's insidious assertion, that this poor, crushed, and insignificant prisoner had been for years planning invasions and insurrections in his cell. And how came our noble historian, with the volume of Carstares' State Papers in his hand, not to inform his readers, that this miserable attempt, to get up a case of high treason against this vainly tortured subordinate of Ross, and Annandale, and Montgomery, after years of imprisonment, was at length rousing the indignation of the Scotch Parliament, (notwithstanding the endeavours to have the case prejudged by the members), against King William himself. The following letter, printed in Carstares' Papers, a notorious collection which Lord Macaulay quotes, is dated *seven years* after Payne's indictment, and *ten* after his torture. It is written by the ungrateful, faithless, minister and favourite of King Charles and King James, to the minion of King William:—

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[1] Of this very unfair, and ridiculous Information for Parliament, we have only seen two copies—one in a volume of miscellaneous broadsides in the Advocates' Library, and the other in possession of Mr David Laing. It would appear that Lord Macaulay had seen it, or obtained a note of it from Scotland, as he quotes (to very little purpose), "Neville Payne's letter, of December 3, 1692, printed in 1693;" being one of those in the print in question.

"*Duke of Queensberry to Mr Carstares.*"

"HOLYROOD HOUSE, *September* 9, 1700.

"—— By my last letter to you, I gave it as my opinion, that I could see no danger to the King's affairs, by his Majesty's allowing my Lord Balcarres to come home; for he can never be so ill a man as to make use of such a favour to the prejudice of his Majesty's affairs, when he has already paid so dearly for his tampering, and is now laid under such an obligation.

"There is besides his case, which is a mere act of his Majesty's goodness, another, wherein we are likely to be puzzled in Parliament; I mean that of *Nevil Payne.* He has been tortured, and very long imprisoned; and he inclined to apply to the Privy Council for his liberation, which I have kept off till I should know his Majesty's pleasure about him. He had a recommendation of Parliament formerly to the King, and I am afraid it is *not in our power to keep him legally.* He will certainly apply to the next session of Parliament, and will *undoubtedly be set at liberty then;* and probably *with some reflection upon his long imprisonment.* I am therefore persuaded that it is his *Majesty's interest,* either to send me a warrant for discharging him out of prison, or, that he should refer that matter to his Privy Council, *who will be sure to let him out.* So the *franker* way would be for the King to do it himself; for it will be *impossible* to keep him in till the Parliament be over. I know him to be an empty, vain, talking, lying fellow; and is not much worth the while of a Government's concern."[1]

No act in the life either of Charles II. or James VII. ever subjected them to such an insult as this! 'Let Henry Nevil Payne go free;—not that two days of torture, followed by ten years of imprisonment can touch your heart or awaken your conscience; not that your poor victim's petition for banishment, "*for the sake of God,*" could move your Christianity; not that the opinion and advice of your Privy Council could influence your constitutional principles,—but because even your own Parliament will release your victim, whether you will or no; and chide you, moreover, for your lawless oppression. Make a virtue, then, of necessity; let him go free; but indulge, if you will, your own spleen at the necessity, with this parting kick—Get you gone for an empty, vain, talking, lying, fellow, not much worth the while of a Government's concern!'

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[1] So, before they put him to the test, King William's law officers of the Crown pronounced him to be a miserable *coward,* out of whom they could get anything at the first drive of the wedge or turn of the screw. Lord Macaulay at least does him the justice to say—"he soon had an opportunity of proving that he possessed courage and fidelity worthy of a better cause than that of James, and of a better associate than Montgomery;" and also, that he "had a far braver spirit than those high born plotters with whom it was his misfortune to have been connected."

Surely *Carstares* would say, at least to himself, on reading this abuse,—"but his heart was stouter and truer than mine—he would have died under boot and screw rather than hang an associate." And would the Crown prosecution have been dropt, would Parliament and Privy Council have determined to order his freedom, even against the will of the King, had there been any foundation for the statement that "he continued year after year, in his cell, to *plan* insurrections and invasions"? Whether the sufferer was dismissed according to the gracious mercy suggested by Queensberry (who would almost seem to have fraternised with him "in his cell") we have not been able to trace, nor is it worth the inquiry. But the case is made out against King William, from first to last, notwithstanding the silence of Macaulay, whom nothing less than the argument that prevailed with Carstares would have induced to peach against the hero of his historical romance. In the printed Information by the Crown lawyers, are some affecting letters, two extracts from which will suffice to show that King William had as little cause to dread his helpless prisoner as Queensberry had to abuse him. These are said, in the Information, to have been written by Henry Nevil Payne, to one Mrs Elizabeth Smith, who had most kindly and faithfully befriended the poor prisoner in his sufferings, and had herself been involved in trouble on his account:—

"*29th May* 1692.

"DEAR MADAM:—Afflict not yourself for me. I am in the providence of God, be where I will. Keep the last, and this note of mine, though I die before I see you; for I must confess I never knew so fast and true a friend as yourself to my *Master*, and to me for his sake. And should L. L., Mrs *Mowet*, and all the rest of our *friends* forget it, which I am almost persuaded they can never do, yet my dear *Master* and *Mistress* will (upon sight of you by my Aunt, who will be easily found out, and this note) esteem and reward you and yours for your charity. I know they will in spight of envy. And should my nephew forget all the charity and good you have showed to me, and not take more pains for you than himself, I shall wish all friendship from God and man may fail him in his greatest distress. My services to Bailie Chancelour. I am sure on extreme occasions he will supply me with some guineas, for he said in a note of his he had told Doctor M'Gie so. My love, duty, and service too, to you, your *good-sister*, *brother*, my *little wife*, *James*, *Archibald*, Mrs *Ann*, and Mrs *Lilias;* as also to your *goodman* unknown, or any other I have forgot, is all I have time to say, perhaps in these my last lines; though I do not dispair neither to prove myself as true a friend as ever was born before I die, being obliged to be so if living; and if dead, God witness against their falsehood, that pretend to be my friends now, that are not so when I am no more *Henry Payne* to you and yours."

"*29th December* 1692.

"Dear Madam:—I wish with all my heart there were proper words in the world, or that I had them, at least, to express the gratitude I owe to your *Ladyship* for the boundless friendship you constantly express to me, *a poor miserable stranger*, so *persecuted*, that if God had not raised me such a charitable friend as yourself must have languisht in this *unprecedented restraint*, without knowing how to cry for help and have been heard, except by that God himself who has inspired you with so much charity as thus to be concerned for me. May it be his blessed will, that I may live to show I would be sufficiently grateful if I could; and in the mean time, accept my worthless, tho' hearty thanks, for all their favours; and most particularly for giving Mr *James Smith* these too frequent trobles; he can inform you fully of my present condition; and by him I have sent an order for paying the next, or any other money may be sent for me to your *Ladyship*, having also received by him from you twenty dollars."

Balcarres also accuses poor Payne of vanity, avarice, and a gasconading spirit. But for fidelity to his Sovereign, faithfulness to his friends, and fortitude under suffering, poor Earl Colin dared not have courted a comparison with the man he affected to despise.

VIII.

DONALD M'BANE'S NOTICE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

SINCE the narrative in our text was printed, we have chanced to see a short notice of the battle of Killiecrankie, by Donald M'Bane, one of Mackay's soldiers, who published, in 1728, some account of his life and actions, in a curious treatise, entitled, "The Expert Swordsman's Companion," &c. On the day of Killiecrankie, however, Donald trusted more to his legs than to his sword. He thus notices the battle:—

"After we had joined the General [Mackay] we were commanded to march to the Blair of Athole, where we got a certain account of our enemy. Hearing of their number and nearness to us, we drew up at the house of *Runraurie*, then [having] passed the Pass of Killiecrankie, having a great water *in the rear*, and another *on the right* of our line. We left our baggage in the rear, at the smith's house, and drew up in battle order, and stood for some time. At length our enemy made their appearance at the top of a hill; we then gave a shout daring them to advance, which they quickly did to our great loss. When they advanced, we played our cannon for an hour upon them. The *sun going down* caused the Highlandmen to advance on us like madmen, without shoe or stocking, covering themselves from our fire with their targes. At last they cast away their muskets, drew their broadswords, and advanced furiously upon us, and were in the middle of us before we could fire three shots a-piece, *broke us*, and obliged us to retreat. Some fled to the water, and some the other way. I fled to the baggage," &c.

This, though, imperfectly told, agrees with Mackay's own account as to how Dundee had compelled him to change his front, and affords another contradiction of Lord Macaulay's narrative. The "great water in the rear" was the Garry, which was swollen at the time; and the other water "on the right of our line," was the *Girnaig*, which there flows into the Garry, nearly at right angles. Of course Donald talks loosely when he speaks of their cannon playing for an hour upon the Highlanders "when they advanced." Mackay himself affords the best evidence as to how and when the leather guns were used.

IX.

THE GRAMIAD AND ITS AUTHOR, JAMES PHILIP OF AMRYCLOSE.

Among the unpublished manuscripts preserved in the Advocates' Library, we find a small duodecimo volume, with the following title page:—

PANURGI PHILO-CABALLI
SCOTI
GRAMEIDOS,
LIBRI SEX.

Autoris Manu.
1691.

This is the title to a Latin epic poem, of which the hero is Dundee, and the subject the Revolution of 1688, but more especially the great northern campaign, which culminated in the victory of Killiecrankie. The author's prototypes among the ancient classics, with whose spirit he appears to have been deeply imbued, are Lucan and Virgil. His versification is formed upon those great models, which he closely imitates, and with wonderful success. As the title indicates, the manuscript is all in the handwriting of the author himself. At the commencement of the volume are a few minor Latin poems and epigrams, also in the author's handwriting, to which he affixes the title "Panurgi Philo-Caballi, Scoti, Poemata;" and above these words there is interpolated, in a more modern hand—"*Jacobi Philp, sub nomine,*" Panurgi, &c. This lets us so far into the secret of the learned author's name, *James Philp* or *Philip*, to-wit. That surname is derived from a Greek compound signifying a horse fancier—*Phil-ippos* (φιλ-ιππος) the lover of a horse. But, for better disguise, the author preferred to Latinise the compound; and *caballus* being the Latin for a charger, or saddle horse, he wrote "Philo-Caballi, being in fact his Latin (in the genitive case) for *Philip.* "*Auctore Jacobo Philp*" is also interpolated, in another place, by the same modern hand, which we take to be that of Mr Goodall, the well known author of a defence of Queen Mary, who was one of the keepers of the Advocates' Library under the learned

Ruddiman, and assisted him in the preparation of its catalogue, which was printed in 1742. Since that period, at least, the valuable manuscript in question has belonged to the Faculty of Advocates, but when and how originally acquired is unknown. It is not quite so easy to explain why the accomplished author of the GRAMIAD also called himself *Panurgus*, although, doubtless, that too has some relation to his personality. Possibly he may have intended to indicate that he was a master of all work, a learned Jack-of-all-trades; although we can hardly suppose that he meant to attribute to himself all the roguish and disreputable qualities of the Panurge of Rabelais.

The only notice of this poem, affording any insight into its contents and merits, that we have been able to discover, is to be found in John Drummond of Balhaldy's Memoirs of Lochiel, finished by him in 1737, and also left in manuscript, but which has been in the hands of the public since 1842, when it was ably edited for the Abbotsford Club by Mr James Macknight, W.S. Balhaldy tells us,—"Besides the assistance I have from the Earl of Balcarres his Memoirs of the Wars, and the several relations I have had of them from many who were eye-witnesses, I have before me a *manuscript copy* of an historical Latin poem, called 'The Grameis,' written in imitation of Lucan's Pharsalia, but unfinished, by *Mr Philips of Amryclos*, who had the office of standard-bearer during that famous expedition,"—meaning Dundee's northern campaign. From this it appears that the author of Lochiel's Memoirs had not before him the original of the GRAMIAD, now, and probably then, preserved in the Advocates' Library, but only a copy, of which two, transcribed in different hands of the last century, still exist, and are in possession of Mr David Laing. No further information as to Mr Philip is afforded by Lochiel's biographer; but he has followed the epic, though very imperfectly, in his narrative of Dundee's campaign, and has turned a few passages, generally relating to the Highland Chiefs, into English verse. In these, however, he had paid too little attention, either to the accuracy of the translation, or to a due illustration of this heroic Latin epic, composed in the seventeenth century by an obscure Scotch gentleman, yet such as Buchanan might have been proud of, and neither Lucan nor Virgil would have despised. We presume that these imperfect selections, and inaccurate translations, contained in the Abbotsford Club print of Balhaldy's manuscript are the source from which Lord Macaulay, in his History of England, extracted a few pictorial flashes about the Highland Chiefs, occurring in his narrative of the period, but to which he thought proper to refer in terms certainly not calculated to guide an inquiring reader to his reference, viz.—"A *few touches* I have taken from *an English translation* of some passages in a *lost epic poem*, written in Latin, and called the Grameis. The writer was a zealous Jacobite, named Phillipps."

In the *Inquisitiones Speciales* of Forfar, we find, "James Philp of Almericlos, heir of Mr James Philp, *bailie of Aberbrothock* his father," retoured as such to various crofts and lands of no great extent, within the regality of Arbroath, of date 17th August 1653. This must have been the father of the bard of Dundee, whose campaign in 1689 was thirty-six years after the date of this retour of the heir to the bailie of Arbroath. The armorial bearings of this Angusshire family are thus recorded in Nisbet's Heraldry—"James Philps of Amryclos, in Angus, *Azure*, a cheveron between three Talbot heads couped, *Argent*."

In a very curious "information anent the shire of Forfar," written by John Auchterlony of Guynd, about the year 1682, we find the Poet thus mentioned, but of course without any reference to his epic, which was not then composed: "The Almes-house Chapple (of Arbroath) is now possest by James Philip of Almryclose, his house built of the stones thereof and has all the apartments belonging thereto. The fabrick was great and excellent, having many fyne gardens and orchards, now converted to arable ground, about which is a high stone wall, and now by the King's gift belongs to the Bishop of Brechine. Almryclose is in the head of the town (of Arbroath), and good house and yards." It is to be regretted that this contemporary should have furnished no particulars of the learned man whose house he describes.[1]

In this paucity of information, respecting one who certainly deserved to be more fully recorded,—a favourite of the Muses, the neighbour, friend, and companion of Dundee,—we turn with curiosity and interest to see what he says of himself in his unpublished work. He tells us, in the second book, after describing in many fervid hexameters the rise of the Revolution, and the isolated glory of the Graham, appearing like a new Phœnix of that House in support of his Sovereign and the Throne, that he, too, joined the hero in arms, at the commencement of his great adventure. But he at once announces himself as a volunteer and a troubadour, who had left, for the occasion, more peaceful occupations, inspired with the ardour which Dundee had roused in every heart that was loyally disposed. He compares himself to the poet Ennius, who in like manner attended Scipio Africanus the elder, as the bard of his campaigns, and he magnifies his own hero as no less worthy to be sung than the greatest of Greece or Rome. We thus learn that he was not a professional soldier; and that the idea had soon suggested itself to his classic mind of celebrating the noble adventure with all the power and learning of his classic pen. Nor is the conjecture at all improbable, that this accomplished and loyal laird was emulous of the fame acquired by the celebrated Bishop Wishart, from his immortal Latin Commentaries on the Wars of Montrose. The coincidence, at least, is curious and interesting, that the classic learning and genius of which Scotland is so justly proud in George Buchanan, and which was again displayed in George Wishart, inspired by the great Montrose, should once more be manifested, under the inspiration of another heroic Graham, with no less vigour and elegance in this obscure James Philip of Almryclose. That he was devoted to the Muses, and had no love of campaigning for its own sake, is indicated by one of his epigrams, in praise of private life,—"*Vitæ Privatæ Laus*,"—the sentiment of which is,—the further from Jupiter the less danger from his thunder, and to live retired is to live well:—

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[1] In like manner, Mr Auchterlony furnishes some pleasant notices of Dundee's various dwellings in the shire, but has no record of the hero beyond the fact of his being a well descended and wealthy laird. He thus describes the jointure house of the Viscountess, in Glen Ogilvy:—"*Glen*, belonging to the Laird of Claverhouse, Grahame, an ancient gentleman of good extraction and great estate in the shyre—a pleasant place, a good house, and well planted; excellent quarrie of freestone and sklait; well furnished in peat and turfe; and in the hill thereof abundance of muirfoull. The sklait is carried to Dundie on horseback, and from thence by sea to all places within the river of Forth." He also describes his acquisition of *Dudhope* as "ane extraordinare pleasant and sweet place, a good house, excellent yards, much planting, and fyne parks. It lyes pleasantly on the syde of the hill of Dundie, overlooks the town, and as of purpose built there to command the place. Dundie Law is at the back thereof, ane exceeding high mott hill." Also, "*Claypots* belonging to the Laird of Claverhouse," and, "*Claiverhouse*, Laird of Claiverhouse's speciall residence." This account was written before Dundee was enobled in 1688, as he is merely called the "Laird of Claverhouse."—See the *Spottiswoode Miscellany*, vol. i. p. 311, where Auchterlony's manuscript is ably edited by Mr Maidment.

"A Jove qui procul est, procul ille a fulmine distat,
Et bene qui latuit vixerat ille bene."

Yet he took to campaigning with a will; and, as we have shown in our text (p. 575), Dundee conferred upon him the high honour of carrying the royal standard—

"Regia et ipse meis portabam signa lacertis,"

Nor did he shrink from the tremendous marches by which the indomitable Viscount led his devoted cavaliers, through the boggy forests, and over the icy mountains of Badenoch and Lochaber, or from any of the perils of that wonderful campaign. We have already seen (p. 561) how he lost his own horse in a bog, on their desperate march to Loch Treag, and had to make the rest of his way on foot—

> "Ipse coactus equo tandem pedes ire relicto
> Tesqua per, atque altos scopulos, et confraga saxa,
> Atque amnes atque arva, pedum transmittere plantis."

Moreover, he had suffered imprisonment for his loyalty; but neither throughout the hardships of the campaign, nor in the dreary seclusion of a dungeon, did the muse ever forsake him. At the conclusion of the first book of his epic he apostrophises the young Prince of Wales, and promises to become in like manner the bard of his happy restoration, but meanwhile courts his patronage for one who, in the midst of arms, and the squalor of a dark dungeon, still sings the glory of the Graham:—

> "Interea magni cantantem prælia GRAMI,
> *Arma inter media*, et *squalorem carceris atri*,
> Me fove, et in dubiis affer solatia rebus."

It can never be sufficiently regretted, that this beautiful poem, so full of historical details nowhere else to be found, should have been left imperfect by its gifted author. It breaks off abruptly at the 139th page of the transcript in his own hand, and the fifty-fifth line of the sixth and last book. This brings the epic nearly to its close, just as Colonel Cannon and the miserable Irish contingent are embarking to join Dundee, very shortly before the great victory, at which they assisted. But alas! it is like the part of Hamlet omitted. The concluding book is *minus* the battle of Killiecrankie and the death of Dundee; the record of which, from the muse of *Philocaballus* would have been invaluable, both for the facts and the song. The internal evidence, however, is quite distinct, that the bard had outlived the great event; indeed, he frequently calls Dundee the hero of Killiecrankie, and speaks of his having left his bones in the plains of Athole. Moreover it may also be gathered from the epic itself, that the author had survived to rejoice over the death of King William, hastened by a fall from his horse in 1702. In the first book, when transcribing his classic labours under the date 1691, he indulges in fond speculations of the eventual discomfiture and death of the usurper, either destined to be slain on the fields of his usurpation, or driven into the avenging sea, or haply cast, like Palinurus, a shattered corpse on a friendless shore—

> "Truncus in ignotâ vel forte jacebis arena."

Immediately after this line, however, there is a direction to interpolate six additional lines, which occur at the end of the book, also written in the hand of the author himself, but at a different period, as the colour of the ink indicates. Manifestly this addition had been prompted by the event of King William's death, although conceived in a form prophetic of his unhappy end. "Or if," says the interpolation, "no thunderbolt of war can reach his unhallowed head; if neither steel nor storms can avail to bring this robber to certain and retributive ruin, yet more auspiciously than in our time shall there come a horse, of the breed of *Sejanus*,[1] as the avenger of the iniquitously exiled King, who shall break the stiff neck of the bloody tyrant, and shatter his limbs with mighty force against an opposing oak!"

"Aut si nulla valent bellorum fulmina contra
Hoc caput infandum; si tela, nec æquoris undæ, in
Hunc nil juris habent certæ damnare ruinæ
Prædonem,—veniet nostro fælicior ævo
Fænvicii sonipes SEJANI ex stirpe caballi
Ulturus Dominum non æqua lege peremptum,
Dira cruentati imminuet qui colla Tyranni,
Membraque in opposita rumpet magno impete quercu."

It thus appears, that *thirteen years* after the battle of Killiecrankie, and *eleven* after the date which the author of the GRAMIAD attaches to the transcript of his epic in his own handwriting, he was still alive, and in the full vigour of his learning and his loyalty. We think that this renders it almost certain that he could not have left his epic unfinished; especially considering that he had little more to write of it than the battle of Killiecrankie, and was writing, as he tells us, even in his gloomy dungeon when a prisoner. In all probability the autograph unfinished transcript preserved in the Advocates' Library, which is penned, interpolated, and corrected by the author himself with great care, he had been in the progress of writing out fairly into this little old volume (which appears in the original binding) from his loose manuscripts, when death, or some unknown cause, staid the transcriber's hand. But that he had commenced this transcript in 1691, and interpolated a passage in reference to King William's death in

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[1] *Sejanus* was the name of a fabulously powerful steed, said to bring ruin upon all who successively possessed it, and also upou their families; and hence arose the saying, in reference to men under calamities, that they possessed the horse Sejanus. "Hinc ortum est proverbium, ut homines calamitosi *Equum Sejanum* habere dicerentur."—*Gell.* l. 3, c. 9.

1702, without having ever finished the epic he had brought so nearly to a close, or recorded the death of Dundee in 1689, is, to say the least, highly improbable. Nor is the theory altogether inconsequential. For if this learned man's manuscripts have not perished, the conclusion of his great work, which ought unquestionably to be printed, even in its fragmentary state, might yet be discovered.

The name of James Philp, or Philip, is not to be found in that long list which has been preserved, of "*Dundee's Officers*," those gallant but unfortunate gentlemen, who became distinguished as a military body of refugees abroad, when the army of Killiecrankie was ruined and dispersed, in consequence of the fall of their great leader who had created it. It may be hoped that *Philocaballus* had sufficient interest to avoid expatriation, and to have enjoyed in his latter days some practical experience of his own elegant epigram—

> "*A Jove qui procul est, procul ille a fulmine distat,*
> *Et bene qui latuit vixerat ille bene.*"

Since the above was in type, the following particulars of the genealogy of Dundee's bard was kindly communicated by John Inglis Chalmers, Esq. of Auldbar, derived from some of the family title-deeds in possession of a man of business in Arbroath.

Almericlose, or what came to bear that name, was composed of several crofts, and parcels of land, which were acquired at different times from various parties.

1. *Henry Philips*, and spouse, are mentioned in an Instrument of Resignation, *June* 1612. And, in a disposition dated 9th November 1614, this Henry is designed *Mr Henry Philip*, *minister at Aberbrothock.*

2. *James Philip* is designed *son of Mr Henry Philip*, in charters dated 11th March and 21st April 1628.

3. By Precept of Chancery, on which sasine is taken 11th February 1654, *James Philip of Almericlose* is served and retoured heir in special to *Mr Henry Philip*, *his grandfather.* And sasine is taken, 10th November 1655, on a Charter of Resignation, in virtue of a Procuratory contained in a *Contract of Marriage* between *James Philip of Almericlose and Margaret Graham.*

4. These two last mentioned were the parents of *James Philip*, *the poet*, who carried the Royal Standard under Dundee in 1689. He is mentioned in a Disposition dated 6th February 1700; and the context

of his own epic proves that he had survived King William, who died in 1702. It thus appears that the poet's mother was a Graham.

5. But the poet had died before 1752, as appears from a Chancery Precept, dated 20th November 1752, in favour of *Susannah Philip*, following on her special service and retour as *heir to James Philip.* Susannah and her husband disponed the lands of Almericlose to Robert Barclay.—"And there is the end of an old song."

No discovery has yet been made of any literary papers belonging to the author of the GRAMIAD.

X.

LOCHIEL'S MEMOIRS, BY DRUMMOND OF BALHALDY, MISUNDERSTOOD BY MR JOHN HILL BURTON IN HIS HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

MR JOHN HILL BURTON, in his recent History of the Revolution, has committed the unfortunate mistake of continually quoting that well known Abbotsford Club print, "The Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel," as if they were Lochiel's Memoirs, *written by himself.* Those Memoirs would have been invaluable for our purpose had it been so. Dundee's constant companion and adviser during his northern campaign, was Lochiel, who must have been with him when he died. But Lochiel's Memoirs were compiled by John Drummond of Balhaldy (grandson or great-grandson of Lochiel's son-in-law), after that chieftain's death, and about half a century after the battle of Killiecrankie.[1] Quoting Lochiel's Memoirs (p. 277), Mr Burton gives the following anecdote as if it had come from Lochiel himself:—"*Lochiel mentions*, that in one of his (Dundee's) mysterious rounds he met a couple of Highlanders returning to their post, each with a sheep on his back. He stopped and rated them with his usual fierce energy; but the Highlanders were unaccustomed to be lectured to about marauding, and one of them, throwing his sheep from his back, was bringing his gun to his shoulder to shoot the impertinent reprover, when he was stopped by the other, who recognised the General."—(*Burton's Hist.*, vol. i. p. 101.) Such an anecdote from Lochiel, the friend and companion of Dundee, would have been worth recording. But it is merely *Balhaldy's* anecdote; who not only does not quote Lochiel as his authority, but gives no authority for the story whatever. The tradition is not unlikely in itself, and would have found its place in these Memorials of Dundee, had it not been rendered too apocryphal for our purpose, by Lochiel's biographer himself having concluded the story with a most unlikely fact, which Mr Burton has omitted—"The poor fellow was so struck with the horror of his crime, that he dropt down dead upon the spot."

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[1] Lochiel's biographer states, in a letter dated in 1737, that he had just finished the biography. It remained, however, in MS. until 1842, when edited for the Abbotsford Club by Mr Macknight. The reader will please correct an error, at p. 671, where the date of *printing* the MS. is inadvertently given as 1787, instead of 1842.

Again quoting Lochiel's Memoirs (p. 235), Mr Burton says—"According to the account of *his friend Lochiel*, he (Dundee) met Drummond of Balhaldy at Dunblane, who reported to him the condition of the Clans."—(*Hist.*, vol. i., p. 108.) But *Lochiel* gave no such account. It is an account by that Balhaldy's descendant in the second or third generation, and in the following century. The words of Lochiel's biographer are—"That night he (Dundee) lay at Dunblane, where he was informed *by Mr Drummond of Balhaldy*, of the confederacy of the Clans."

Again quoting Lochiel's Memoirs (p. 257), Mr Burton even imputes a motive to the chieftain for the words he erroneously assigns to him—"*Lochiel*, in the *spirit of rivalry*, calls them (the Irish contingent) three hundred new-raised, naked, undisciplined Irishmen."—(*Hist.*, vol. i. p. 131.) But it is not Lochiel who so speaks; it is his biographer, half a century afterwards, who does not even pretend that Lochiel said anything on the subject. Balhaldy's words are—"Dundee was in the meantime on a quick march to Athole; but, before he entered that country, Major-General Cannon overtook him with three hundred new raised, naked, undisciplined Irishmen," &c.

But Mr Burton's most important mistake in the matter is what follows:—"*Lord Dunfermline told Lochiel*, that above the smoke he saw the General wave his hat over his head as he rose in his stirrup to signal them onwards." Lord Dunfermline told Lochiel? When? There is not the vestige of a record of Lord Dunfermline having said anything whatever on the subject, or Lochiel either. Writing in the next century, *Lochiel's biographer* says,—"The brave Earl of Dunfermline, and sixteen gentlemen more, followed their General, and observed him, as he was entering into the smoke, turn his horse towards the right, and raising himself upon his stirrups, make signs, by waving his hat over his head, for the rest to come up."—(*Memoirs*, p. 268.) This is very likely; but it was merely gathered *traditionally*, in the 18th century, by Lochiel's biographer, who neither quotes Dunfermline nor Lochiel as his authority. He says, generally, in another page (272), that he derived his information of the circumstances of Dundee's fall "from the relation of *several* of the sixteen gentlemen who accompanied him in the last moments of his life." But he does not even say whether he had the particulars from any of the survivors *directly*, or only traditionally, or by hearsay. He adds—"The fatal wound that occasioned his death was about two hands-breadth *within* his armour, on the lower part of his *left* side;[1] from which the gentlemen *concluded* that he had received it while he raised himself upon his stirrups, and stretched his body, in order to hasten up his horse, as I have related." But the evidence in the process of forfeiture seems conclusive against this idea. That wound (whether received on the right or the left side matters little) *unhorsed him*. Young Johnstone caught him as he was falling to the ground. He conversed on the ground, and asked *how the day went*.[2] This could not have happened had he received the mortal wound just *before* his cavaliers overtook him, and at the very instant the great confusion commenced, in which Mackay's regiment was broken, and when the claymores were in the very first crash of their terrible onset. That he was wounded in that first *melée* is very probable. It will be observed that, in his letter to the King, he speaks of "my wounds;" and this is corroborated by the evidence given by Lieutenant James Malcolm, who depones "he himself received the wounds he now has, that day at the fight, and that he saw the said late Viscount of Dundee lying dead of the *wounds* he had received that day in the fight." This does not mean, as Mr George Smythe had too hastily assumed, that he saw Dundee dead on the *field*, or the very day of the fight; but after he had died of his *wounds* in the *Castle of Blair*, to which this young wounded officer had also been taken. For he further depones, that "Major William Graham, when the deponent was wounded, came and saw him at the Castle of Blair."[1] Mr Burton is also mistaken in supposing that the house of Renrory (now called *Urrard*), which was situated on the elevation where Mackay formed his line of battle, had not been occupied by any of his troops. He says—"It is singular, by the way, that in none of the accounts is it mentioned, that the house of Urrard, a small mansion in the centre of the battle ground, was occupied. The importance of even petty covers in the fields of battle seems not to have been then estimated," &c.—(*Hist.*, vol. i. p. 130). That advantage was as well known in those days as it is now. The Highlanders at least understood it so well as to carry a "petty cover" about with them. But in Lochiel's Memoirs (p. 270), it is expressly mentioned, that, when the Earl of Dunfermline, with some of the Highland forces, were making their last successful efforts to clear the heights of Renrory of the broken men of Hastings and Leven's regiments, "they found them possessed of *a gentleman's house that was near the field of battle*, from which it was in vain to attempt to dislodge them;" and that they kept possession until dark, when they stole away. And this also disposes of an idea we have heard mooted, that the dying General might have been carried to the house of Renrory, as being nearer than Blair.

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[1] Balcarres, in his contemporaneous account, says that Dundee's mortal wound was received on the *right* side; and so says Crawford the peerage writer. Balcarres was more likely to be accurately informed at the time than Balhaldy in the next century.

[2] In a stupid little anonymous "History of the late Revolution in Scotland," printed in London, 1690, but of no authority (although frequently quoted by Lord Macaulay), the battle of Killiecrankie and the death of Dundee are thus recorded:—"Many men were slain on both sides, but *more of the enemy*; and that which most augmented their loss, was the death of the Lord Dundee, *who was slain with a shot which he received in his left eye*," (p. 196). He may have been wounded in the face, however, in the first *melée*. This author says—"Dundee came on with about *six thousand foot* and *a hundred horse*; and that Mackay mustered "between three and four thousand foot, two troops of horse, and two of dragoons." So much for the information of this revolutionary historian, writing in the year after the battle.—See before, p. 516, *note*, as to Lord Macaulay's reliance on this authority.

The confusion in Mr Burton's quotations of Lochiel's Memoirs, as the words of Lochiel himself, is only rendered worse confounded by his noting (without any explanation) in another page (p. 102)—"The very curious Memoirs of Lochiel, supposed to have been written by a certain John Drummond, was edited for the Abbotsford Club by James Macknight, W.S."—(*Hist.*, vol. i., p. 102). This careless and bewildering mode of handling antiquarian materials for history is apt to destroy confidence in such a work as Mr Burton's.

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[1] In quoting Mr George Smythe's sixth argument, at p. 669, the *negative* has inadvertently been omitted. The words there printed—"and that he was carried from the field alive," ought to be—"and that he was *not* carried from the field alive."

XI.

EPITAPH ON THE VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.

[The following learned and elaborate Epitaph, communicated by Mr David Laing, was found among the manuscripts of George Martine of Clermont, Secretary to Archbishop Sharpe. It affords additional testimony that men of cultivated minds, and classical learning, were most apt to appreciate the character of Dundee, and to lament his death.]

Rege exulante, Religione et Ecclesia eversis,
Imperio perdito, Regibus obrutis, Populo insaniente;
JOANNES GRAHAMUS Vice Comes de Dundie
Aviti nominis et generis prototypus
φιλοπολιτης eximius, intemerat, fidelitatis,
Imperatoris, ducis, militis, } norma et exemplum illustre
Fortitudinis, comitatis, probitatis, }
In { Consulendo prudens, exequendo promptus,
Bello fortis, armis, virtute, et arte acer,
Pace pius, semper idem et sibi constans,
Omnibus,—strenuus, insignis, magnus:
Fanaticismi et perduellionis terror, malleus, fulmen.
Hic
Felicitatis Patriæ quam suæ ardentior,
Æqui supra commodum et quietem amantior,
Munus flagrans, honorem spirans,
Victoriam spondens, officii memor, gloriæ securus,
Post-habito discrimine, contemptis oppibus,
Neglectis charis, spreto livore,
Ringente Senatu, renitente nobilitate,
Opponente milite, reclamante plebe,
Conculcata instaurare, patriam redimere
Ausu magno fortiter conatus est.

Auspiciis Regis, Ecclesiæ et proborum votis,
Per-paucis generosis aliisque priscæ et veræ fidelitatis comitatus,
[Pietate, justitia, et fortitudine fretus]
Hostem expertum delusit, elusit, frustra sape sivit
Tandem rite instructum, opperientem, duplo majorem adortus
(Numerum vertute pensans) obiens ac triumphans vicit, fugavit
Victor { Miserias nostras tam inclyto facinore peregisset
Regem et populum ex postliminio fælices redidisset,
Sed proh dolor! defuit fortuna studio et labori:
Nam in victoriæ et redemptionis nostræ limine et appice,
Eheu (ut in fatis erat) occubuit,
Sola eum perdente fortitudine quem fama semper servabit,
Cujus { Nomen tenet orbis,
Pietatem volunt probi,
Gloriam suspiciunt omnes,
Præconia insectantur perduelles,
Corpus habet ignobile bustum,—
vi. Cal. Aug. MDCLXXXIX.

ADDENDA.

DEATH OF THE VISCOUNTESS OF DUNDEE.

After the preceding Appendix had gone to press, the following very interesting and authentic particulars of the sad fate of the Viscountess of Dundee and her infant boy, the son of her second husband, were kindly communicated to the author by Sir Archibald Edmonstone, to whom this work had been previously indebted on the same subject. The more detailed account now obtained of this terrible tragedy, is also valuable from its mentioning the circumstance, that "*The Lady and her son are embalmed to be brought home.*" This statement, contained in the following letter of 1695, identifies, beyond all rational doubt or question, the *embalmed* bodies of a lady and child discovered in the Kilsyth cemetery in 1795, as being actually the bodies of the Viscountess and her infant; who, we thus learn, were really embalmed in Holland, for the purpose of being brought home, precisely a century before their very accidental discovery in their destined last abode.

Sir Archibald Edmonstone states, that the letter we are about to quote was communicated to him by the late distinguished antiquarian lawyer, John Riddell, Esq., Advocate :—

"*Extract from a Letter of John Hay of Carruber to the Earl of Errol, dated Edinburgh,* 30*th October* 1695."

"By the post yesterday, I had a letter from young Blair out of Utrecht, with a particular but sad account of the Viscountess of Dundee and her son. He writes that he had dined with her and Kilsyth her husband, and after dinner, just as he had left them, the Lady and Kilsyth, and a gentleman with them, went into the room where the young child and Mrs Melvill, the Lady's woman, were. The house was covered with turf, the ordinary fuel for fire in that place, and it is thought by the weight of it the roof fell, and crushed my Lady and her son, and Mrs Melvill, to death. Kilsyth himself was three-quarters of an hour beneath the rubbish, yet both he and the other gentleman are free of hurt. The Lady and her son are embalmed to be brought home. The gentlewoman was buried in that place on the 18th instant, old style, after dinner."

From this it appears that the frightful accident occurred before the Viscountess had retired to rest with her infant, as the whole party were in the same room at the time, including "a gentleman with them."

GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

THREE VOLUMES.

47

INDEX.

Aber, iii. 562, 567. See *Lochaber*.

Aberdeen, George Gordon of Haddo, 1st Earl of, and Chancellor; his epistolary orthography, i. 26, *note;* reproves Sir John Dalrymple in the Council, and compliments Claverhouse, 322; supersedes Sir James Dalrymple of Stairs as President of the Session, ii. 251; succeeds Rothes as Lord Chancellor; his peril, along with the Duke of York, by the shipwreck at Yarmouth, 282; created Earl of Aberdeen, 279-80, *note*, 312; his joint administration in Scotland with Queensberry, 320; his conduct of the impeachment of Lauderdale for malversation in the affairs of the Mint, 315-21; commissions Claverhouse to promote his interest at Court for a gift of twenty thousand pounds sterling out of the "decreet of the Mint;" deposition of Claverhouse on the subject, 321-27, *and note;* breaks faith with Claverhouse in their agreement relative to a gift of Dudhope and the Constabulary of Dundee, 369, *and note*, 407-9; his rudeness to Lord Pitmedden on the Bench; denies the terms of his agreement as stated by Claverhouse, who replies with heat, 408, *note;* superseded by the Earl of Perth, 381, *note*, 391-92, *and note;* stays at home during Dundee's last struggle for King James, iii. 601.

——— George, 4th Earl of, ii. 31, 276, 279, *note*.

Aberdeen Papers, edited for the Spalding Club; important misreading occurring therein corrected, ii. 279-80, *note*.

Aberdeen, loyal Town of, saved by the humanity of the Marquis of Montrose, disobeying the savage instructions of the clerical government of Argyle, i. 108.

Abergavenny, Lady, i. 279, *note*.

Abernethy, Forest of, iii. 583.

Abjuration, Oath of, 1684, abjuring the murderous proclamation of the Conventiclers under the leading of Renwick; the precise terms of it, and how and why applied, i. 141, *and note;* ii. 73, 74, *and note;* iii. 448, 688, 689, *appendix;* disingenuous *reticence* of Fox and Macaulay, and other Whig historians, as to the nature and terms of this special oath, and the circumstances under which it was framed, 448, 689, *Appendix;* swallowed by the author of a "Hind Let Loose," i. 61.

Aboyne, Charles, 1st Earl of, i. 356, 360.

Achmuty, Ensign, ii. 220.

Acts of Parliament 1670, severity of, against Conventicles, under the Lauderdale government, rendered necessary by the rebellious objects, and truculent declamations, and traitorous dealings, of the Conventicle leaders; a *brutum fulmen* never literally enforced, ii. 153-56, *and notes*.

Act of the Covenanting Assembly, 1648, insisting upon pulpit abuse of the loyal, and protecting the railing ministers, ii. 42, *note.*

Acta, Privy Council Register of the; incomplete between 1678 and 1682, ii. 141, *and note;* the *hiatus* supplied by Fountainhall's diaries, 143, 144, *and note*, 248, *note.*

Adamson, Patrick, Archbishop of St Andrews, i. 190.

Affleck, James; his small party of horse attacked by Conventiclers, 20th June 1688, five or six dragoons slain, and their prisoner, Houston, a Conventicle preacher rescued, i. 118; iii. 497, 498.

Agnew, Sir Andrew, of Lochnaw, heritable Sheriff of Wigton, deposed, and superseded by Claverhouse, ii. 252.

Airds Moss, skirmish at, i. 94, 142, *note*, 146; Richard Cameron killed there, 300; ii. 246; grand *Revival* at Sanquhar in honour of that truculent treason, held 22d July 1860, under the auspices of an Edinburgh Professor and a Colonel in the army, ii. 246-47, *note.*

Airlie, James, 2d Earl of (the friend and companion of Montrose as Lord Ogilvy) appointed Captain of one of the three independent troops of horse, along with Claverhouse and the Earl of Home, i. 185; ii. 19, *and note*, 20; commands the 4th troop of Claverhouse's regiment of horse, iii. 454; refuses to give it up to Annandale, and joins Claverhouse and the regiment on the march to London, 1688, 480, *note;* present at the scene with the Duke of Hamilton in London, 488; mentioned by Dundee as under caution for his loyalty, 602.

Alexander, Mr James, Sheriff-depute of Dumfriesshire under Queensberry, i. 135, 256, 334, *note;* ii. 265, 269.

Alexis Michaelovitch, Czar of Muscovy, i. 239.

Alison, John, Chamberlain to Queensberry, i. 109, 255, 309, *note.*

——— Isabel, a truculent virago, hanged for high treason, along with Marion Harvie, in 1681; her dying "testimony," i. 303, 304, *and notes;* ii. 60, *and note;* the murderous character of these female furies recorded by Fountainhall, 63, 64; these two the only females executed for high treason during the reigns of Charles II. and James VII., 66, 67, *and notes;* iii. 692, 693, *Appendix*, *and notes.*

Alnwick, i. 357.

Amryclose. See *Philip.*

Analecta, Wodrow's MS. collection of gossip so called, affording a miserable exposure of the weakness of his mind and the lowness of his fanaticism; illustrative extracts, i. 73-80.

Angus, Shire of, its loyalty, i. 27, *note;* iii. 598.

Annan, River; Lady Margaret Jardine, Queensberry's sister, carries people across it on her back, for a halfpenny, at fairs and field-preachings, i. 252.

Annandale, Stewartry of, Claverhouse commissioned to suppress disorders in, i. 124, 127, *note;* his lenient dealing with it, 134, 251; ii. 273.

——— William, 3d Earl, and 1st Marquis of, cuts a paltry figure throughout the whole Revolution; disloyal to both Kings; a mean plotter and political weathercock, ii. 115; iii. 480, *note*, 494, 513, 620.

Anne, Princess; Lord Macaulay's lively and pictorial anecdote concerning her, King William, and green peas, i. 34, 35, *and notes*.

Anstruther, Sir Philip, mentioned by Rothes, i. 366.

Anworth, fanatical and disorderly parish of, i. 85, 86, 235.

Apologetical Relation or Declaration, drawn up by the fanatic Renwick, declaring war against the King, and stirring the people to murder and assassination, i. 342, 343; oath abjuring all concern in it—See *Abjuration Oath;* recommended by Redpath to Wodrow as "a very great help for his history," 60; printed by Wodrow with great effrontery, ii. 422, *note*.

Appin, Stewart of; description in the *Gramiad* of the young Chieftain at the gathering of the Clans under the standard of Dundee, iii. 573; mentioned by Dundee, 598.

Ardmillan, Crawford of; "a wicked persecutor and spoiler," i. 109.

Argyle, Marquis of, a true character of not palatable to Lord Macaulay, i. 38, *note;* fails in his intrigue to marry King Charles to his eldest daughter, Lady Anne, who goes distracted in consequence, 201 *and note;* justly characterized by Mr. C. K. Sharpe, 211, 215; curious particulars of his demeanour on his trial, from an unpublished MS. history, 211-13, *and notes;* condemned by his own father, who warns Charles I. against the treachery of his character, 214; his death predicted by the Viscountess of Kenmore; Sir George Mackenzie's account of his death, and of his popular reputation for cowardice, 215; his courage demonstrated by surgical evidence that he had digested a partridge immediately before his death, 215; his command of the Scotch Covenant the chief source of the troubles in Scotland, and of the cruelty and the disgrace of its Presbyterianism, ii. 39; his crowning the King at Scone was crowning himself, 40; the retributive fate of his head, 41; becomes a peer of Cromwell's Parliament, and a traitor to his own Covenant, 48; mistakes turtle doves for owls, 48, *and note;* revives the system of *torture* in Scotland, to extort evidence, and compel religious conformity against conscience, 107-112; his use of the system of torture unconstitutional, illegal, and secret, 109; obtains a bill of indemnity from the Covenanting Parliament of 1640, for having tortured and murdered the lieges, 109-111; his compulsion of conformity compared with that alleged against the Government of the Restoration, 112; sets the first example of such compulsion by means of a *Highland host*, 160, 165, *and note*.

Argyle, Archibald, 9th Earl of, refuses the test under a quirk of treason, which brings him under a quirk of the law, i. 314, *and note;* ii. 347, *note;* his character and that of his father the Marquis shortly stated by Rothes, i. 315, 363; discovered by a lady during his escape, from the odour of sanctity wherewith he perfumed his bedroom, 315; notice by Rothes of his starving the King's troops sent to support him in the Highlands, 316, 359, 371; pronounced by the fanatic Wodrow an "excellent and truly good and great man," 317; characterized by the Whig Fountainhall, who knew him better, as feeble and silly; "very witty in *knacks*," but "never *very solid* since the *trepanning of his skull* in 1653;" as indulging in a weakness for toys, and many secret pockets in his coat and breeches; and as being withal a revengeful traitor to his king and country who well merited the death he met with, iii. 463, *and note;* the fact of his "cracked skull" confirmed by Wodrow himself in his *Analecta*, but suppressed in his History, ii. 317, *and note;* his *coma* in consequence, after eating, admitted by Wodrow, in his *Analecta*, to have been the cause of that sleep before his execution which has been cooked into a fanatical fable, 317; history of his traitorous plot and insane designs, reviving the Dutch plot of 1666, to surprise the Castle of Edinburgh, and seize the other strengths of the kingdom, ii. 412-18, *and notes;* and compare with 156-8, *and notes;* the end of his crack-brained treason, iii. 470-63.

Argyle, Bishop of, his house and chapel in Glasgow barbarously sacked by the conventicle rebels of Drumclog, his children torn from their graves and brutally treated by the *soi-disant* army of God, ii. 229-30, *and note.*

Armstrong, Sir William, proclamation for apprehending, ii. 364, *note.*

Arran, James, Earl of, (eldest son of William and Anne, Duke and Duchess of Hamilton,) mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 335; his tattle against Claverhouse, 346, *and note;* his verbal demonstration of loyalty, iii. 495.

Arnot, Captain, ii. 158, *note.*

Arrol, John, Wodrow's record of God's judgment upon, i. 251.

Articles of Perth, i. 192.

Ashiestiel, Laird of, and wife, conventiclers, apprehended, i. 268.

Athole, John Murray, 2d Earl, and 1st Marquis of, acts as hereditary cup-bearer at the installation of Middleton, i. 210; captain of the troop of royal horse guards, 249; deprived of that command for his disloyalty, and superseded therein by the 3d Marquis of Montrose, 285; ii. 19, 20, *and note;* a principal promoter of the expedient of the "Highland Host," which he commands, i. 249; ii. 159, 160, 186, 369, *note;* iii. 442; his tergiversation, ii. 171-73, *and note;* iii. 487; complained of by the Bishop of Galloway, as secretly countenancing the rebels, 174, 175, 176; Letters to Queensberry about the test, 347, *note;* professes adherence to Dundee and Balcarres against Hamilton and the Convention, iii. 494, 501; set up in opposition to Hamilton for the chair of the Convention, but defeated by a majority of fifteen, 515, 516, *and note;* ruins the King's cause by his cowardly breach of faith with Dundee, and seduces Balcarres to forsake his friend, 504, 505, 507, 509; his final flare-up of loyalty, in urging the Duke of Gordon to bombard the Convention from the Castle, 513, 514, 515; immediately thereafter gives in his adherence to King William, with protestations of devotion, 532; imprisoned at the suggestion of General Mackay for his double game, 594, 601, *note*, 613; contemptuous notice of by Dundee, 601.

——— Men of, their incorruptible loyalty; refuse to go along with their chief against King James, iii. 621, 622; bring in five hundred of Mackay's flying army as prisoners, after the battle of Killicrankie, 645, *note;* grossly calumniated by Lord Macaulay, *ibid.*

Auchindrane, Laird of, tortured, because of a miraculous interposition of God, as narrated by Wodrow, ii. 131.

Auchterraw, Macdonald of, an emissary of Dundee's, iii. 605.

Auldbar, Robert Young of, married to Dundee's sister Anne, i. 178; mentioned by Dundee as joining the Viscountess in raising funds for his campaign, iii. 600.

Ayr, a *Whig* address from the heritors of, to the Privy Council, condemnatory of the armed field-conventicles, as being "occasioned by a few unsound, turbulent, and hot-headed preachers," ii. 211; commentary thereon, 212, *and note.*

Aytoun, Professor, his examination of Lord Macaulay's characteristics of Dundee, in Appendix to Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, i. 3, *note;* ii. xiv., *Preface.*

Babel's Brats, the loyal lieges so termed by the Covenanting fanatics, and doomed accordingly, i. 67.

Bacon, Lord, his reply to Queen Elizabeth on the subject of judicial torture, ii. 102.

Badenoch, entered by Dundee with his Highland army in pursuit of Mackay, iii. 578; Mackay driven through that country down the Spey, 584; one of Dundee's strongholds of loyalty, 549, 598.

Baillie, Reverend Robert, his grievance against Montrose for "too great lenity" when a covenanting General, and for not "using some severity for example," i. 100; ii. 108; rejoices in the *assassination* of Lord Kilpont, as "justly inflicted" for his joining Montrose, i. 109; his glorification of Lauderdale as a sanctified Covenanter, 373-4, *note;* Lauderdale's canting letter to him from the Tower, ii. 49; exposes his old Covenanting patrons, Argyle and Warriston, 48, *note;* his account of the use of Argyle as a military commander, 109, *note.*

——— of Jerviswood. See *Jerviswood.*

——— Alexander, a creature of Sir John Dalrymple's, ii. 291.

Baker's Chronicle, notice of *Jenny Geddes*, i. 193.

Balbady, James Malcolm, younger of; his deposition in the process of Dundee's forfeiture, iii. 569, *note*, 625; wounded at Killiecrankie; saw Dundee when lying dead at Blair, 734-35, *Appendix.*

Balcarres, Colin, 3d Earl of, mentioned by Dundee, ii. 420; commissioned along with Dundee to hold the Circuit Justiciary Court in Fife, iii. 449; a great friend and companion of Dundee's, 465, 496, 610; Captain of the fifth troop of Dundee's regiment of horse, 454; attends King James, along with Dundee, on the eve of his departure, and solemnly pledges his faith to the King, who promises him a commission as his prime minister in civil affairs, 491-92; hurries to Scotland along with Dundee to oppose Hamilton's Convention, 496; joins Dundee in urging the Duke of Gordon to keep the Castle of Edinburgh for King James, 496-97; commissioned by King James, along with Dundee and the Archbishop of St Andrews, to hold a royal Convention at Stirling, 504; his weak and ruinous desertion of Dundee, infected by the pusillanimous wavering of Athole; fails to persuade Dundee out of his courage, his loyalty, and his honour, who disdainfully leaves him to his fate; the star of the Lindsay falls, 504-5; his deplorable condition in consequence, under the ban of Hamilton and the Convention, narrated by himself, 511-13, 528; easily incarcerated by Hamilton; no fight in Balcarres, 529; his miserable condition in prison, 539, *note;* extraordinary revelation by the Countess, of the indignity he submitted to from the government of Hamilton, 609-11; his own admission of his fall, 602, *note;* rebuked by the *Wraith* of Dundee, 611.

Balcarres, Colin, his Memoir of affairs, written for King James, ii. 12; iii. 472, *note*, 481, 486, 487, *and note*, 489, *and note*, 491, 492; his character of Dundee, 624, 631; his character of Hamilton, 489-91.

Baldoon, Sir David Dunbar of, his loyalty mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 258, *and note;* one of the Lords Justices on the commission at Wigton, 93, *note*.

Balfour, Sir William, Lieutenant of the Tower, said to have received a warrant from Charles I. for the secret execution of the Earl of Loudon; that lie traced to Burnet, i. 231; and thoroughly refuted, 232-235.

——— John of Kinloch, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp, i. 258, 260-61; commands the horse of the Drumclog Conventicle, 270-72; boasts of having murdered the Archbishop, ii. 229.

——— Captain, delinquency of his soldiers punished, ii. 203; prevents the Scots dragoons from joining Dundee, iii. 555, 558, *and note*.

——— Brigadier, killed at Killiecrankie, iii. 645, *note*.

——— Lieutenant-Colonel, taken prisoner at Killiecrankie, iii. 645, *note*.

——— of Denmiln, killed by M‘Gill of Rankeillour's son, ii. 146.

Balgony, Lord, i. 229.

Balhaldy, Drummond of, Lochiel's son in-law; his conference with Dundee at Dunblane, iii. 520, 538, 733, *Appendix;* mentioned in the *Gramiad* as Lochiel's son-in-law (*gener*), and attending him at the gathering of the Clans, 570.[1]

——— John Drummond of, the compiler of Lochiel's Memoirs, i. 31-33, *and note*, iii. 538, 545; his poetical translations from the *Gramiad*, 562; mystification by Lord Macaulay regarding, ii. 13-16; confusion by Mr Hill Burton regarding, iii. *Appendix, No. X.;* his notices and character of Dundee, i. 31, 32; ii. vii. *Preface;* iii. 631; his account of the Council of War held in the Castle of Blair before the battle of Killiecrankie, 627, 628, *and note;* his account of the fall of Dundee not so accurate as that by Balcarres, whom he misquotes, iii. 671, *Appendix*.

Ballagan, Garrison in, i. 335.

Ballanden, Richard, John Knox's man, i. 189.

Ballechin, Patrick Stewart of, i. 181-83; bailie of Athole, his constant loyalty, ii. 183; iii. 532, 579, *note*, 614; commissioned by Dundee to command the men of Athole, and to keep the Castle, 617, *and note;* notice of, by a witness examined in the process of Dundee's forfeiture, 626; letter to him from King James after the battle of Killiecrankie, 654, *and note*.

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[1] See the passage, and for "brother-in-law," read *son-in-law*.

Ballindalloch, Grant of, a loyal follower of Dundee, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 575.

Balmagie, M'Gie of, a Royal Commissioner for the disturbed districts, i. 334.

Balnagown, Ross of, an adherent of Mackay's, iii. 576, *note*, 586.

Banff, loyal shire of, mentioned by Dundee, iii. 598.

——— Ogilvy of, ii. 108.

Banner, "the Bloody," carried by the rebels at Drumclog and Bothwell, i. 288; its motto of "*no quarter*" proclaimed by Peden, iii. 687, *Appendix*.

Barharrow, John Gordon younger of, mentioned by Dundee as a rebel heritor crying *peccavi*, ii. 270, *note*, 274.

Barillon, his account of the death of Charles II., i. 345.

Barra, Macneil of, described in the *Gramiad*, iii. 573; mentioned by Dundee, 598.

Barscob, Robert M'Lellan of, a rebel, mentioned by Dundee, ii. 260, 271; how captured, 272, *note;* cries *peccavi*, 272, *note*, 274.

Bass Rock, Dundee's scheme for the disposal of it, ii. 267.

Bates, Physician to Charles I., Whig accusation against, of having poisoned and bled Warriston so as to make him a coward, i. 218.

Bassendean, Hume of, mentioned by Dundee as disloyal, and fled, ii. 364.

Baxter, Richard, Lauderdale's letter to, about witches, i. 227.

Beatoun, Cardinal, butchery of him warmly praised by the Covenanting clergy, as stated by Lord Macaulay, i. 14; gloated over by the author of a "Hind Let Loose," 62; and by John Knox, who is facetious on the subject, 188, 262, 291.

Beith, Kirk of, i. 309, *note*.

Belasis, Lord, i. 230.

Belhaven, John Hamilton of Biel, 2d Lord, commands Mackay's horse at the battle of Killiecrankie; with what effect, iii. 635, 639, 643.

Bella-path, near Cumnock; the preacher Houston rescued there by the rebels, who kill several of the dragoons, i. 118; ii. 497-98.

Bellum Bothwellianum, Guild's, i. 287.

Beltrees, Laird of, Sheriff-depute of Renfrew, deforced and wounded, ii. 209.

Benholme, Keith of, ii. 178.

Bennet, Mr Secretary, i. 218.

Berkeley, Sir George, commands a battalion on Dundee's left, at Killiecrankie, iii. 633.

Berwick, Duke of, iii. 484, 586.

Bethune, Margaret, i. 176.

Bewly Bog, defeat of rebels at, by the Master of Ross, i. 280.

Bille, the, Dundee narrowly escapes assassination there, ii. 283-84.

Biographia Presbyteriana, Life of Peden therein, i. 154-55, *note*, 158, *note*.

Birch, Dr, his adoption of a cock-and-bull story, and gross calumny against Charles I., i. 232, *and note*.

Bittlestone, Mr, of Newcastle, the Earl of Argyle takes refuge in his house, in disguise, but is discovered by the lady of the house, from the perfume in his bedroom, i. 315.

Black, John, Treasurer of Kirkcudbright, seized by Claverhouse as a rebel, ii. 193.

—— Robert, the murder of Archbishop Sharp concerted in his house; his wife kisses the murderers, and urges them also to murder the minister of Ceres, i. 260-61.

Blackadder, the Rev. Mr, his Memoirs, i. 287.

Blackbarony, Laird of, ii. 362.

Blackie, John S., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh; upholds the covenanting practice of *assassination*, and *pooh-poohs* "law and legitimate authority in such cases," ii. 130-31, *note;* leads the revels in a "Great Demonstration at Sanquhar," commemorative of the truculent treason of Cameron and Cargill; his appearance, discoursing on the top of a broken wall described as "an *unique* and interesting sight," 246-47, *note.*

Blackloch, Conventicle at, Claverhouse sent in pursuit of, on his wedding-night, ii. 395-97; his own report of it to General Dalyell and the Archbishop of St Andrews, 400-3.

Blackwood's Magazine, a Paget supersedes a Presbyter therein, ii. xvii. *Preface.*

Blair, Catherine, i. 176, *note.*

—— William, of Balgillo, i. 176, *note.*

—— of Blair, captured by Dundee at Perth, iii. 549; mentioned in the *Grumiad*, 551; humanely treated by Dundee, 564; Balcarres urged by the Hamilton government "to write to Lord Dundee to let the Laird of Blair go," 602, *note*, 609; calumnious anecdote of Dundee's threat to butcher him critically examined, and refuted, 595, *note*, 609.

—— Castle of, Dundee's holding it brings on the battle of Killiecrankie, iii. 613-23; his Council of War therein, 325-29; carried there to die, 651-55, *and note*, 672, 735 *Appendix.*

—— Church of, Dundee buried there, iii. 647, 655, *note.*

Blood, Captain, i. 280, *note.*

Blyth, Captain, mentioned by Claverhouse as having been killed at Drumclog, ii. 223.

Bocconi, Laird of, his ghost, i. 205.

Bohemia, Queen of, her letter to Montrose, laughing to scorn the abusive terms lavished on him by the Covenanters, i. 6, *and note;* ii. 21, *note.*

Bonshaw, Irvine of, apprehends Cargill, i. 301.

Boog, William, a contumacious rebel hanged at Glasgow, unfair record of his case by Fountainhall, ii. 351; true state of the case, as reported by the Lords Justices and the Lord Advocate to the Lord Chancellor, 354-55; also by the Lord Justice-Clerk to the Chancellor, 357; admirable letter by Claverhouse to the Chancellor, to the same effect, written at the request of the Lord Advocate, 358.

Borghese, Prince, quoted by Burnet, for a mean calumny against Charles II. i. 349.

Borrowstounness, i. 114, 277, 301, 310.

Bothwell Bridge, Battle of, i. 36, *note*, 53, 67, 112, 141, *note*, 143-44, 155, 284-88, 290-91, 294-98, 310, 329, 384; ii. 35, 230.

Boyce, Mr, a British volunteer serving with Claverhouse under the Prince of Orange, i. 180.

Boyd, Lord, i. 186.

—— Master William, a fanatic firebrand, i. 107, 111, *note*.

Brady, the King's messenger from Ireland, intercepted by Hamilton, and robbed of Dundee's commission, the King's proclamation, and other papers, iii. 528; particularly mentioned by Dundee, 615, *note*.

Brand, Bailie, a messenger from the Chancellor Perth to the King, proves a traitor, iii. 488.

Breadalbane, John, 1st Earl of, mentioned by Dundee, iii. 598-99; "pretends the gout," 601, 606.

Brisbane of Brisbane, Secretary of the Admiralty, "Memorandum for," from Bishop Burnet, to be shewn "to my Lord Halifax, or the King," i. 46.

—— Dr, a West country physician, attends the deathbed of Lord Cochrane, and hears the Earl of Dundonald's chaplain "pray God to bless the rebels in the West with success," ii. 170.

—— Bailie of Ayr, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 374.

Broomhall, Laird of, mentioned by Rothes, i. 366, 381, 387.

Broughton, Richard Murray of, his loyalty mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 258.

Brown, James, a gross calumny of Wodrow's concerning, against Claverhouse, i. 91-2.

—— John, designed by Wodrow "the Christian Carrier," a rebel outlaw in arms against the government, an active promoter of the rebellion, and the invasion of the kingdom, lurking on the look out in arms, in the West country, on the eve of the landing of Argyle; seized by Claverhouse; bullets, match, and treasonable papers found in his possession; refuses to take the oath abjuring all concern in Renwick's murderous proclamation; refuses, in the face of the King's troops, to own the King as such; executed accordingly on the spot, as a traitor and armed rebel, in due form of martial law; his cave under ground discovered, with swords and pistols in it; the case immediately reported by Claverhouse to the Government, i. 141-6, &c., *and notes;* iii. 457-59, *and notes*. See *Macaulay*, and *Wodrow*.

Brownen, John, nephew of the above, a notorious rebel in arms; his confession; mercifully dealt with by Claverhouse, who reports his case to Government that his life may be spared, *ibid*. See *Macaulay, and Wodrow*.

Bruce, Captain Andrew, of Earlshall, the colleague and Lieutenant of Claverhouse, i. 251, 253, *note*, 254-57; commands the party at Airds Moss, where Cameron was killed, and Hackston of Rathillet, the murderer, taken, 300, 334-35; ii. 243; mentioned by Dundee, 400.

—— Sir William, of Kinross, mentioned by Rothes, i. 365-67.

—— Captain, with Dundee in the Northern campaign, particularly mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 575; bullies Mackay at Alvie Kirk, 581.

Buchan, William 8th Earl of, with Dundee at Killiecrankie, iii. 625, 655.

—— Colonel, i. 335, 341; mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 371, 389-90, 398, 400, &c.

Buckingham, Duke of, i. 196, 202.

Buckingham, Duke of, Sheffield, i. 344.

——— Duke of, Villiers, i. 344.

Buntin, Major Hugh, of Kilbryde, sent in pursuit of Claverhouse by the Convention, and with what success, iii. 513, 517; particularly mentioned in the *Gramiad*, 520, *and note*.

Burnet, Bishop, disgusting character and portrait of, drawn by Lord Macaulay, i. 44; the dishonest principle of his posthumous history admitted by Lord Macaulay, ii. 139; secret letter of, at the crisis of the Rye House Plot, abjectly petitioning for his personal safety, and to be communicated to the King, discovered in the Napier charter-chest, i. 46; the meanness of his character, and the falsity of the History of his Own Time, illustrated by that letter, 47-48, *and notes*, 49-50; ii. 136; his mean motive for his gross scandals and calumnies against Charles II. and James VII. detected by that letter, 137-38, 367-68, *and notes;* his brutal calumnies against Charles II. compared with his secret letter intended for the King's ear, i. 349; ii. 139, *and note;* his vile scandal about Henrietta Maria and the Marquis of Montrose proved to be utterly false, by the Queen's own letters in the Montrose charter-chest, 140, *note;* his insolent threat to King James in 1687, when safe in the keeping of the Prince of Orange, compared with his abject letter of 1683, ii. 137-38; his impure venom against the Duke and Duchess of York, 138-39; his gross calumny against King James on the subject of judicial torture in Scotland (adopted by Lord Macaulay) detected, and traced to the same base motive, 134-41; his characteristics by Lord Macaulay critically examined, 40-50; the old clothes-man of history, i. 77; detection, and just character of him, by Bishop Russell, in his History of the Church in Scotland, 339, *note;* characterised by Charles K. Sharpe, 344; his mean perversion of the piety of Archbishop Sharp, ii. 217; his false history of Hamilton's impeachment of Lauderdale before the King, i. 351-52, *and notes*, 369; characteristic comparison between the false records of Burnet and Wodrow, i. 359; his false account of his own disinterested and courageous attachment to Lord Russell at the crisis of the Rye House Plot, detected by his abject letter in the Napier charter-chest, i. 47, 48, *and notes;* ii. 367-68, *note;* his false pretence of Dundee's dependence on him for favour with King William; calls Dundee "Earl," iii. 496, *note;* Dundee's contemptuous notice of him as "*Gibby*," 602.

——— Dr Alexander, Archbishop of St Andrews, Claverhouse's letter to, ii. 403, *and note*.

Burns, Dr, editor of Wodrow's History, i. 56-58, *and notes;* his curious illustration of Wodrow's "native modesty," ii. 83, *and note;* says "Claverhouse never visited Renfrewshire in his military capacity;" his deduction from that great blunder, 403, *note*.

Burntisland, Claverhouse narrowly escapes drowning in crossing from, in a boat called "The Blessing," i. 318.

Burton, John Hill, author of a recent history of the Revolution, his elaborate characteristics of Dundee critically examined, weighed in the balance, and found wanting, i. 16-27; exchanges compliments with Lord Macaulay, 36, *and note;* compliments Mackay for "taking possession of the heights on either side" of the Pass of Killiecrankie, which Mackay did not do, iii. 622, *note;* mistakes Balhaldy's Memoirs of Lochiel for Lochiel's own record of himself, *Appendix No. X.*

Bute, Sheriff of, quits Hamilton's Convention, iii. 515.

Cairntable Hill, account of Renwick's armed forces there, under the pretext of a religious Conventicle, obtained by Claverhouse from the rebel John Brownen, iii. 458-59.

Caitloch, Fergusson of, i. 285, *and note.*

Caithness, a minister in, said to have been tortured by Montrose, a gross calumny of Wodrow's, examined and refuted, i. 98-102; address by Montrose to the gentlemen of, 101.

Calder, Campbell of, an emissary employed to bribe the Highland Chiefs out of their loyalty, iii. 563.

Cameron, Sir Ewan. See *Lochiel.*

——— Richard, the fanatic preacher, and rebellious firebrand, specimens of his Conventicle preaching, i. 221, 223, 238; the associate of Cargill in the truculent and treasonable proclamation at Sanquhar, 299; killed 22d July 1680 in the skirmish at Aird's Moss, 300; ii. 243, 246-47; how he was first sent on his mission to Annandale, by the outlaw John Welsh, to "set the fire of Hell to their tails," ii. 26, 27, *note;* his mode of addressing his female audience at his field preachings, 37, *note;* he and his brother saints somewhat indebted to brandy, 243, *and note;* the necessity of putting him to death justified by the Whig Fountainhall, who pronounces his doctrines "destructive of all government," and that he "aimed at the dissolution of all government," 104, *note;* an absurd attempt, to glorify his truculent treason at Sanquhar in 1680, got up there in 1860, and called a "Great Demonstration," inaugurated by Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, assisted by Provost Wigham of Sanquhar, Colonel Shaw of Ayr, and some fanatical ministers, 246, *note;* mentioned by Claverhouse as having been nearly caught by him in 1679, the day after the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, 206.

Campbell, Sir Colin, of Aberuchil, does not appear at the second sederunt of Privy Council for the torture of Nevil Payne, ii. 119, *note.*

——— Lilias, a leading virago in the assault upon Archbishop Sharpe and the other Lords, at the Council-Chamber door, ii. 63, *and note.*

Canaires, Mr, minister of Selkirk, suspended for his violence in the pulpit against Popery, in terms insulting to the King, iii. 468.

Cannon, Colonel, the miserable second in command to Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie, whose imbecility ruined the King's cause in Scotland; his arrival with the Irish contingent mentioned by Dundee, iii. 608; the mockery of that aid, 620, *and note,* 624, 633, 650.

Cardross, Lord, mentioned by Dundee as having "now joined with that worthy Prince, Duke Hamilton," iii. 602.

Cargill, Donald, the fanatical preacher, and rebellious firebrand; specimen of his preaching, i. 224; characterised by the Rev. Master Robert Law, as an impracticable firebrand of rebellion, 290, *note;* sketch of his life and death by Charles K. Sharpe, 299-301; pronounces sentence of *excommunication* against the reigning sovereign, and the royal family, at Torwood in Stirlingshire, in 1680, ii. 242, *note*, 248, *note;* hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, 27th July 1681, along with four of his disciples, 150, *note;* his doctrines utterly condemned, and his execution justified, by the Whig Fountainhall, 104, *note;* his repudiation of the crown of martyrdom, and cowardly demeanour after condemnation, recorded by Fountainhall, 150, *note*, 248; one of the brandy saints, as described by his own murderous coadjutor and General, Robert Hamilton, 245, *note;* cruelly and cunningly deprived of his true apostolic succession, by the modern Whig historian Malcolm Laing, 244; refreshed with an *apotheosis*, in 1860, by Professor Blackie, the protector of Scotland's rights and nationality, 246-47, *note*.

Carleton, Captain, a British volunteer in the service of the Prince of Orange, along with Claverhouse, i. 180.

Carlisle, Countess of, her *liaison*, when Lady Howard, with the Earl of Rothes, i. 229.

Carmichael, James, Laird of Little Blackburn, the house in which two of the gentlemen of the King's horse-guards were murdered at night in their beds, in fulfilment of Renwick's truculent proclamation, i. 81, 118.

——— Mr, Bailie and Sheriff-depute of Fife, under Rothes; an active and conscientious magistrate, whose murder was therefore intended by the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, i. 260; ii. 214; the falsity of Wodrow's outrageous calumnies against him demonstrated, 214-15, *note*.

Carnegie, Lady Jean, daughter of John Earl of Ethie, afterwards Northesk, the mother of Dundee, i. 178.

Carnsalloch, Laird of, i. 254-55.

Carnwath, Gavin 3d Earl of, i. 202.

——— James 4th Earl of, mentioned by Duke Hamilton as having taken the Bond of Peace, ii. 168.

Carnwath, Sir George Lockhart of, i. 355. See *Lockhart*.

Carscreoch, Castle, a seat of the Stair family in Galloway, ii. 34.

Carsphairn, parish of, in Galloway, Council orders the parishioners of, to be pursued "for the murder of their minister by some skulking rebels," i. 85-6. See *Peirson*.

Carstares, the Reverend Master William, a Presbyterian minister, and thorough-paced traitor, in the pay of the Prince of Orange; made aware of the design to assassinate the King and the Duke of York, and continues to plot treason with his informant; confesses, and peaches, under the infliction of the *thumbikins*, and saves his own life at the expense of Baillie of Jerviswood's, ii. 416-17; *craft* truly assigned to him by Lord Macaulay, *courage* and *fortitude* falsely; apocryphal family tradition of King William toying with the *thumbikins* that caused him to confess, 417, *note;* cock-and-bull story about him in Wodrow's *Analecta*, i. 35, *note;* quoted by Wodrow as his authority for an absurd and fanatical anecdote, derogatory to King William, and not noticed by Macaulay, 33-4, *and note;* letter to him from the Duke of Queensberry, remonstrating against King William's cruelty to Nevil Payne, iii. 721, *Appendix.*

Carte, the historian, anecdote of Dundee and King James preserved in his memorandum-book, iii. 490, *and note;* MS. Historical Collections of, preserved in the Bodleian Library; authentication thereby of Dundee's last letter to King James, alleged by Macaulay to have been forged by Macpherson, *Appendix, No. I.*

Cassillis, John, 7th Earl of, (Gilbert Burnet's brother-in-law), one of the Hamilton faction against the government of Lauderdale; amusing account of his secession therefrom, and of Hamilton's blowing up his own clique, in a letter from Rothes to Queensberry, i. 386-87; absents himself from Council at the second sederunt on Nevil Payne's torture, ii. 119, *note;* mentioned by Dundee as having "gone astray, misled by *Gibby*," iii. 602.

Cassincarry, John Mure of, mentioned by Claverhouse as having been searched for, ii. 176.

Castlehill, Lord (of Session), Sir John Lockhart of, mentioned by Dundee, ii. 360, *and note;* one of the Judges consulted on the subject of Renwick's treasonable proclamation, 446-47, *and note.*

Castle Stewart, William Stewart of, brother to the Earl of Galloway, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 258, *and note.*

Ceres, Mr Alexander Leslie, minister of, Mrs Black urges the murderers of Archbishop Sharp to murder him also, i. 261.

Cessnock, Sir Hugh and Sir George Campbells of, (father and son), co-conspirators with Jerviswood and the rest, ii. 383, *and note.*

Chalmers, Mr, author of the Caledonia, his derivation of the name of Graham, i. 175.

Chambers, Robert, author of a "History of the Rebellions in Scotland," and of "Domestic Annals of Scotland;" quotes "Highland tradition" for the story of Dundee having eaten a toad when a child, an apocryphal legend told of the Regent Morton a century before, and thereafter fastened on Montrose, i. 178, *and note;* his version of the martyrdom of the two women alleged to have been drowned at Wigton, ii. 92; adopts the fanatical calumny of the cruelty of Claverhouse, and surprised to find an authentic instance of his humanity; his ingenious mode of reconciling the seeming contradiction examined, 410, *and note*, 524-25, *and note;* his rash adoption from Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, of the vile fable that Dundee acted as executioner of a young officer, the son of a friend, by deliberately shooting him with his own pistol, "in front of the army," for cowardice, iii. 584-85, *note.*

Charles I., his ill-advised attempt to impose the Service Book upon Scotland; commentary thereupon, and the King's character, by Charles K. Sharpe, i. 192-94; calumnies of history against him; his character, and the difficulties of his position, illustrated from the manuscripts of Archibald 1st Lord Napier, 194-98, *and notes;* character of him by Sir Philip Warwick and Montrose, 199, 200; warned against the traitorous Argyle by the Marquis's own father, 214; calumnious story, traced to the gossip of Burnet, of a warrant to execute the Earl of Loudon privately in the Tower, critically examined, and refuted, 234-35, *and notes.*

Charles II., his condition in the hands of Argyle described by Charles K. Sharpe; his escape from the trap of matrimony with Argyle's daughter, i. 201-3, *and note;* his opinion of Presbyterianism, 205; his dislike to Warriston, 219; horrible abuse of him by the Conventicle preachers, 221; illustrations of his kindly nature, 239-40; ii. 339; excommunicated by Mas Donald Cargill, 300-301; his opinion of Campbells and Dalrymples, 319; his severe rebuke to the Earl of Tweeddale, narrated by Rothes, 372; his hearings in presence, of Hamilton's impeachment of the government of Lauderdale, and the result, 350-52, *and notes;* calls his Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, "Tom Duff," and why, 386, *and note;* his latent tendency to the Church of Rome confirmed by his experience of Presbyterianism in Scotland, ii. 21; the best argument of the Conventicle preachers, against his restoration, afforded by his own concessions when crowned by Argyle at Scone, 40, *note*, 41; his measures against "non-conformity" more than justified by the measures of Cromwell before, and William after, 50-55, *and notes;* the nature of covenanting nonconformity truly stated in the King's letter of 11th December 1677, 160-61, *and note;* walks nine miles at Newmarket, accompanied by Claverhouse, "besides cock-fighting and courses," 314; annoyed at the demand for peerages; resists at first all pressing on the subject of giving a dukedom to Queensberry, as urged by Claverhouse, 332-3; his good nature noticed by Claverhouse, 378; his expression of just indignation, at Hamilton's selfish cabal against the government of Lauderdale, grossly perverted into an unworthy sentiment by Burnet, i. 350-53; the perversion rashly adopted from Burnet by Hume, 350, *note*, and compare with 352, *and note;* account of his death by Charles K. Sharpe, 344-46; his last moments illustrated from the Queensberry Papers, 346-49; brutally calumniated by Burnet, and why, 348-51, *and notes;* his dodge to prevent Hamilton *snatching* a kiss of his hand, ii. 172, *note.*

Chiesly, John, of Dalry, the assassin of Lord President Lockhart; his complaint against the soldiers of the King's Life Guard; Fountainhall's notices of the case unfair to the Government, ii. 257, *note*, 302, *and note.*

Clanranald, the young Captain of, description of, in the *Gramiad*, leading his Clan at the grand gathering in Lochaber; "dined several times with my Lord Dundee," attended by "a company of lusty men whom he called his guards," iii. 569, *and note;* at the head of six hundred men, 596; mentioned by Dundee, 598; commands a battalion of Dundee's main battle, at Killiecrankie, 633.

——— tutor of, "a *gleyed* man," attends his young Chief at Killiecrankie, who is under age, iii. 625, 633.

Clark, Andrew, a Scotch saint and martyr, hanged for the murder of a soldier fired at from behind a dyke by a gang of such saints, i. 336, *and note*

CLAVERHOUSE, John Graham of, Viscount Dundee, his birth, parentage, genealogy, and education, i. 175-80; ii. 1-4; false anecdote of his infancy refuted, i. 178, *note;* no register of his birth discovered, the date of it how ascertained, i. 183; ii. 2; date of his matriculation in St Leonard's College, of St Andrews, i. 179; ii. 2; his reputation for scholarship amongst his contemporaries, i. 30, 179; ii. 3; iii. 655-56, 736, *Appendix.*

——— his travels, and early military service abroad in France and Holland, i. 179-82; distinguishes himself as a cornet in the royal Guard of the Prince of Orange, at the battle of Seneff, 11th August 1664; conspicuous there from his white plume, 325; ii. 11; saves the life of the Prince of Orange there, who promotes him to a troop; Lord Macaulay's dictatorial rejection of the whole story critically examined, and the true story illustrated, i. 4-16; quits the Dutch service, and returns to Scotland; probable cause of his return, ii. 17; highly commended to the King and the Duke of York, by the Prince of Orange in person, 17-18; his first military appointment, at the urgent desire of the Duke of York, and the young Marquis of Montrose, as Lieutenant to the latter in an independent troop of gentlemen-horse; the Marquis's letters to Claverhouse, and Graham of Monorgan, on the subject, i. 183-85; ii. 17-18; his rapid promotion to the command of an independent troop; sent with a combined force of horse and dragoons to quell the broken insurgents haunting and tyrannizing in the South and West of Scotland, 19-23; ii. 186-87; disorganised state of the districts with which he had to deal, 171-87.

——— his dispatches to head-quarters, minutely reporting to the Earl of Linlithgow, Commander-in-chief, all his proceedings in his first campaign against the Conventiclers, from 28th December 1678, to 1st June 1679 when he is worsted at Drumclog, ii. 187-224; expresses himself "unwilling to *exceed orders;*" makes arrangements "to give your Lordship account of our affairs *twice a-week,*" 188-89; reports how "perished the charity of many *ladies;*" his first act of discipline to redress "*the wrong a poor man has got,* in losing his horse," 190; declines to apprehend certain non-conforming bailies, "for they are *not included* in all the Act of Council," 191; expects "*orders* from your Lordship about *the fining* of the others in the rolls," 192; his desire *not* "to let the dragoons quarter at large in the country;" but *forced* to do so, because of the district Commissioners for the *locality* not doing their duty; is "very unwilling to disoblige any gentleman;" but "if my troop come to want hay and straw, I will go to any of the Commissioners' lands that are adjacent, and take it, *offering the rates;*" the Earl of Queensberry's (leading Commissioner for the district) petted reply to these remonstrances, 192-93, *and notes;* how he gained his point against the Commissioners, and brought Queensberry to book, about the locality, i. 253-57; complains of want of intelligence, and the disaffection of the local authorities, "two bailies fled, and their wives lying above the clothes in the bed, and great candles lighted," ii. 193; complains "how hard it will be to keep so vast a country with *so few forces;*" but "shall do my best endeavours in everything I am *commanded;*" takes up his quarters in Kirkcudbright, because centrical, 194; is appointed *Sheriff-depute* of Dumfriesshire, and the neighbouring stewartries; Queensberry heritable Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, required by the Council to sign a deputation to Claverhouse and his Lieutenant, 195-96; copy of the deputation from Queensberry; powers thereunder, i. 251, 253, *note;* ii. 199; reports a foot soldier seized by the town's-people for having wounded the provost 201; his humane consideration for one of his prisoners, "Mr Francis Irwin, an old infirm man extremely troubled with the gravel," 202-207; reports "the town of Kikrcudbright *the most irregular place of the kingdom,*" 202; his first march in pursuit of the armed Conventicles, Sunday, 4th May 1679, the day after the murder of the Archbishop; baffled by "the thickness of the fog;" how "the dragoons marched that day, *without a bait,* above *fifty miles,* of which there was about fifteen of *horrid hills,*" 206; his rational complaint against the Council for giving him orders without funds; declares, "I *had to do* to pay that night's quarters we were out—if we march I *must* take free quarters, for I cannot pay money *if I get none;*" the King's cash-keeper in arrear to the troops "six hundred pounds *sterling;*" complains of Queensberry as intending "no reparation for *the poor troopers*" 206-7; reports an attempt to assassinate some of his soldiers "sitting at meat and bread," in Falkirk; doubts the report of a great rising to come off near Glasgow on Sunday the 1st June, 218; his official report of his defeat at *Drumclog* on that day, 221-23; a gross falsehood of Wodrow's, as to the preliminaries leading to the encounter, detected by Claverhouse's own report, 221-22, *note;* commentary on his defeat at Drumclog, 223-27; advance of the victorious fanatics upon Glasgow, and measures taken by Claverhouse against them; their consequent defeat, i. 272-73; ii. 227-29, *and notes*; Wodrow's calumnies refuted, i. 274, *note.*

Claverhouse: Battle of Bothwell Bridge, i. 284-88; ii. 230; Claverhouse's subordinate command on that occasion, 233; a gross calumny against him by Wodrow refuted, 232-34; made *donator* of the Crown in the forfeited estate of Macdowall of Freugh; calumnies on the subject contradicted by the King himself, 236-38; commissioned to perambulate the rebel shires, to seize horses and arms, to disperse Conventicles, &c., 234; Wodrow's general calumnies on the subject, 235; special instances of Wodrow's brutal calumnies against him at this time critically examined and refuted, 239-41; the value of his services now appreciated by Queensberry, who urges upon Government the necessity of sending him to restore peace and order in the rebellious districts, 250-51; narrowly escapes drowning when crossing from Burntisland to Leith in the "Blessing," i. 318; ii. 250.

—— commissioned, 30th January 1682, as heritable Sheriff of Wigton, and heritable bailie of the regality of Tongland, superseding Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, and the Viscount of Kenmore; also, as Sheriff-*depute,* and Stewart-*depute,* of the shire of Dumfries, and the stewartries of Kirkcudbright, and Annandale; his judicial powers under these commissions, ii. 252-53; Wodrow's blunder in quoting the conditions of the latter commission, 253, *note;* some more brutal calumnies by Wodrow, critically examined and refuted, 255-57.

Claverhouse: his epistolary labours and activity, ii. 257; his correspondence with Queensberry, High Treasurer and Prime Minister in Scotland, illustrative of his *second* campaign against the Conventiclers, during the year 1682, 258-84; reports his reception in Galloway, and the state of matters there; advises a fixed garrison in the house of *Kenmure*, "for without it I am fully convinced we can never secure the peace of this country, nor hunt those rogues from their haunts;" his interview with Lady Kenmure on the subject, 259-60; describes the order in which he means "to fall to work with all that have been in the rebellion;" says, with regard to the general laws against the fanatics, "I will *threaten* much but forbear severe execution for a while;" complains of want of money, and the soldiers' pay in arrear, 261; congratulates Queensberry upon being created a Marquis, 262; reports his management of the troops; also corresponding with the Commander-in-chief, the testy old General Dalyell, 262-63; hints at the disaffected harbouring in Duke Hamilton's country; complains of Lord Kenmure and his factor deforcing a messenger and robbing him of letters, showing "how necessary a constant force is here, for the execution of the laws in *ordinary cases betwixt man and man*, let be in the concerns of the Government," 264; curious characteristics of "my good friend the Advocate," Sir George Mackenzie; the Duke of York pleased with his proceedings; softens matters against Kenmure; difference between the loyalty of the Gordons in the North and in the South; objects to executing the laws "*severely* against great and small" indiscriminately, as only tending to "*exasperate and alienate the hearts of the whole body of the people;*" advises to "*pardon the multitude*, and *punish the ringleaders*," 265; the success of his energetic but just and lenient dealing with the disaffected; tells them, "that the King has no design to *ruin* any of his subjects he could *reclaim*, nor *I to enrich myself by their crimes;*" danger of a relapse, owing to the agitating field preachers; says that some of the heritors, "do what they like, cannot keep the preacher from their houses in their absence, *so màd are some of their wives*," 266; advises to abolish the office of Governor of the Bass, "seeing he has nothing to guard but *solan geese and ministers*," to "sell that rock," and augment and sustain the forces with its garrison and the proceeds; otherwise, that he must "do *as others*, and get as much money as I can—*which I have not thought on yet*—by putting the laws in execution" against nonconformists, 267-68; complains of the Wigtonshire Lairds following the example of President Dalrymple, allowing their houses to be "constant haunts of rebels and intercommuned persons, and have their children baptized by the same, and then lay all the blame on *their wives;*" considers it "more of consequence to punish one *considerable laird* than a hundred *little bodies;*" and that it is "*juster*, because *these* only sin by the example of *those*," 268; his advice as to dealing with *Patrick Vernor*, a noted firebrand; desires Queensberry "to remember that *from such men flows all our evils*," 269, *and note;* catches "that great villain *M'Clorg*, the smith at Minnigaff, that made all the *clikys*, and after whom the forces have trotted so often;" is "resolved to *hang him*, for it is necessary I make *some* example of severity, lest rebellion be thought *cheap* here; there cannot be alive a more wicked fellow," 270; nevertheless, this threat not fulfilled, 271, *note;* comes to Edinburgh with prisoners, and to "give account to the General and the Government of my proceedings;" is "happy that they all seem satisfied, and *particularly* the General; how long it will be so God knows," 271-72; begs Queensberry "to do me what good offices you can with the King and the Duke," 272; reports his measures as very successful, in bringing the turbulent districts into a state of "perfect peace;" and "all this done *without having received a farthing money*, either in Nithsdale, Annandale, or Kirkcudbright, or *imprisoned anybody;*" that, to "the great body of the people I am become *acceptable enough*, having *passed all bygones*," 273-74; thinks a new *Indulgence* to the non-conforming ministers would be *madness;* "did the King and the Duke know what those *rebellious villains* they call *ministers* put in the heads of the people, they would think it necessary to keep them out; the *poor people* about Minnigaff confess, *upon oath*, that they were *made* renew the Covenant, and believe the King was *a Papist*, and that he designed to *force it on them*," 273, 275; his detailed account, before the Committee of Council, of the affairs of Galloway, and his own proceedings there, to the same effect as his reports to the High Treasurer; that country rendered peaceable and regular, "and the rebels reduced *without blood*, and the country brought to obedience, and conformity to the Church-government *without severity or extortion*," 276-79; on 15th May 1682 receives the thanks of the Council for his proceedings in Galloway, 275; on 20th May appointed to attend General Dalyell, and other Commissioners, for the settlement of Ayrshire, 282; again sent to Dumfries and Galloway, by the advice of Queensberry; narrowly escapes assassination on his way to Dumfries, by some parties of Whigs in arms, "who were seeking the *enemies of God*," 183-84.

Claverhouse: his contest with the Dalrymples of Stair, and its result, ii. 285-309, *and notes;* Sir James Dalrymple, President of the Session, expresses himself as highly approving of Claverhouse's mission against the Conventiclers of Galloway, and as being "much obliged to him for his civility," 34-35; the President's own account of his friendly interview with Claverhouse, "when he first came into Galloway, and gave me a visit before the pique between him and my son," 286; the President professes to consider Claverhouse as having been somewhat remiss, "upon some mistake," in *repressing disorders* in his son Sir John Dalrymple's regality of Glenluce, 288; Sir John Dalrymple, on the contrary, "severely expostulates (with Claverhouse) by letter, why he had meddled within his regality in seizing the goods," &c., 288-89; Claverhouse at once brings the question of jurisdiction to issue between them, by public intimation of a head court to be held by himself, and ordaining all within the regality to attend, 289; Sir John Dalrymple "derides and laughs at the said intimation when read from the pulpit by the minister;" and, by public proclamation at the church door, after service, discharges all the lieges from compearing, *ibid;* on the court day there appears nobody but Sir John and his father the Lord Stairs, who then and there "offered to *bribe* the King's Sheriff, and give him *a sum of money* not to meddle with that regality;" the bribe (a hundred and fifty pounds *sterling*) rejected by Claverhouse, *ibid, and note;* Sir John Dalrymple reports falsely on the subject to the Privy Council, who are up to his devices, and reject his appeal, 290, *and note;* Sir John Dalrymple then summons a regality Court of his own, and appoints two of his creatures to act under him; their proceedings described by Claverhouse, who lays them by the heels, and imposes heavy fines; the President's Lady and her sisters take to flight, and the President hides himself; his letter complaining of Claverhouse, and casting blame upon his own wife, 291-93, *and notes;* the Privy Council support Claverhouse, and vote him thanks, which Duke Hamilton "scruples much at," 294; Sir John Dalrymple's letter of complaint to Queensberry, 294-96; the Lord Advocate applauds Claverhouse as having "*broke a cabal* that was designing in *Galloway*, to *undertake* for the peace of the country, as *Clydesdale* did," 296; Claverhouse peremptorily requires Viscount Kenmure "to make redd and void your house of Kenmure to receive a garrison," by 1st November (1682), 296, *note;* Sir John Dalrymple, in the name of the gentry of Galloway, but without their sanction or knowledge, "draws a most seditious, false, and malicious representation against the forces, both *officers* and *soldiers*, without so much as *specifying any particular person who had made complaint*," 297, *and note;* Claverhouse holds another head-court of the regality of Glenluce, and orders Sir John Dalrymple's "seditious instrument against the forces" to be publicly read, which is "*in his presence, disowned by all the heritors*," 298; Sir John's "height of passion and folly," at his discomfiture; Claverhouse, as Sheriff presiding, commands him to silence, and threatens him with imprisonment, 298-99; Duke of York writes to Queensberry, "I am *absolutely of your mind as to Claverhouse*, and think his presence more necessary in *Galloway* than anywhere else, for he need not fear anything *Stairs* can say of him, his Majesty being so *well satisfied* with him," 300; Claverhouse raises a criminal libel against Sir John Dalrymple, who raises a counter libel against Claverhouse, 303; acquittal of Claverhouse, with "the Council's thanks for his good service," 304, *and note;* judgment and sentence against Sir John Dalrymple; fined in five hundred pounds *sterling* and the expenses of both processes, and committed prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh till fine paid, "and further during the Council's pleasure," 305-6, *and notes;* the utter falsity of Wodrow's numerous calumnies against Claverhouse, demonstrated by these processes, 306-9; Sir John Dalrymple's complaint, that "the said laird of Claverhouse, during the time that a committee of his Majesty's Council were sitting, and discussing the objections and interrogatories given by either party for receiving the witnesses, did, to the high affront of his Majesty's authority and Government, in the said Committee, and in the hearing of some of the members thereof, *threaten to give the complainer a* *box in the ear,*" ignored by the Council, 309; and also by Fountainhall, of counsel for Sir John Dalrymple, 302, *and notes;* Sir John's complaint that "Claverhouse did cause his soldiers and officers," at his head-court, "take the complainer *by the shoulders from the table,*" also ignored by the Council, 309; review of his conduct and characteristics, as at the commencement of the year 1683, 310.

Claverhouse: promoted to be Colonel of a new regiment of horse, 25th December 1682; terms of his commission, i. 326; ii. 311; goes to court charged with instructions public and private from the Treasurer Queensberry, and the Chancellor Aberdeen, 312-13; the Duke of York "discourses with him at large" on public affairs in Scotland, 313-14; is with the court at Newmarket, from whence he corresponds with the Treasurer and the Chancellor in Scotland; mentions having "walked nine miles this morning with the king, besides cock-fighting and courses," 314; an *alibi* proved for him against the gross calumnies of Wodrow at this time, 314, *note.*

——— his connexion with the impeachment by the Chancellor and the High Treasurer of Lord Hatton, 3rd Earl of Lauderdale, as General of the Mint, and Treasurer-Depute, and the subordinate officials under him, for malversation, and defrauding the revenue, ii. 318-20; his deposition in 1685, containing his own account of the private mission with which he was charged by the Chancellor and the High Treasurer, along with the public dispatches which he carried to Court in 1683, 321-24; his correspondence from court, with Queensberry, between 13th March and 3rd May (1683), 324-39; reports the King and the Duke's highest approbation of the seeming reform effected in Galloway, and "the Duke's taking credit to himself for his sending me, *contrary to the opinion of most except your Lordship and a few others,* with those commissions into Galloway," 324; his report of the habits of the King and Duke, of the Duke's just management of military matters in Scotland, and his own active *jobbing* at court both for himself and his noble friends, 326-27; expects the decree from Scotland against Lauderdale and the other Treasury delinquents; and, as the recompence for his own public services, "desires leave to ask the house of *Dudhope,* and the *Constabulary,* and other jurisdictions of Dundee belonging to my Lord Lauderdale," as lying near his own land, where he adds, "I have *no house,* and *cannot have the patience to build and plant,*" 327, *and notes;* his scheme to obtain a Dukedom for Queensberry, as a makeweight against the influence of his fast-and-loose brother-in-law, Duke Hamilton, 328-9; his own dramatic account of how he set about it with the Duke of York; the *incubation,* in the royal closet, of the *Dukedoms* of Queensberry and of Gordon, and the *Viscounty* of Tarbat, 329-31; again urges the Duke of York on the subject, who tells him "the king had been so vexed with the *nobilitating* people here, (for when the door was once opened all would be in,) that he could not willingly hear anything upon that subject;" tells Queensberry to be patient and not out of humour, "for the greatest men in England are glad to get it (a Dukedom) after *many pulls,*" 332-33; ultimate success of the scheme, 340; reports the King's final judgment and sentence against the defaulters of the Mint, and his own share of the fines, 337, *and note;* entrusted by the King to assist the Secretary of State in drawing the royal letter, mitigating, and definitively settling the amount of the fine imposed upon the Mint defaulters, in consequence of the judicial decree against them in Scotland, 322, 407; an alternative award to Claverhouse, out of the fines, of four thousand pounds *sterling*, or a share of the lands and Lordship of Dundee and Dudhope, under certain contingencies and conditions, as expressed in the King's letter, 407; the Chancellor Aberdeen *sells* Claverhouse in the transaction, who makes good his claim to Dudhope and the Constabulary only in 1684, after a vexatious litigation with the Lauderdale family, 407-9; returns from Court to Scotland about the middle of May 1683, and is sworn in, and takes his seat as a Privy Councillor on the 22d of that month, 340, *and note;* notices of him while at Court, in letters from the Duke of York, 313, 336, 338, 339.

Claverhouse: as a Privy Councillor and Statesman; the great Justiciary Circuit through the West and South of Scotland advised by him at Court, and commissioned accordingly, ii. 341-43; specially appointed by the Council to attend the High Commission, and to command the troops, unless the Commander-in-Chief present, 343-44; Duke Hamilton's jealousy of him, complains that "*Claverhouse and the Clerk are the chief directors*," and meanly endeavours to undermine him with his brother-in-law, the Prime Minister, 348-49; Queensberry's jealousy excited, querulous against Claverhouse to the Duke of York, who defends him, and writes—"I assure you there is no such thing, and that *he is not a man to say things that are not*," 348-49; much consulted on Circuit by the Lord Advocate and the Lords Justices; his letters to the Treasurer and the Chancellor, reporting the circumstances under which William Boog, a rebel, was condemned and executed, giving his own reasons in detail for maintaining the necessity of the example, and concluding with the sentiment—"I am as sorry to see a man die, *even a Whig*, as any of themselves; but when one dies *justly*, for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple," 350-60; Fountainhall's unfair notice of the case detected by the official correspondence, 351-55.

——— again in the saddle, in consequence of the Monmouth, Russell, and Rye House Plots breaking out in England; his letter to Queensberry as to the state of the Border, defection among the Border lairds, and his disposal of the troops there, ii. 363-64, *and notes;* his correspondence with Queensberry at this crisis, about military affairs, public policy, &c., from 28th August to 4th November (1683), 368-81; urges garrisons in Dumfriesshire, and the disturbed districts, and repudiates the system of the "Highland Host," 368-69; urges the measure of "the *Juncto*," or Cabinet for Scotland, 370, *and note*, 379-80; his military measures impeded by old General Dalyell, who is jealous and crusty, 371-72; is mighty thick with "my Lady Errol," 372-74, 380-81; marks but disregards the jealous cabals against himself, and says, "however things go, I am resolved to do as a *good subject ought*, and a *man of honour;* I will by no means *prejudice the King's service for my interest*, nor will I *do mean things* to insinuate myself," 374; complains that the *grey cloth* imported from England for his *trumpeters* and *kettledrummers*, "was not of the right colour," and desires leave to have it exchanged, 373-74, *and note;* burgh politics, and *jobbing*, 374-77, *and notes;* church politics and *physic*, 378.

Claverhouse: his marriage, and the circumstances attending it, ii. 384-93; woos and wins Jean Cochrane, youngest daughter of the then deceased William Lord Cochrane, granddaughter to the first Earl of Dundonald, and sister to the second; some account of her family, 385-86; the alliance opposed by her fanatical mother, Lady Catherine Kennedy, 386, 390; letters from Claverhouse to Queensberry on the occasion, indignantly repelling an idea that he was attaching himself by that alliance to Presbyterian disloyalty, 387-91; writes to the Duke of York to disabuse him on the subject, and to counteract the insinuations of Duke Hamilton, 387, 390; announces himself "a *cleanzer*" from disloyalty, and says—"I may *cure* people guilty of that *plague of Presbytery* by conversing with them, but *cannot be infected*," 388, 390; utterly repudiates his bride's traitorous uncle, Sir John Cochrane, of whom he says—"He is a *madman*, and let him perish; they deserve to be damned would own him," 388, *and note;* defends the old Earl of Dundonald, as "one of the clearest of all that country," and contrasts him with Sir George Lockhart and others, 388; maintains the loyalty of his bride—"And for the young lady herself, I shall answer for her; had she not been *right principled*, she would never, *in despite of her mother and relations*, have made choice of a *persecutor*, as they call me," 390, *and note;* his prophetic declaration, "but, or long, I will, in despite of them, let the world see, *that it is not in the power of love, nor any other folly, to alter my loyalty*," 389; his marriage-contract, 392-93; married at the Earl's house of Paisley, Tuesday, 10th June (1684), 393, *note*, 397-98, *and note.*

—— the alarm of a rebellious rising, and a call to boot and saddle, on his wedding-day; his own allusion to the *contretemps*, "*they might have let Tuesday pass*," ii. 397-98, 401-2; his letters to the Lord President, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Archbishop of St Andrews, minutely detailing his military movements, and severe night and day marches, in pursuit of the armed rebels, in which he says—"we left *no den, no knowe, no moss, no hill, unsearched*," from Tuesday 10th to Thursday 15th June (1684), 397-98, 400-403; subsequent outrages by the skulking rebels; prisoners rescued and dragoons killed; Claverhouse again in pursuit; his report to Queensberry of his marches and movements, 404-6.

—— obtains possession of Dudhope and the jurisdiction of Dundee, as Constable, ii. 407-9; domesticated in the Castle; applies for, and obtains from the Privy Council, power to *dispense with the punishment of death* for petty thefts, and to restrict the same to an arbitrary punishment, "as he shall find cause," 410, *and note;* appointed one of the Royal Commissioners, along with Queensberry and Lord Drumlanrig, in October 1684, for the settlement of the disturbed districts, comprehending Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigton; proceedings on that Circuit, 418-20; letter to Queensberry on public affairs, 420-22; in the saddle again, in Galloway, in consequence of Renwick's murderous proclamation, followed by the assassination in their beds of two of the King's Life Guards, the murder of the minister of Carsphairn in his own manse at midnight, and the storming of the Kirkcudbright Tolbooth, and killing a sentinel, by Renwick's army of saints, 422-28; pursues and overtakes these murderous rebels, kills five of them, among whom the actual murderer of the minister of Carsphairn, and takes three prisoners, 427-28; hangs the dead body of the murderer upon a tree; Wodrow's false and calumnious account of the affair detected, 429-30, *and note*.

Claverhouse: supports the cause of the poor soldier at the Council Board against Colonel Douglas; consequent quarrel with Queensberry, iii. 431-32; the Duke of York endeavours to quench the flare-up, but Secretary Earl Moray blows the coal, 433-34; unexpected death of Charles II. at the time; King James induced by Queensberry and Moray to exclude Claverhouse from the new Commission of Privy Council, 434, 438; the King's own desire immediately to replace him crossed by Earl Moray, who characterises Claverhouse "to be of a *high, proud, and peremptory humour*," 437; Queensberry's rudeness and injustice to Claverhouse, 435; who afterwards obtains redress from the King, 465; Earl Moray's letter to Claverhouse, pretending to express the sentiments of the King against him, 439; Secretary *Melfort's* opinion, "that as to Claverhouse, what he said in Council was *not so much as was made a noise of*, and he thought he would be able to justify himself," 440;[1] restored to his place at the Board of the Privy Council, "by his Majesty's command," of date one month after his exclusion therefrom, 442-43.

——— sits as Commissioner of Justiciary, along with Balcarres, in Fife, being his last commission from Charles the Second, iii. 449; commands the only regiment of horse (as distinguished from dragoons) in Scotland; constitution of his regiment, and how officered; Lord Macaulay and Malcolm Laing's vituperation against the soldiery, a senseless calumny, 452-56, *and note;* circumstances of the execution, under martial law, of the armed rebel and outlaw, *John Brown*, 456-59, *and notes*. See *Brown*.

——— made a Brigadier, on the alarm of Argyle's invasion; the Council's reliance upon him, and letter to him relative to the disposition of the troops, iii. 459-60; defends himself to Queensberry against a false charge of undue interference with the Sanquhar tenants, 461; his last dispatch to Queensberry, 462; *Fracas* between the joint Secretaries, Moray and Melfort, relative to the precedence between Claverhouse and Queensberry's brother as Brigadiers; settled by the King, who orders Douglas's commission to be dated two days prior to Claverhouse's, 464; rights himself with the King at Court against the petty intrigues of Queensberry and Moray, 465; backs the Chancellor Perth, at the Council Board, in resenting a

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[1] See, and correct error in the text; for "(Earl Murray)," read *(Viscount Melfort)*.

seditious insult to King James from a Protestant pulpit, 467-68; promoted to the rank of Major-General, his rival, Douglas, being promoted above him as Lieutenant-General, 472; made Provost of Dundee, 472-78; the Prince of Orange's invasion; consequent withdrawal of the whole troops from Scotland to England; that false and fatal step remonstrated against by Claverhouse, and the whole Council in Scotland, 473-75; march of the troops, 6th October 1688, Claverhouse commanding the cavalry, but under Douglas, who leads the foot, 475-77.

Claverhouse: raised to the peerage as VISCOUNT DUNDEE, by patent dated 12th November 1688, immediately after his arrival in England with the cavalry; reflections on his extraordinary career, and rapid rise, iii. 477-79; with King James and his army at Salisbury Plain, where the King's heart fails him, 479-80; remains loyal and true, while his rival and colleague, General Douglas, proves a traitor; Dundee's own account to Balcarres of a base attempt by General Douglas to corrupt him, 479-82, 484, 602; ordered to bring up the Scotch horse and dragoons to Reading, where he joins Lord Dumbarton; ordered to Uxbridge to meet the King, but there receives intimation of his disbanding the army; effect of the intimation on Dundee, as narrated by Captain Creighton; note from the Prince of Orange to Dundee, 484-85.

——— attends the meeting of Scots Privy Councillors held in Duke Hamilton's lodgings in London; violence and insolence of the Duke, iii. 488-89; news of the King's being brought back from Feversham, whereupon Hamilton "*sent for the Viscount of Dundee*, and made great excuses for his passion, and *desired him to go to us all* and offer his friendship," 489-91; joins the King at Rochester; urges him to stay in England and defend his throne, and says,—"'Tis true, your army is disbanded by your own authority; but, though disbanded, not so dispersed but, if you will give me your commission, *I will undertake to get ten thousand of them together and march through all England with your standard at their head, and drive all the Dutch before you*," 489-90; Dundee and Balcarres the only two with whom the King holds counsel before his departure; they solemnly pledge their faith to the King, who promises Balcarres a commission to manage his civil affairs, and Dundee the command of the troops in Scotland, 491-92.

——— hastens with Balcarres to Edinburgh, to fulfil their mission, and oppose Hamilton's Convention there; just in time to prevent the Duke of Gordon rendering the Castle, iii. 496-97; an escort of fifty of his old troopers accompany him to Scotland, and place themselves under his command in Edinburgh, 501, 505, 510, 526; Hamilton congregates fanatical bravos from the west country, whom he "kept hid in cellars and houses below ground," to overawe the loyal opposition to his Convention, 497-99, 511-12; the Castle of Edinburgh beleaguered by the Westland Whigs; Dundee at the risk of his life makes his way into the Castle, and persuades the Duke of Gordon to hold it for King James, letting him know the resolution of the King's friends to quit the Convention, and to call one in his Majesty's name to sit at Stirling, 500-1; plot to assassinate Dundee and the ex Lord-Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, who complain to the Convention, and demand investigation and protection, 500-2; minutes of the Convention on the subject; the question set aside in Convention, under the influence of Hamilton; Dundee in great danger of his life from assassination by his myrmidons, 502-3, *and notes;* the royal commission, addressed to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Earl of Balcarres, and the Viscount of Dundee, to hold a Convention for King James at Stirling, reaches them, 504; the Marquis of Athole, and the Earls of Mar and Balcarres, pledge themselves to form the Convention at Stirling with Dundee, and fix the day, 501; Athole's heart failing him at the moment of departure, he seduces Mar and Balcarres to break faith with Dundee, and return to Hamilton's Convention; Dundee resists the entreaties of Balcarres to join them in their timidity and their dishonour, 504-5; how Dundee "went straight away with ahout fifty horse," 505; his chivalrous display in quitting Edinburgh; his daring exploit of climbing the Castle rock to confer with the Duke of Gordon, 506-9; feeble measures to arrest him; Major Buntin's fruitless attempt, as told by Balcarres, and in the *Gramiad,* 510-17, 519-20; his progress by Linlithgow and Stirling to his own castle of Dudhope; joins the Viscountess there, with his fifty troopers, 520-23.

Claverhouse: summoned at Dudhope by a herald from the Convention to return to it on pain of treason; his letter to Duke Hamilton excusing himself, iii. 523–27; General Mackay's mean allusion to that letter, and Lord Macaulay's cunning perversion of its terms, 527-8, *and note;* Dundee proclaimed a traitor at the Cross of Edinburgh, 528; his commissions and dispatches from Ireland intercepted and taken from the King's messenger, by Hamilton, *ibid;* new storm in consequence of Melfort's imprudent expressions written to Balcarres; measures to apprehend him and Dundee; Balcarres easily caught, Dundee intangible, 529-30; Mackay lays a third trap for Dundee which fails like the rest; Sir Thomas Livingstone's "mislucked design" to surprise Dundee at Glen Ogilvy, 530–1; Dundee with fifty troopers and a staff of cavaliers starts for the North, and commences the great campaign, 531–2; Mackay determines to undertake the chase in person; his programme for arresting Dundee before reaching the Gordon country; how he set about it, was baffled, and became utterly *flabbergasted,* 531–35; Dundee's counter movements; the excellent plan and high principles of his great undertaking, 536–539; the particulars of his movements from his quitting the Convention, 18th March, to his meeting with Keppoch and the Claymores at Inverness, 1st May (1689), translated from the *Gramiad,* 539–46; his loyal campaign crossed by Keppoch's feuds and habits of ravage and plunder; turns to the loyal Glengarry; from Invergarry Castle and Kilcummin, passes into Badenoch, 547–9; descends like an eagle upon Perth, scatters the levies of the Convention, and captures Blair of Blair, and Pollock of Pollock; the particulars translated from the *Gramiad,* 549–51; his subsequent movements, and descent upon the town of Dundee, translated from the *Gramiad,* 552; his short repose at his own

Castle of Glen Ogilvy; his immediate march through Athole to Loch Rannoch, thence to Inverness, and so by Loch Treig to Lochaber, translated from the *Gramiad*, 559–61; takes up his quarters with Lochiel in Lochaber, where the Highland Chiefs meet him in grand conclave; his addresses to them and Glengarry's replies, 562–66; description from the *Gramiad* of the gathering-summons, by the fiery cross, adopted by Dundee, who meanwhile trains and exercises his own troops until the Claymores assemble, 566–7; rushing of the clans to arms, and grand gathering on the plain of Dalcomera in Lochaber, where they pass in review before Dundee; pictorial description of the Chiefs and their following, from the *Gramiad*, 567-75; Dundee's Address to the Highland Host, 28th May 1689, and promise that "when the battle joins, and the clans are poured upon the foe, you will find me in the van;" enthusiastic response of the clans, 576-7; Dundee's march at the head of the clans from Lochaber to Badenoch, in pursuit of Mackay; takes and destroys the Castle of Ruthven, on the Spey, 578-81; drives Mackay out of his entrenched camp at the Kirk of Alvie, and chases him down the Spey, through Abernethy, Rothiemurcus, and Cromdale, and overtakes him in Glenlivet, 581-83; tries to bring him to book there, and engages his rear; pictorial description in the *Gramiad* of the clans preparing for the encounter, and Dundee arming to lead them on, 583-84; escape of Mackay, after having been "three times in one day dislodged from his encampment," 584-86, 589; Mackay, driven to Strathbogie, crosses the Bogie into the open plains beyond, where his cavalry can act, and where he becomes powerfully reinforced with foot and dragoons from the South, and conceives a scheme to catch Dundee napping, 588-89; Dundee, wide-awake, pulls up at Edinglassie, on the Don, where he encamps, having effected his object of preventing Mackay joining forces with Colonel Ramsay, by putting both to flight, and clearing the north of them, in opposite directions; consternation of the Convention; his address to the clans at Edinglassie, from the *Gramiad*, 586-89; the Scotch dragoons with Mackay eager to desert to Dundee; some of their number steal into his camp at night with intelligence of the scheme to catch him napping; Dundee gives Mackay the slip, and retreats up the Spey again in perfect order, with a dangerous rearguard ready for the Dutchman; Mackay considers himself victorious, and that Dundee neither "understood the country nor *his trade*," 589, *note*, 590, *and notes*, 591; as Dundee retreats, Maclean of Lochbuy encounters Mackay's dragoons, and cuts them to pieces, 596, see *Lochbuy;* Dundee continues his retreat orderly up the Spey, and passes into Lochaber with his war-pipes playing; Mackay halts at the ruins of Ruthven Castle, on the Spey, returns to his quarters at Elgin and Inverness, where he leaves his troops and proceeds with an escort to Edinburgh, *re infecta*, 595, 606, 612-13; Dundee again establishes his quarters in Lochaber with Lochiel, supported by Glengarry, Clanranald, Maclean, and Macleod; but dismisses the main body of the Claymores with their spoil until again summoned to the standard, 596.

Claverhouse: lays down the sword, and betakes himself to his diplomatic pen; his admirable letters to Macleod of Macleod, and Viscount Melfort, the Secretary of State with King James in Ireland, proving his perfect knowledge of the condition of the royal cause in Scotland, the chances of its success, the various positions and dispositions of the leading statesmen and semi-loyalists of the Lowland nobility, as well as the affections and resources of the Highland chiefs, iii. 597-609; informs Macleod that another commission has reached him from the King supplying the place of that intercepted, along with important letters and declarations of just intentions from his Majesty, 598; defends himself to his friend Melfort against a false imputation of designing to undermine his position with the King, but frankly informs the Secretary of his extreme unpopularity in Scotland, and eloquently urges him to sacrifice his private interests for the public good, by *voluntarily* resigning, and *advising* the King to accept his resignation, at least until better times, 599, 600, 605, 606; refers to a letter written by him to the King himself, giving him "in general account of things here;" and in which letter, he says, "I have *told the King* I had neither *commission, money, nor ammunition;*" consoles himself for want of powder by the reflection, "the Highlanders will not fire *above once,* and then *take to the broadsword,*" 600-601; says he has no credit of *his own,* "for nobody durst pay to *a traitor;*" but adds, "my brother-in-law, Auldbar, and *my wife,* found ways to get credit," *ibid;* complains grievously of the Secretary's silence, and of want of proper support; says that all the loyally inclined noblemen and gentry on both sides of the Forth "suffer mightily in the meantime, and will be forced to submit, *if there be not relief sent very soon;*" and adds, "I beg you send us ammunition, and three or four thousand arms of different sorts, *some horse, some foot,*" 601, 602, 603, 604, 605; mentions having "given my opinion *to the King,* concerning the landing," and states minutely his own admirable scheme for the King's descent upon Scotland and obtaining possession of that Kingdom, 603, 604; ridiculous attempt by Sir Thomas Livingstone, through Lord Strathnaver, to gain over Dundee, who ignores Livingstone, and courteously extinguishes Strathnaver, 607-8.

——— determines to hold the Castle of the Blair against Mackay's new scheme of commanding the country of Athole; establishes his quarters at Struan on the Garry, and holds the country from Blair to Badenoch and Lochaber, 613-14; his admirable letters to Lord Murray, Athole's eldest son, entreating him to be as loyal as his clan, and to hold the Blair for King James, of which Murray takes no notice, 614-19; sends two officers of his staff to wait on Murray, who refuses to receive them, upon which Dundee lays down the pen and takes up the sword, 619; commissions Stewart of Ballechin as Colonel of Athole, and orders him to hold the Castle against Murray, 617, *and note;* the Athole men desert their disloyal chief, dip their bonnets in the river to drink the King's health, and march off to join Ballechin under Dundee, 621-22; Mackay, at the requisition of Murray, marches to take the Castle of the Blair, which determines Dundee to hold it in person, and give him battle; again calls the clans to the standard, and names the 29th of July for a grand rendezvous at the Blair, 619-20; Balcarres's anecdote of Dundee's mode of testing the efficiency of his troops, 624; the clans imperfectly congregated at the Blair on the 26th of July, the day before the battle, 626; Mackay at the south end of the Pass of Killicrankie on his march against Blair, 621-22; Dundee's council of war in the Castle on the eve of the battle, where it is determined to fight Mackay at once without waiting for the general rendezvous; Dundee rejects the counsel of Lochiel not to lead in person, and determines to redeem his pledge to the clans that he would, 625-28; preliminaries of the battle; Mackay's position on the haughs of the Garry; Lord Macaulay refuted on the subject; Dundee out-manœuvres Mackay, unexpectedly turns his right flank, forces him to change his front to the hills, has him *checkmated* at once, but takes his own time to give him the *coup-de-grace*, 628-32; Dundee's order of battle, 632-33; restrains the clans till the sun is off the hill; his address to them, 632-34; Mackay's order of battle, and his leather guns called "Dear Sandy's stoups," 635-36, *and note;* Dundee's plan of attack, and how he redeemed his pledge to the clans; charges in person at their head on the centre of Mackay's line; disperses Belhaven's cavalry; break's Mackay's own regiment; hurls his whole army to destruction; leaves Scourie once more utterly *flabbergasted;* and then falls himself, 642-46; his fall dramatic; the particulars of it how vouched, 646-47.

Claverhouse: his last letter to King James, reporting the victory; his death in the Castle, and burial in the church of Blair; classic tributes to his character and his tomb, iii. 651-56, 736, *Appendix.*

——— his character drawn by his intimate friend Balcarres, who is said to have been rebuked in his prison by the departing spirit of Dundee, iii. 611, 631.

——— *The specific calumnies against him critically examined and disproved:—*

1st, The fanatical fable of the "Christian Carrier," (as variously told by Wodrow and Walker, and variously adopted by Scott and Macaulay), i. 6-11, *and notes,* 15-16, *and note,* 141-48, *and notes,* 153-56, *and notes;* iii. 457-59, *and notes.*

2d, Story of his cruelty to "a little child of eight or nine years of age," left alone and deserted in a peasant's cottage (as told by Wodrow), i. 171-2, *note.*

3d, That he was given to eating toads in his infancy, as traditionally recorded by Mr Robert Chambers, i. 178, *note.*

4th, That he gave special orders that the rebels slain in the attack upon Glasgow should not be buried, "but that the butchers' dogs should be suffered to eat them," (as told by Wodrow), i. 274, *and note.*

5th, That after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, he "*solicited* the General (Monmouth), to *ruin the West of Scotland,* and *burn Glasgow, Hamilton,* and *Strathaven,* to *kill the prisoners,* at least considerable numbers of them, and to permit the army to plunder the Western shires; the

General abhorred so unnatural a proposal, and rejected it with *detestation*," (as told by Wodrow), i. 293-4, *and note;* ii. 232-34.

6*th*, That he permitted his soldiers to ravish a poor woman in presence of her own husband, and put two boys to extreme torture, one of whom died under the infliction (as told by Wodrow), i. 294-95, *and notes;* ii. 239-41, 273, *and note,* 297 *and note.*

7*th*, That he never accounted for the fines he exacted under the authority of the Government (as stated by Wodrow), ii. 235-38; iii. 435, 465.

8*th*, That the disturbed districts he was sent to redeem from the armed conventiclers, "were given up to the licence of the army;" that his soldiers acted like demons, and he himself like the "Chief of *Tophet*," (Macaulay and Malcolm Laing improving upon Wodrow), i. 4, 5, *and notes;* ii. 34, 35, 190, 203, 204, 244; iii. 452-55, *and notes.*

9*th*, That on his march to Drumclog, he took "*fourteen* countrymen" prisoners, they "not being in arms, or any thing to be laid to their charge," whom he "bound two and two of them together, and his men drove them before them like so many sheep," (as told by Wodrow), ii. 221-22, *and note.*

10*th*, That he was actively oppressing the southern districts of Scotland, and creating there "an inexpressible terror and confusion upon the country people in the months of *March* and *April* 1683," (as told by Wodrow),—being the months during the whole of which he was occupied with the King, and the Duke of York in England,—ii. 314, *note.*

11*th*, That he "*coolly* ordered the *summary death of many people* in Clydesdale and Galloway, for *merely sentimental offences*," (as stated by Mr Robert Chambers in his Domestic Annals of Scotland), ii. 410, *note;* iii. 524, *note.*

12*th*, That, in the month of December 1684, he attacked with his troopers some unarmed and innocent country people in Galloway, slaughtered some of them, and thereafter wantonly dragged the dead body of one of the sufferers out of its grave, and hung it on a tree, (as told by Wodrow), ii. 429-30, *and note.*

13*th*, That he urged the Duke of Gordon to bombard the city of Edinburgh in order to dissolve the Convention, (as stated by Sir John Dalrymple in his Memoirs, and more severely repeated by Sir Walter Scott), iii. 513–15, *and notes.*

14*th*, That "his discipline was *dreadful;*" that "the only punishment he inflicted was *death;*" and that accordingly, a young officer [nameless] in his *Highland* army, being the son of a respected friend of his own [nameless], having upon two occasions [nameless] betrayed symptoms of cowardice, "he brought him to the *front of the army*, and saying, that a *gentleman's son* ought not to fall by the hand of a common executioner, *shot him with his own pistol*," (as narrated by Sir John Dalrymple in his Memoirs, repeated by Mr Robert Chambers in his History of the Rebellion, and dramatised by Sir Walter Scott in his Tales of a Grandfather), iii. 584-85, *note*.

15*th*, That, from the Castle of Blair Athole, he "wrote a letter to *Duke Hamilton*, President of the Council, desiring his Grace to inform the Board, 'that if they hanged *Captain Creighton*, or if,'—to use his own *homely expression*,—'they *touched a hair of his tail*, he would *cut the laird of Blair, and the laird of Pollock, joint by joint, and would send their limbs in hampers to the Council*,'" (as narrated by Dean Swift from the oral testimony of Captain Creighton when past eighty years of age, and adopted, with variations, by Sir Walter Scott, in his Tales of a Grandfather), iii. 594-95, *and note*, 609.

Claypots, the lands of, and manor-place, in Forfarshire, a possession of the Grahams of Claverhouse, descending to Dundee, i. 176; ii. 394, *note*.

Cleghorn, Lockhart of, i. 137, *note*; ii. 204, *note*.

Cleland, William, a loyalist, Lieutenant of a troop of dragoons under the orders of Claverhouse, ii. 186; mentioned by Claverhouse, 191; recommended by him for promotion to be "first Captain," 331; mentioned by him as Captain, 371; stationed with his troop in Ayrshire, i. 340.

——— the fanatic, described by Mr C. K. Sharpe, "a furious Whig, and a *terrible poet*;" one of the Drumclog heroes, i. 270; a specimen of his poetry, and a Whig estimate of it, iii. 577, *note*.

——— John, of Faskine, a loyalist, on Dundee's staff in the North, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 575; included in William and Mary's proclamation against the adherents of Dundee, 702, *Appendix*.

——— Mrs James, a truculent virago, a leader in the riot against the Lords of Council, in the Parliament Close, and incarcerated with Lilias Campbell, and Warriston's daughter, ii. 63.

Cleveland, Andrew, a dragoon, nearly murdered by some Conventiclers, but saved by the intercession of some country women, i. 117.

Cloncaird, Anthony M'Kie of, a disaffected laird, mentioned by Claverhouse as coming to terms, ii. 274.

Closeburn, parish of, in Dumfriesshire, gross calumny of Wodrow's as to Claverhouse's proceedings there, i. 171-72, *note*.

Cochrane, William, Lord, eldest son of 1st Earl of Dondonald, and father of the Viscountess of Dundee, lives and dies in the odour of fanaticism, ii. 170, *and note*, 386.

——— Sir John of Ochiltree, second son of the 1st Earl of Dundonald, and uncle of the Viscountess of Dundee; a great traitor, thus characterised by Claverhouse when about to marry his niece—"He is a *madman*, and let him perish; they deserve to be damned would own him," i. 324, *note*; ii. 388, *and note*; mentioned by Claverhouse as having "treated both Secretaries, my Lord Arran, and Lord Charles Murray, at the George and Vulture," in London, ii. 335; detected, through Argyle's decyphered correspondence, as one of the traitors who "had formed a design to

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[1] Which see, and *correct*; for "Dalrymple," read *Cochrane*.

raise an army in Scotland, and to land at such convenient places as they hoped the people would join with them," &c., 416; nevertheless, is one of three noted Ayrshire Whigs who presented a loyal address from that county, condemning "an horrid murder committed upon the person of one of his Majesty's soldiers," and repudiating "armed field-conventicles, occasioned by a few *unsound, turbulent, and hot-headed preachers,* most part whereof were never ministers of the Church of Scotland," 211-12, *and note.*

Cochrane, Grizzel, daughter of Sir John of Ochiltree, and cousin-german of Viscountess Dundee; family tradition of how she saved her father from the gallows, iii. 523, *and note.*

——— Jean, Viscountess of Dundee. See *Dundee.*

——— Margaret, sister to the Viscountess of Dundee, married to Alexander Lord Montgomery, afterwards 9th Earl of Eglinton, ii. 389, *note.*

Cockups, an elevation of the female head-dress, against which the covenanting ministers preached; Mr James Kirkton rebukes his daughter in church for wearing one; how a "solid, serious, Christian gentlewoman" found she could not pray while it was on her head, i. 226, *and note;* Lady Margaret Jardine (Queensberry's sister) addicted to "*cockups,*" 253.

Codomannus, quoted by Sir Philip Warwick in his character of Charles the First, i. 200.

Coilum, the Plain of, near the Spey, mentioned in the *Gramiad* as in Dundee's route when driving Mackay down the Spey, iii. 583.

Colledge, the Protestant joiner, his verses, i. 330.

Collier, David, afterwards Earl of Portmore, serving under the Prince of Orange along with Claverhouse, i. 180; fabulous anecdote of Claverhouse having struck him in a fit of jealousy for having been preferred to a regiment by the Prince, ii. 7, *and note*, 8-10, 17.

——— *Mrs*, the Popish midwife, i. 279, *note.*

Collington, Sir James Foulis of, Lord Justice-Clerk, dispatch to him from General Dalyell on the subject of a Conventicle insurrection, ii. 399.

——— the place of, the Conventicle army of 1666 there on their way to take Edinburgh Castle, i. 237; ii. 158.

Colt, Lieutenant James, taken prisoner by Dundee, in his raid upon Perth; heard Dundee say—"You take prisoners for the Prince of Orange, and we take prisoners for King James, and there's an end of it," iii. 551, *note;* depones before Parliament that Dundee had only seventy horse with him when he took Perth, 553, *note;* depones he "saw the Viscount draw up his men, *with his armour upon him,*" in his attack on Dundee, 557, *note;* depones that "the Viscount used to call Keppoch Colonel of the Cows, because he found them out when driven to the hills, 570, *note;* his notice of Stewart of Appin, 573, *note.*

Coltran, William, of Drummoral, Provost of Wigton, an *alibi* proven for him, relative to the calumnious fable of drowning the two women at Wigton; the ghost guilty of perjury, ii. 93-99; iii. 692, *Appendix.*

Colville, Dame Margaret Weems, Lady, an obstinate and rebellious fanatic, twice imprisoned, ii. 78.

Colzean, Laird of, his dream leading to the detection of a murder, as told by Wodrow, ii. 137.

Committee, for the West, ii. 164, *note*, 165, 168.

Conde, Prince of, opposed to the Prince of Orange at the battle of Seneff, i. 181.

Conformity, compulsion of, in matters of conscience, the notorious attribute of the covenanting sect, and not of the Governments of the Restoration; the Marquis of Argyle the chief instrument therein, even to torturing and murdering the lieges, ii. 107-12; iii. 687-88, *Appendix*.

Constabulary of Dundee, bestowed upon Claverhouse on the fall of Lauderdale, along with the Castle of Dudhope, &c.; his first act as Constable of Dundee to ameliorate the criminal code, i. 140; ii. 327, *and note*, 407-9, *and note*, 410, *and note*.

Conventicles, their true nature relative to the Governments of the Restoration examined and illustrated, ii. 23-42; Sir Walter Scott's fanciful *ad captandum* account of, 29-33; Sir James Dalrymple of Stair's condemnation of them, 34-5; characterised in Kirkton's History, 34, *note;* and in "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed," 36, *note;* description of one near Glasgow, where the ladies were exalted on high chairs, 37, *and note*.

Convention, held in Scotland, under the auspices of Duke Hamilton, preparatory to offering the Crown to the Prince of Orange; Dundee and Balcarres the first from London to oppose it, iii. 496; Hamilton chosen President of it by only *fifteen* votes, in opposition to Athole; Lord Macaulay's false history on the subject, 515-16, *and note;* Hamilton calls in the Thugs of the West to overawe opposition to his Convention, and hides them in cellars, 497, 499; the plot to assassinate Dundee by such means promoted and connived at by Hamilton, 501-4, *and notes;* how Dundee broke off from the Convention and saved himself, 504-9; his letter to Hamilton on the subject, 526; Hamilton's violent proceedings therein, as described by Balcarres, 509-13, 528; excitement and alarm created by Dundee's raids upon Perth and Dundee; Viscount Stormont and others summoned by the Convention for having *dined* Dundee, 552, *note*, 559, *note;* scene therein, and Hamilton's violence on hearing of Dundee's success in the North, described in the *Grumiad*, 587-88, *and note;* Act of, proclaiming William and Mary, at the Cross of Edinburgh, read by Hamilton himself, acting as clerk; characterised by Balcarres as a mean proceeding; strange trio of traitors commissioned to offer the Crown to William, 529.

Convention, MS. abridged minutes of, how and to what effect ignored and perverted by the Whig historians, Laing and Macaulay, iii. 502-3, *and notes*, 516, *note*.

Cook, Dr, the historian of the Church of Scotland, his candid admission of the "cruelty of the Covenanters, particularly of the ministers," and that "they displayed a savage violence which justly deserves the reprobation of posterity," i. 210, *note*.

Corsack, Neilson of, a leader of the truculent rebels in arms, i. 237; under judicial torture, and severely dealt with; gross calumny of Wodrow's against the prelates on the subject, ii. 106, *and note*, 158.

Coubin, Kinnaird of, mentioned in the *Gramiad* as with Dundee in the North, iii. 575; included in the proclamation against Dundee and his adherents, 702, *Appendix*.

Coulterallers, Laird of, i. 91.

Covenant, a new one attempted by the fanatics, ii. 244-45; poor people compelled to renew the old one by the fanatical preachers, as reported by Claverhouse, 275.

Coxstoun, Sir Alexander Innes of, mentioned in the *Gramiad* as with Dundee in the North, iii. 575; included in the proclamation against Dundee and his adherents, 702, *Appendix*.

Craicklaw, Gordon of, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 268, 293.

Craigdarroch, Fergusson of, i. 129, 254, 257, 334; ii. 259, 263.

Craigend, Cunninghame of, imprisoned for resetting rebels, ii. 418.

Craigie, Sir William Wallace of, commands the horse under Dundee at Killiecrankie, superseding the Earl of Dunfermline by a job of Melfort's; mischievous effect of the measure, iii. 633, 644.

Cranstoun, Lord, ii. 362-3.

Crawford, John, Earl of Lindsay-Crawford, the ludicrous duel between him and the Marquis of Argyle, i. 202, 214.

——— William, the fanatical Earl of Lindsay-Crawford, a leader of the Presbyterians, presides over the torture of Nevil Payne, prompting the executioner to increase it to the highest pitch; his own report of the scene to King William's Secretary; his character by Lord Macaulay, ii. 120-21, *and notes*.

——— Mr, Cornet under Claverhouse at Drumclog, and killed there, ii. 223, *and note*.

——— Duke of Hamilton's house of, who is very unwilling to allow it for a garrison, ii. 426.

Creighton, Captain, his Memoirs orally taken down by Dean Swift, and edited by Sir Walter Scott, i. 93-4; his own account of the death of David Steel, destroying one of Wodrow's martyrdoms, 95-7; mentioned by Claverhouse, 143; his graphic description of General Dalyell, 239-40; his account of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, 284-87; apprehends Mas John King, 289; his account of Dundee's military movements after the landing of the Prince of Orange, iii. 484-85; his narrative apocryphal when egotistical, 485-86, *and notes;* his particular characteristics of Dundee manifestly untrue, 517, 594-5, *note;* his anecdote of the traitorous conduct of General Douglas, 555; his account of an interview with the Viscountess of Dundee, when plotting to join Dundee with the Scotch dragoons, 556; in danger of being tortured, 592-95, *and note;* states that he bribed Secretary Earl Melville with £500, who took the bribe and cheated him, 684-85, *Appendix*.

Creighton, Miss, the Lady Cardross's waiting-woman, debauched by the conventicle apostle Mas John King; Captain Creighton's speech to him on the subject, i. 269, 290, *note.*

Cromdale, the Haughs of, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, as in Dundee's route when driving Mackay down the Spey, iii. 583.

Cromwell, Oliver, his contempt for the Solemn League and Covenant, i. 200, *and note;* expels the General Assembly of the Kirk out of Edinburgh to the tune of the rogue's march, ii. 48, 50-1; dubbed by Macaulay "the greatest *Prince* that has ever ruled England," 50; his wit, i. 204, *note*, 209; his gallantries, 248, 253.

Crookshanks, his fanatical history, a stupid repetition of Wodrow's, ii. 29, *and note*, 430, *note.*

Culduthil, Fraser of, a Highland chief, described in the *Gramiad*, at the gathering of the clans, iii. 574.

Cumberhead, in Lesmahago parish, a field-conventicle there, "formed in companies and troops, and armed in a warlike manner," successfully resist the troops sent to dissipate them, ii. 208.

Cumnock, the old castle of, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 403.

Cunninghame, Sir John, mentioned by Rothes as speaking before the King, at the hearing in presence against the Government of Lauderdale, i. 386.

——— William, a dragoon, murdered by some conventiclers, i. 117.

——— of Craigend, imprisoned for resetting rebels, ii. 418.

——— Sir William of Cunninghamhead, King William's lively and facetious address to him, *according to Wodrow*, i. 34, *note.*

Dalcomera, the Plain of, in Lochaber, described in the *Gramiad;* grand gathering of the Clans there, and Dundee's review of them, iii. 568-77.

Dalhousie, William, 3d Earl of, at the battle of Bothwell Bridge as a volunteer under Monmouth, i. 285.

Dalrymple. See *Stair.*

Dalskarth, Robert Grierson of, mentioned by Claverhouse as a fugitive, ii. 191.

Dalswinton, Hugh Maxwell of, a troublesome rebel laird, imprisoned, i. 342.

Dalyell, General Thomas, of Binns, sketch of his history by C. K. Sharpe, i. 239-40; his commission subordinate to Monmouth's at Bothwell, 292, *note;* becomes Commander-in-chief, after Monmouth's campaign, 295; notices of him by Claverhouse, as being cross-grained, and difficult to deal with, ii. 263, 370-72, 389-90; letters from him about the Conventicles at Blackloch, 395, 398-99; jealous of Claverhouse; kindly humoured by the Duke of York and the King, 338, *and note*, 339; a severe military disciplinarian; but spares a soldier's forfeited life, at the humane intercession of the Duke of York, while in Scotland, ii. 147-48; violent and painful scene at a Committee of Council, between a truculent abusive rebel and the insulted Commander-in-chief, 149-50; the first who commanded the Scotch Dragoons, now known as the royal Scots Greys, iii. 454, 553; dies of apoplexy, 436, *note.*

——— Sir Robert of Glenae, i. 254, 298. See *Glenae.*

Dalyell, Captain, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 372.

Dartmouth, Lord, the annotator on Burnet, his emphatic and final judgment on the Bishop—"I am fully satisfied that he published many things that he knew to be false;" the passages misquoted and misapplied by Lord Macaulay, who subsequently attempts to redeem that gross blunder by a shuffle, i. 43, *and note;* a letter of his, affording a refutation of a calumny of Burnet's against the Duke of York, ii. 140.

Defoe, his fanatical "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland," a virulent collection of calumnious fables; a specimen of his trash, ii. 404, *note*.

Denby, George Carruthers of, a rebel laird mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 191.

Denmiln, Balfour of, killed by M'Gill of Rankeillor's son, ii. 146.

Devonshire, Duke of, his natural daughter married to Lord Huntingtower, i. 328.

Dick, Sir Alexander, of Priestfield, ii. 140.

—— Quintin, in Dalmellington, i. 320.

Dickson, Mr James, under whom Mitchell the assassin "studied divinity," i. 242.

Dingwall, William, father of one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp, and a deponent in the investigation of the murder, ii. 260.

Diocletian, the Emperor, his complaint, applied to the case of Charles I., by Archibald, 1st Lord Napier, i. 197-98, *and note*.

Dirleton, Sir John Nisbet of, superseded in his office of Lord Advocate by Sir George Mackenzie, but styled by him "the truly learned Advocate for the King," ii. 197, *and note*.

Dominico, Signior, quoted by Burnet, and probably falsely, for a calumnious impertinence against Charles the Second, i. 349.

Donaldson, Captain, taken prisoner at Killiecrankie, iii. 645, *note*.

Dorchester, the witty Countess of, i. 180.

Dormont, John Carruthers of, a rebel laird, mentioned by Claverhouse as captured, ii. 191.

Dornock, Laird of, piteous letter to him from Queensberry's Countess, i. 252.

Douglas, Marquis of, mentioned by Rothes, i. 360; characterised by Dundee (1689) as "now a great knave, as well as beast," iii. 602.

——— General James, the brother of Queensberry, succeeds the Earl of Linlithgow as Colonel of the foot Guards in 1684, but originally an advocate; his character as a military commander, iii. 432, *note;* ordered to pursue the rebels at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, ii. 233; a grant of forfeiture to him for his services, 237; complaint against him to the Privy Council, for unjust dealing towards the soldiers under his command, supported by Claverhouse, with whom Queensberry quarrels in consequence, iii. 431-32, *and note;* supersedes Claverhouse in his command against the Western fanatics, who defeat him, with the loss of two of his men, and an officer of his staff, and would have shot himself "had not the Whig's carbine misgiven, whereupon Douglas pistolled him presently," i. 82; iii.

435, *note*, 444; supersedes Claverhouse as Commissioner of Justiciary in the Southern and Western shires, 450; two women condemned, under that Commission sitting at Wigton, to be drowned for high treason, but the sentence not put into execution, and the women subsequently pardoned upon their petitioning for mercy, and abjuring Renwick's murderous proclamation, 451-52, *and notes;* supported in his rivalry with Claverhouse for the command of the army in Scotland, by Queensberry and Secretary Earl Moray, 436-37; promoted to be Brigadier, and his commission dated two days prior to Claverhouse's commission to the same rank, at the instigation of Moray, 460, 464; promoted to be Lieutenant-General, over Claverhouse as Major-General, 472; commands in chief the Scotch army, when ordered to England to meet the Dutch invasion, Claverhouse commanding the cavalry under his orders, 474, 476-77; his letter to Queensberry as to how he will "deal with the Dutch," 477; immediately turns traitor, being among the first to desert his Sovereign, 480; proposes "to my Lord Dundee to *betray*, and *carry in his regiment*" of horse to the invader, as told to Balcarres by Dundee himself; sends over to the enemy a battalion of his own regiment of Guards, 481-82; his subsequent position under King William, and anxiety to bring over Queensberry, 482; Balcarres's opinion of him, that "none in all the Revolution acted a blacker part," 482; Dundee's opinion of his conduct and character, 484, 602; Captain Creighton's illustration of his traitorous conduct, 555; his letter to Queensberry, giving an account of the battle of the Boyne, King William's wound, and the death of Duke Schomberg, 483, *note*, 715-18, *and notes*, *Appendix*.

Douglas, Lord William, Queensberry's second son (1st Earl of March), kindly mentioned by the Duke of York, i. 340, *note;* commands the 6th troop of Claverhouse's regiment of horse, iii. 454; mentioned by his uncle, General Douglas, 476-77.

——— Sir James, of Kelhead, ancestor of the present Marquis of Queensberry, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 325, *and note;* iii. 462.

——— Lady Isabella, Queensberry's sister, i. 253.

——— Miss, of Brigton, i. 185.

——— Janet, a witch, who saw the Devil sitting with Archbishop Sharp in his closet, as told by Wodrow, i. 74-5.

Dragoons, "Old Tom Dalyell's," now the Royal Scots Greys; their plot to return to the standard of Dundee, and their allegiance, iii. 553-56, 558, *and note;* their plot discovered by Mackay, who urges King William to subject the soldiers and officers to judicial torture, 591-94, 684, *Appendix*.

Drum, Irvine of, loyalty of the family, iii. 561.

Drumbuy, Alexander Maghie of, an outlawed rebel laird mentioned by Claverhouse as taken, ii. 268, 270, *and note*.

Drumclog, battle of, Dundee's own report of it, ii. 220-23; remarks on his defeat there, 226-27; Sir Walter Scott's careless consideration of, and comment upon Dundee's dispatch, i. 25-7, *and notes;* ii., vi. *Preface*.

Drumlanrig, Lord, Queensberry's eldest son, the Duke of York's kindness to him, i. 340, *note;* promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of horse under Claverhouse, ii. 335, *note;* his ingratitude in forsaking his Sovereign, seduced by his uncle General Douglas, iii. 480-81, 484.

Drummond, Lieutenant-General (Viscount Strathallan), i. 219; ii. 162; mentioned by Claverhouse as treating the Secretaries of State "cavalierly," 324; royal Commissioner of Justiciary in the West, iii. 451, 691, *Appendix.*

——— of Balhaldy, Lochiel's son-in-law, Dundee confers with him at Dunblane, iii. 520; mentioned in the *Gramiad* as accompanying Lochiel at the gathering of the Clans in Lochaber, 570.

——— John, of Balhaldy, author of Lochiel's Memoirs; his character of Dundee, i. 31-33, *and note;* ii., vii. Preface; misapprehension of his Memoirs by John Hill Burton, iii. 732-35, *Appendix.*

——— of Lundin. See *Melfort.*

——— Mr, advocate, mentioned by Dundee, iii. 600.

Drummoral, William Coltran of, Provost of Wigton. See *Coltran.*

Dryden, his translation of Dr Pitcairn's epitaph on Dundee, iii. 656.

Duart, Sir John Maclean, Chief of, described in the *Gramiad*, at the gathering of the Clans, iii. 572; described by a witness in the process of forfeiture against Dundee, as "a well-favoured handsome young man," 626; his regiment forms the extreme right of Dundee's battle, at Killiecrankie, 632; ordered by Dundee to make the first step with his Clan, as the signal for the whole line to charge, 636; makes a clean sweep of Mackay's left, "in the twinkling of an eye," 641.

Duchal, Porterfield of, imprisoned for resetting rebels, ii. 418.

Dudhope, Castle of, with the Constabulary of Dundee, Claverhouse's desire to possess it, how he acquired it, and how he used it, ii. 320, 322, 327, 332, 337, 406, 409, 410, *and note.*

Dugdale, Sir William, i. 206.

Dumbarton, 1st Earl of, (Duke Hamilton's brother), joined with old Dalyell in command of the army in Scotland, and reaps the glory of defeating Argyle, iii. 436, *note;* notices of Claverhouse in his letters to Queensberry, 434, 440; loyal and faithful; offers to King James to sustain the shock of the whole Dutch battalions with his own Scotch regiment, 479; with King James at Rochester, along with Dundee, 489-90.

Dumfries, Lord, i. 218, 357.

——— Town of, Claverhouse has his headquarters there against the Conventiclers in 1679; his reports from thence to the Commander-in-chief, ii. 188-94, 206; his justice and humanity there, to a poor man whose horse was shot by a dragoon, 190; disloyalty of the town, 190.

Dumfriesshire, Claverhouse appointed Sheriff-depute of, under Queensberry, i. 253, *and note;* ii. 195-99.

Dun, Erskine of, his drums and baggage seized by Dundee, iii. 561, *note.*

Dunbar, Sir David, of Baldoon, his loyalty mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 258, *and note.*

Dundas, Henry, a loyal officer, ensign of one of the troops of dragoons, ii. 186.

Dundee, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of. See CLAVERHOUSE.

——— Viscountess of, Jean Cochrane, youngest daughter of William Lord Cochrane and Lady Catherine Kennedy, marries Dundee, in the height of his persecuting career, against the will of her fanatical mother and Whig relations, as mentioned by Dundee himself, ii. 390, *and note;* history of the marriage, and how the conventiclers forbid the bedding, 384-406, *and notes;* mentioned in the *Gramiad;* her heroism on parting with Dundee, iii. 541; mentioned by Dundee as providing him with money for his campaign, 600; promotes the plot of the Scotch dragoons going over to the Viscount, and corresponds with him on the subject, 556, 591; her whole romantic and tragical history, in life and in death, illustrated, *Appendix No. II.*, 672-85; additional notice of her death, 736.

——— Town of, Claverhouse made Provost of it, and installed by Balcarres, iii. 472-73; raid upon it by Claverhouse described in the *Gramiad*, 557-59.

Dundonald, William, 1st Earl of, grandfather of the Viscountess Dundee, account of him and his family, ii. 385-86; defended by Claverhouse from imputations of extreme disloyalty, 388,

Dunfermline, the loyal Earl of, (Duke Gordon's brother-in-law), leads the gay Gordons in the North, and joins Dundee, iii. 531, 547; mentioned in the *Gramiad*, 544; honourably mentioned by Dundee, 564, 603; his noble and chivalrous conduct at Killiecrankie, 625, 627, 633, 733, *Appendix*; with Dundee at his death, 655.

Dunkeld, Lord (3d Baron), adheres to Dundee to the last; honourably mentioned by him, iii. 564, 603; mentioned in the *Gramiad*, 575; with Dundee at his death, 655.

Dunmore, Lord Charles Murray, 1st Earl of, (Athole's second son), commands the Scotch dragoons, under Dundee, iii. 454, 484, 488; deprived of his dragoons by King William, 493; engaged in the plot to bring them back to the standard, 555; endeavours to persuade his father, the Marquis, to adhere to King James, 514; mentioned by Dundee as one of the suffering loyal, 602, *and note.*

Duntroon Papers, in possession of Miss Stirling Graham, representative of the family of Claverhouse, i. 176, *note*, 184, 326, *note.*

Dutch, the plot of 1666, its audacity and meanness, ii. 156-58, *and notes;* the same renewed under Argyle in 1684, 412-13, *and note.*

Earlshall, Andrew Bruce of, Dundee's lieutenant of horse, and colleague in the Sheriffdom of Dumfries, i. 251, 253, *note*, 254-57, 334; ii. 195, 196; commands the party at Aird's Moss, where Cameron is killed, and Hackston of Rathillet the murderer taken, i. 300; ii. 243, 247; mentioned by Claverhouse, 400; his letter to the Commander-in-chief, 199, 200.

Earlstoun, Gordon of, a notorious and dangerous rebel and outlaw, ii. 277; mentioned by Claverhouse; escapes judicial torture by feigning madness, 375, *and note.*

Edinglassie, Sir George Gordon of, assisting Mackay against Dundee, iii. 586 ; his castle on the Don mentioned in the *Gramiad* ; Dundee halts and quarters there, and leaves it sacked, 589-90.

Eglintoun, Alexander, 8th Earl of, characterised by Dundee as " a great knave as well as beast," iii. 602.

Elgin, town and cathedral, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 543-44 ; scene of a horrible cruelty committed by the Covenanters under the clerical regime of Argyle, ii. 67.

Ennius, the ancient poet, quoted in the *Gramiad* as the prototype of the bard of Dundee, ii. 15, *and note*.

Enterkin pass, scene of a murderous attack by the armed Conventiclers upon the King's troops when in charge of prisoners, i. 118, 332, 336 ; Wodrow's disingenuous reference to the affair, 341, *note;* Fountainhall's report of it contrasted with Defoe's fabulous account, ii. 404, *and note*.

Errol, John, 12th Earl of, mentioned by Dundee as abstaining from the Government of the Revolution, iii. 601.

——— Countess of John, 12th Earl of, a gallant loyal lady, and active political partizan, frequently mentioned by Dundee, ii. 300, 327, 372, 380-81 ; iii. 514–15, *and note*, 603 ; imprisoned for her active loyalty, and refuses limited freedom on parole, 646, *note*.

Erskine, Arthur, i. 202-3.

Essex, Earl of, mentioned by the Duke of York as having " cut his own throat in the Tower yesterday to prevent the stroke of justice, though he had not been indicted," ii. 366 ; mentioned by Burnet as one of his *familiar friends*, i. 47-8, *and note*, 348, 351.

——— Countess of, solaced by the tears of Burnet for the suicide of her husband, as told by the Bishop in his abject *Memorandum* to be " shown to the King," whose " carriage " to the Lady Essex he there pronounces " great and worthy," i. 49.

Ethie, John Earl of, afterwards Northesk, the maternal grandfather of Dundee, i. 178.

Evelyn, curious notices of the two traitor Argyles in his diary, ii. 48, *note*.

Faithful Contendings, truculent and treasonable trash, collected by one John Howie, quoted by Sir Walter Scott, i. 68, *and note;* characterised by Lord Macaulay, 13.

Falconer, Sir David, of Newton, President of the Session, report to him from Claverhouse of his pursuit of the rebels, ii. 397-98, *and note ;* his opinion along with the other Judges in support of the Abjuration Oath, iii. 447, *and note*.

——— Sir John, Master of the Mint, impeached and fined for malversation, ii. 316, 337, 349 ; Claverhouse pleads for him, 389, 391.

——— John, of Phesdo, Warden of the Mint, in the same scrape, and hangs himself, ii. 318.

Farquharson, Major, mentioned by Dundee as a messenger from the King, iii. 605.

Faskine, Cleland of. See *Cleland.*

Fergusson of Craigdarroch. See *Craigdarroch.*

——— of Caitloch. See *Caitloch.*

——— the Rev. Robert, a Scotch Conventicle preacher, and a leading ruffian in the Rye House plot, ii. 350, *note*, 364, *note;* confides his plot, to assassinate the King and the Duke of York, to the Rev. William Carstares, who declines the assassination, but continues to plot with the assassin, 414, *and note*, 416.

Fernylie, laird of, his wife a rebellious conventicler, i. 268.

Feversham, Earl of, Dundee joins him in England with the Scotch horse, iii. 474, 484, 489.

Flavell, his "piece on the heart," Wodrow's story of King William secluding himself in a barn to weep over it, i. 33-4, *and note.*

Fleming, Sir William, of Ferm, Commissary of Glasgow, a promoter of the conventicle rebellion; his spouse elevated on a high seat at a field-preaching, ii. 37-8, *and note.*

Fletcher, Sir John, King's Advocate, the Marquis of Argyle's brave pun upon his name while under trial, i. 212, *and note.*

Fletcher, Andrew, of Saltoun, ordered to be summoned, ii. 423, *and note.*

Forbes, Master of, opposed to Dundee in the North, iii. 533; characterised by Mackay, as "bashful before his enemy, having never seen any," 535, *and note;* 586.

——— Captain John, brother to Culloden, commands the castle of Ruthven on the Spey; account in the *Gramiad* of how he lost the castle and became prisoner to Dundee, iii. 579-81, *and notes.*

Forres, mentioned in the *Gramiad* as in Dundee's route, iii. 543-4.

Forrester, Sir Andrew, Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, mentioned by Dundee, ii. 325; and by Secretary Moray, iii. 464.

Foreman, Patrick, a murderous rebel, hanged for high treason, in publicly disowning the King, threatening to cut his throat, and having a knife on his person dedicated to that purpose, i. 312; ii. 148–50, *and note.*

Fotheringham, Thomas of Powrie, an ancestor of Dundee's, i. 176.

Fountainhall, Sir John Lauder of, the distinguished Whig lawyer and judge, his just appreciation of the Conventicle fanatics, i. 81, 116; says the Conventicle ranter, King, was drunk when hanged, ii. 243; note of his various MS. collections that have been printed, 144, *note;* their value in supplying an *hiatus* in the Register of the Privy Council, 143; never in a single instance connects the name either of Claverhouse or the Duke of York with cruelty, 143, 240-41; instances recorded by him of the humanity of the Duke of York, 145-51; does not accuse the Governments of the Restoration of lawless cruelty, but, on the contrary, justifies their severest sentences, 103-4, *and note*, 105; says that the Conventicle apostle, Cargill, when condemned to die, "behaved most timorously to save his life, and *minched their principles*," 150, *note;* has no record in all his collections of any woman having been *drowned* for high treason, either in the reign of Charles II. or James VII.; or of any woman having suffered death at all for high treason in the latter reign, thereby corroborating Sir George Mackenzie, 63-5; iii. 693, *and note;* of counsel for Sir John Dalrymple against Claverhouse, ii. 297; his note of the case, 301-2, *and notes,* 350, *note;* his unfair record of the case of the rebel *Boog* brought to the test, and refuted, 351-60.

Fox, Charles, a mere Whig parrot of Wodrow and Laing on the subject of the Conventicle rebellion in Scotland, i. 16; his ignorant *imprimatur* upon the truth and accuracy of Wodrow's history, a short mode of answering for his own on the same subject, 52-5, *and note;* his adoption of Laing's first version of the fable of the "Christian Carrier," that "the victim was *murdered in the arms of his wife,*" a version subsequently rejected by Laing himself, 56, *and note,* 108, 148; approves of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, but censures the author's eulogy on the Viscount of Dundee, 166; comment by C. K. Sharpe upon Fox's *imprimatur* on Wodrow, 290-91, *and note;* his false history as to the "drowning of women," derived from Wodrow, and his own fanatical mode of putting it, iii. 451, *note.*

Fraser of Foyers, described in the *Gramiad,* at the gathering of the Clans, iii. 574.

——— of Culduthil, described in the *Gramiad,* at the gathering of the Clans, iii. 574.

——— Rev. James, attached to the family of Lovat; his curious and valuable MS. historical record of the Frasers, i. 213, *note.*

Frendraught, Lewis, 4th Viscount of, with Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie, iii. 625, 655.

Freugh, Patrick M'Dowall of, a rebel proprietor in Galloway, outlawed and forfeited, and Claverhouse made Crown donator of his estate, ii. 235-38, 263, *and note.*

Fullarton of Fullarton, joins Dundee in the North; mentioned in the *Gramiad,* iii. 553, 575.

Fyffe, Christian, a frantic fanatic and rebel; assaults a clergyman in his own church; condemned to death for high treason; humanely pardoned on the score of insanity; falsely recorded by Wodrow and Crookshanks as having *suffered martyrdom,* ii. 65, *note,* 430, *note.*

Gage, Colonel of a regiment for the King of Spain in Flanders, called the Duke of York's regiment, ii. 148, 151.

Galashiels, Laird of, his wife apprehended as a rebellious conventicler, along with the preacher, i. 268.

Galloway, Alexander, 3rd Earl of, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 258, *and note,* 269.

——— Bishop of, (Paterson,) his letter complaining of the Marquis of Athole and the Earl of Perth promoting field-conventicles for factious purposes, ii. 174-76, *and note;* brutally calumniated by George Ridpath, the friend of Wodrow, 176-77, *note.*

——— District of, rendered peaceable for a time by the administration of Claverhouse; "the rebels reduced *without blood,* and the country brought to obedience and conformity to the church-government, *without severity or extortion*," as reported by himself, ii. 273, *and note*, 279, *and note*.

Galloway, fanatical history of, published in 1841, a violent liberty taken therein with a date, ii. 89, *note;* a specimen of the work, 92, 93, *and note*.

Garden, Francis, a loyal volunteer serving in Lord Airly's troop of horse, murdered by Patrick Walker, the pamphleteering pedlar, i. 156-57.

Garnock, a frantic foul-mouthed rebel, provokes General Dalyell to strike him in the criminal court; hanged with some others for an obstinate and public display of high treason, ii. 148-49.

Geddes, Jenny, the mother of the covenanting kirk, and the Helen of Professor Blackie's Homeric strains, ii. 131, *note;* her *backsliding* at the Restoration, i. 193, *and note;* ii. 41, *and note*.

Geneva, the translation of Genesis, i. 222.

Gerrard, Lord, Lieutenant-General of horse, mentioned by Rothes, ii. 162.

Gibb, John, ruling elder of the "Sweet Singers," a natural child of the Covenant; characteristic account of him by C. K. Sharpe, i. 301-2.

Gilmour, Sir John, President of the Session, reference to, by his successor, President Dalrymple, ii. 34, *and note;* his severe remark upon those who sat in judgment upon the Marquis of Argyle well answered by the Commissioner Middleton, 44, 45, *note*.

Glasgow, Archbishop of, atrocious and sacrilegious violence perpetrated in his house, and upon the graves of his children, by the conventicle army of Drumclog, ii. 229-30, *and note*.

Glen, the, Dundee's house in Glen Ogilvy, and the jointure house of the Viscountess, ii. 393-94, *and note;* iii. 530, 559, *note;* the place described by a contemporary, 727, *Appendix*, *note*.

Glenae, Sir Robert Dalyell of, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 420; his report to Queensberry of the storming of Kirkcudbright Tolbooth by the armed conventiclers, 428.

Glencairn, William, 9th Earl of, as Chancellor pronounces the sentence of death against the Marquis of Argyle, i. 212.

——— John, 11th Earl of, characterised by Dundee as being "now a great knave as well as beast," iii. 602.

Glencoe, Macdonald of, (King William's victim,) described in the *Gramiad*, at the great gathering of the clans, iii. 569; mentioned by Dundee, 598; and by one of the witnesses in Dundee's forfeiture, as bearing a brass blunderbuss and a buff coat in the northern campaign, 625.

——— Massacre of. See *King William*.

Glengarry, Macdonald of, contemns Mackay's attempt to corrupt him, and advises him to enact the part of *General Monck*, iii. 563-64; meets Dundee in Lochaber 18th May 1689, along with the other chiefs, for whom he is spokesman, as described in the *Gramiad;* his loyal address to Dundee, and powerful argument to the chiefs, 565-66; displays the fiery cross from the loftiest tower of Invergarry castle, 567; described in the *Gramiad* at the great gathering of the clans in Lochaber, 568; mentioned by Dundee as one of his most loyal supporters, 596, 598; described by one of the witnesses in Dundee's forfeiture, as "a tall man, somewhat black," 625; commands a battalion of Dundee's main battle at Killicrankie, 633.

Glenlivet, Dundee's march through it, where he intercepts Mackay, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 583-84.

Glenluce, Sir John Dalrymple's heritable regality of, how he attempted to work it against the superior jurisdiction of Claverhouse, i. 321-23; ii. 35, 285, 309, *and notes*.

Gogar, Richard Maitland of, 4th Earl of Lauderdale, his marriage with the Earl of Argyle's daughter mentioned by Rothes; the peerages corrected as to their having been no issue of that marriage, i. 370 *and note;* mentioned with respect by Claverhouse, ii. 193, *and note;* appointed in his youth joint General of the Mint with his father Hatton, whose fall he shares, 315; appointed Lord Justice-Clerk, 318, *and note*, 330, *note*, 351; his letter to the Lord Chancellor reporting the proceedings of the Circuit Court, 357.

Goodtrees, Sir James Stewart of, characterised by C. K. Sharpe as the author of "a very tedious and treasonable book, which he called *Jus Populi Vindicatum*, printed in 1669," and as having written part of *Napthali*, "another such edifying Christian tract," i. 244; his "ill-written abuse" of Bishop Honeyman, and sneer at his "green wound," being that inflicted by the assassin Mitchell, of which the Bishop eventually died, *ibid;* an arch rebel, arrant traitor, and fanatical agitator; endeavours to help the Pentland rebels of 1666 to the Castle of Edinburgh, in furtherance of the Dutch plot, ii. 158, *and note;* implicated in the Rye-House plot, and engaged in Argyle's rebellion; peached against by Carstares, 412-13, *note;* apprehended and condemned to be hanged 22nd July 1685, but most undeservedly reprieved, iii. 475, *note;* associated in 1686 with Melfort, King James' Secretary of State, in pursuance of the insane temporising policy of the King, 471; immediately ruins the King's cause in Scotland, by a traitorous and unauthorised withdrawal of the troops from thence, leaving that country in the hands of a fanatical rabble; this measure declared by Balcarres to have been "advised by Mr. James Stewart, *at a supper*, and *wrote upon the back of a plate*, and an express immediately dispatched therewith," 474-75, *and note;* becomes Lord Advocate to King William, instead of obtaining the elevation of the gallows, *ibid.*

Gordon, 4th Marquis of Huntly, and 1st Duke of Gordon, how he got his Dukedom, ii. 330, 340; placed in command of the Castle of Edinburgh by King James, who assigns his reasons for doing so, iii. 469; how he held that charge with a feeble hand, and surrendered it with a feebler heart, 488, 496, 501, 506-509, 511, 514-15, 531, *and note*, 596-97; Dundee's temperate notice of his surrender, 602-3.

——— John, of Barharrow. See *Barharrow*.

——— Sir John, of Edinglassie. See *Edinglassie*.

——— George of Haddo. See *Aberdeen*.

——— Alexander, of Kilstures. See *Kilstures*.

——— of Rothiemay. See *Rothiemay*.

——— of Sallagh. See *Sallagh*.

Gordon, Mr Thomas, Clerk of Justiciary, ii. 347, *and note*.

Graham, origin of the name, i. 175.

——— James, 1st Marquis of Montrose. See *Montrose*.

——— John, of Claverhouse, 1st Viscount of Dundee. See CLAVERHOUSE.

——— the 2d Viscount of Dundee, his birth, iii. 526, 541; dies in infancy, within three months after his father's death at Killiecrankie, 673, *Appendix*.

——— David, of Claverhouse, 3d Viscount of Dundee, only brother of the 1st Viscount, i. 178-79, 334; Sheriff-Depute of Wigton; falsely accused by Wodrow of executing the sentence of drowning upon two rebellious females there, who were pardoned by the government, ii. 93; mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 265, *and note*,[1] 293, 298, 421; adheres constantly to his brother, iii. 523; mentioned in the *Gramiad*, 581; included in the proclamation against Dundee and his adherents, 702, *Appendix*.

——— of Fintrie and Monorgan. See *Monorgan*.

——— of Morphie. See *Morphie*.

——— of Orchill. See *Orchill*.

——— of Inchbrakie. See *Inchbrakie*.

——— of Duntroon. See *Duntroon*.

——— John, of Balgowan, i. 176.

——— Wiliam, successively Cornet, Captain, and Major, in Claverhouse's horse, and frequently commissioned to act in a civil capacity under him, i. 334; mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 201, 272, *note*; sent by Dundee to confer with Lord Murray, who refuses an audience, iii. 619; included in the proclamation against Dundee, 702, *Appendix*.

Grameis, the *Gramiad*, an heroic epic poem in Latin, of which Dundee is the hero, by Philip of Amryclose. See *Philip*.

Grant of Grant, supports Mackay against Dundee, iii. 531-32, 576, *note*, 586.

—— of Ballindalloch. See *Ballindalloch*.

—— of Urquhart. See *Urquhart*.

Greenock, Schaw of, imprisoned for resetting rebels, ii. 418.

Grey, Colonel, a leader of the Pentland rebels, i. 237.

Grierson, Sir Robert, of Lagg. See *Lagg*.

——— Robert, of Dalskarth. See *Dalskarth*.

Guild, his *Bellum Bothwellianum*, i. 287.

Guthrie, Reverend Henry, Bishop of Dunkeld, his narrative of a farcical duel between the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Crawford-Lindsay, i. 214; his narrative of Lauderdale's factious fanaticism, when Lord Maitland, 374, *note*.

——— the Reverend James, a wicked and irreclaimable rebel, one of those justly selected for the gallows by the lenient Government of the Restoration, i. 211, 215; a "testimony" from his blood on the top of the Lord High Commissioner's coach, 216; his horrible craving and petitioning for the blood of the loyal and innocent, 216-17; 372, *note*.

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[1] See and correct, for "second," read *third* Viscount of Dundee.

Hackstone of Rathillet, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp. See *Rathillet*.

Haddington, John, 4th Earl of, i. 297, 355, *note*, 357.

—— Charles, 5th Earl of, married to the daughter of Chancellor Rothes, who mentions the birth of their first child, "a *brave lass*, so that now I am an *old grandfather*, and now I am resolved to be *mighty grave*," i. 355, *and note;* that marriage again referred to by the Chancellor, upon the occasion of another birth, "my grandchild, an *extreme fine boy*," 384, *and note*.

—— Thomas, 6th Earl of, clothes the originally bleak place of Tynninghame with magnificent woods, and a variety of forest trees, beautifying the county of East Lothian, 385, *note*.

—— Thomas, 9th Earl of, erects a handsome obelisk in the grounds of Tynninghame, to commemorate the history of "Binning Wood," and in honour of his *silvicultrix* ancestor, *ibid*.

Haddo, Gordon of. See *Aberdeen*.

Haining, Riddell of, i. 330.

Hales, Mr, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, one of the British volunteers who served under the Prince of Orange in Holland, along with young Claverhouse, i. 180.

Hall of Haughhead, a rebel who meets with his deserts. See *Haughhead*.

Hallam, the historian, pollutes his great work with the infamous calumny, that Charles I. issued a warrant for the secret execution of the Earl of Loudon in the Tower, i. 231, 234-35, *and note*.

Hallyburton, a trooper of the Earl of Home's troop, on service against the Westland Whigs, desperately attacked, with his party, by some of the armed Conventiclers, but afraid to fire upon them, as thus reported by Lord Ross—"Hallyburton says, he durst not fire upon them, *because he had not a remission in his pocket*," ii. 204.

—— of Pitcur. See *Pitcur*.

Hamilton, Marquis, and 1st Duke of, fabulous scene of his interview with Charles I. in bed, to induce him to recall a secret death-warrant which the King had never granted, i. 231-32. See *Charles I*.

—— William Douglas, created Duke of, (husband of Duchess Anne), the mortal enemy of Dundee; his character as illustrated by Balcarres; of a furious and insolent temper, iii. 489, 505, *note*, 511; of a mean and cowardly spirit, 490-91, 499, 529; a greater "persecutor" of the fanatics than Claverhouse, illustrated by himself—"Three or four of them came to a farm of mine in Lesmahago, out of which I had *ejected a widow*, and taken her and *most of her family*, and carried them to Glasgow, where they were *banished*," &c., ii. 425; iii. 498; see also, 344, 346; his factious and senseless crusades against the Lauderdale Government, and how he eventually blew up his own cabal, and "fell on his knees to the King, that *Lauderdale might be continued*," and how "the Duke of Monmouth was *mad* to be so used, and said to the King, *God damn him if ever he meddled more with them*," as written by Rothes to Queensberry, who docquets the letter, "*A pleasant story about Duke Hamilton*," i. 386-88, *and notes;* his mean and factious jealousy of Claverhouse, ii. 294, *note*, 246-47; his disgraceful connivance at the plot to assassinate Dundee, iii. 502-3, *and notes;* his impotent rage at his chivalrous departure, 510-13, *and notes*, 524; Dundee's temperate and dignified letter to him, 525-27; inconsistent and unprincipled in his politics; at first factiously refuses the Test, but thereafter takes it, and criticises "their folly" who refuse it, ii. 347, *and note;* is alternately zealous for King James, and for the Prince of Orange, according as the tide sets, iii. 540, *note;* insolent when exalted, but abject when in danger, iii. 489, 490-91, 512; describes the Westland Whigs as "insolent rebels," "very wicked fellows," and "the insolentest rogues that ever I spoke to," but subsequently summonses a multitude of the worst of them to Edinburgh, to overawe opposition to his Convention, and hides the truculent rascals in cellars, *compare* 344, 346, *with* 497, 499, 511-12; factiously affects an abhorrence of judicial torture, when used for the purpose of obtaining the key to cyphered letters involving a plot to murder the King and the Duke of York, ii. 414, *and note;* obtains the sanction of King William, and the authority of the Privy Council, to employ judicial torture, in support of his own Government, and to inflict it upon poor dragoons and their officers, in the matter of a loyal regiment plotting to return to the allegiance from which they had been forced, iii. 592-93, *and note*, 684, *Appendix;* his valuation of Dundee's head, and bribe to the Highland Chiefs to betray him, 612, 701, 703, *Appendix;* his admission, on the news of Killiecrankie, "that his Majesty must first beat Dundee, and secure the kingdom, ere he attempt any other thing;" his "confusion and disorder," while under the impression that Dundee was alive, 649; "but this morning we got news that *helped to comfort us again*, for I see letters from sure hands, that *Dundee was killed in the action*," 650.

Hamilton, Duchess Anne, mentioned by Rothes, i. 380; reports "that the (3d) Marquis of Montrose is to marry with the blood royal," ii. 22; an upholder of field-preaching, 178.

——— Sir Thomas, of Preston, a loyal gentleman, but father of the murderous fanatic Robert Hamilton, i. 267-68, 271, *note;* ii. 228, *note.*

——— Sir William, of Preston, eldest son of the former, fined one hundred pounds for disaffection, but pleaded for by Duke Hamilton in respect of his father's loyalty, and his own "*abhorrence of his brother's ways;*" the fine remitted accordingly by the Duke of York, ii. 228, *note.*

——— Robert, brother and successor to the former, a fanatical rebel of the worst class, and the pupil of Gilbert Burnet; leads the rebels at Drumclog, along with the chief murderers of Archbishop Sharp, and murders a prisoner with his own hand after quarter given, i. 270-71, *and note;* boasts of the act, and compares himself to Samuel, and says—"I bless the Lord for it to this day;" says he commanded the rebels at Drumclog, and "gave out the word that *no quarter should be given*," 68, *and note;* characterised by his own instructor, Burnet, as being, "under the show of a hero, an ignominious coward," 271, *note;* and by Lord Macaulay, as "the oracle of the extreme Covenanters, and a *blood-thirsty ruffian*," 68-9, *note;* but described by Dr M'Crie (Knox's biographer) as "*a pious man*, and of *good intentions*, but of *narrow views*, and *fierce in his temper*," ii. 228, *note.*

Hamilton, Alexander, General of Artillery to the Covenanters; invents the portable leather cannon called "dear Sandy's stoups;" used by Mackay at Killiecrankie, iii. 636, *and note.*

——— Lady Susanna, second daughter of Duke William and Duchess Anne, her marriage to Lord Cochrane, brother to the Viscountess of Dundee; Hamilton's extreme *loyalty* on the subject, ii. 386-87, 390.

Harcarse, Sir Roger Hog of, an honest Judge of the Court of Session removed by King James in 1688, to make way for his enemies, iii. 471-72, *and note.*

Harden, Sir William Scott of, fanatically factious, and his Lady addicted to Conventicles, at which he connives, and for which he has to pay, ii. 364, 379, *note.*

Harper, Sir John, ii. 396.

Harvie, Marion, one of the *only two* females executed for high treason during the reigns of Charles II. and James VII.; a murderous virago hanged in company with Isabel Alison, and for the same treason; in her dying "testimony" calls the execution of Hackston for murdering the Primate, "the inhuman murder of worthy David Hackston," i. 303-4, *and note.* See *Alison.*

Hatton, Charles Maitland of. See *Gogar*, *Lauderdale.*

Haughhead, Henry Hall, feuar of, a rebel taken at Queensferry with a "new covenant" in his pocket, rescued from the King's forces by some women, but mortally wounded in the scuffle, i. 299; ii. 244-45; the original possessor of the "Bloody Banner," as related by Mr Jas. Drummond, R.S.A., the artist, in his verification of that relic to the author, *Introduction*, xliv. xlvi.

Hay of Park. See *Park.*

——— Mr, King's messenger between Dundee in the North and King James in Ireland, iii. 525, 546, 585; mentioned by Dundee, 597, 685.

——— Lieutenant John, one of Mackay's officers captured at Killiecrankie; depones, in Dundee's forfeiture, "that *he saw* the Viscount of Dundee ride alongst the line of the rebel's army the day of the fight, and *knew his voice*," iii. 633.

——— Mr Daniel, mentioned by the Duke of York, ii. 339.

Henrietta, Maria, Queen, a gross calumny of Burnet's relating to, detected by the Queen's own letters, i. 50, *note;* ii. 140, *note.*

Herron, William, one of the murderers of the minister of Carsphairn, i. 89.

Hicks, Dr, reputed author of "*Ravillac Redivivus*," i. 243, *note.*

Hoddam, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of, the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and characterised by him as the Horace Walpole of Scotland, i. *Introduction*, xvi. xvii., *and notes;* Sir Walter's delight in his fanciful drawings, which he compares to Hogarth's; his portrait of "the inimitable virago," Queen Elizabeth, *ibid;* the present work suggested and encouraged by him, *ibid*, xiv. xvi.; his early intention to clear the character, and illustrate the Life and Times of Dundee, why abandoned, and how it ended, *ibid.* viii-xiv.; the "Hoddam Manuscript," being Mr Sharpe's MS. collections and rough-cast of his projected Memoirs of Dundee, with a few additions [*within brackets*] by the author of this work, i. 173-346; his characteristic portrait, visiting card, and caustic wit, *Introduction*, xlii. xliii., *and note*,

Holmains, John Carruthers of, a rebel heritor, mentioned by Claverhouse, i. 191.

Holmes, Major, one of the traitors under the Earl of Argyle; peaches, and produces some cyphered letters of the Earl's, which he decyphers to the effect "that Argyle, Loudon Campbell, the ex-President Stair, Sir John Cochrane, and others had formed a design to raise an army in Scotland," &c.; and "had advanced money to this purpose;" implicates Carstares as being in possession of one of the keys to Argyle's cypher, ii. 415-16.

Hume, James, 5th Earl of, commissioned, along with Claverhouse and Airly, to command one of the three independent troops of horse, under the Lauderdale Government, i. 19; commands his troop at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, ii. 233; one of the loyal nobles who retire to their homes in the country, to avoid Hamilton's Convention, after the departure of Dundee, iii. 515; mentioned by Dundee as "taken prisoner to Edinburgh," 601.

——— David, the historian, his rash adoption of Wodrow's calumnious fable of the drowning of the two women at Wigton, ii. 76, *note;* quoted on the subject of judicial torture, and use of it in England, 102.

——— Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, author of Commentaries on the Law of Scotland respecting crimes, quoted on the subject of judicial torture, ii. 113-14, *note.*

——— Patrick of Polwarth. See *Polwarth.*

——— Mas David, a kirk-preacher, active at Bothwell Bridge, i. 285.

——— Captain, mentioned by the Duke of York for promotion, i. 333, *note.*

Hunter, Mrs Jane, spouse to Mr Pringle, taken prisoner at a field conventicle, i. 268.

Huntingtower, Lord, nearly starved by his father Lord Dysart, i. 328.

Huntly, Marquis of. See *Gordon.*

Inchbellie Bridge, five of the Scots Guards there, conducting a prisoner, surprised by twelve armed conventiclers, who rescue the prisoner and kill two of the Guards, as reported by Duke Hamilton, ii. 345-46; Wodrow's false account of the affair, i. 331-32.

Innes, Sir Alexander, of Coxstone. See *Coxstone.*

——— Major, second to the Marquis of Argyle in his farcical duel, i. 214.

Inverleith, James Rochead of, ii. 376, *note;* his wife mentioned by Claverhouse; his interview with her, 376-77.

Inverlochy, recommended as the place for King James to land in Scotland, from Ireland, iii. 603.

Inverness, where Dundee first meets the Claymores under Keppoch, as described in the *Gramiad;* his disappointment there, iii. 544-45.

Irvine of Bonshaw. See *Bonshaw.*

—— Mr John, minister of Kilmacomb, driven from his pulpit and assaulted by the truculent conventiclers, i. 304-5.

—— a dragoon, murdered by a man and *a woman*, fanatics, between Douglas and Lanark, i. 117.

Irongrey, parish of, the most turbulent of the southern parishes; mentioned by Claverhouse as "Welsh's own parish;" reduced to conformity by Claverhouse, "without having received a *farthing of money*, or *imprisoned anybody*," i. 134, 236; ii. 273.

Irwin, Mr Francis, an old rebel preacher, taken prisoner by Claverhouse; afflicted with gravel; Claverhouse's humane attention to his case, i. 139; ii. 202, 207, *and note.*

James VI., his collision in church with a fanatical preacher, John Cowper, i. 190; obtains an act from the General Assembly, ratified in Parliament, for Episcopacy in Scotland, 191.

James VII., his character rescued from the gross calumnies heaped upon it by Macaulay, ii. 126-151, *and notes;* letters from him to Queensberry, (as Duke of York) illustrative of his character and troubles, 300, 313, 316, 336, 338, 39, 349, 366-67; (as King) iii. 468; *Appendix No. V.*, 707-715 (fifteen letters); expresses his high estimation of the conduct and truthful character of Claverhouse, ii. 300, 349; his extreme reluctance to deprive Claverhouse of his seat at the Board of Privy Council because of Queensberry's quarrel with him, iii. 437, 439; restores him to his place immediately afterwards, and does him justice against Queensberry, 443, 465, 472; his ruinous policy of attempting to conciliate his factious and fanatical enemies, 471-72; betrayed by his evil counsellors, 473-75; loses heart, loses his army, and loses his kingdom, 477, 479-80; betrayed by Queensberry's brother and son, 479-84; declines Dundee's gallant offer at Rochester, to "get ten thousand of his army together, and drive all the Dutch out of England," 490; his final and melancholy conference with Balcarres and Dundee, 491; his fatal neglect of Dundee's great and successful campaign, 603, 604, 605, 631; his letter to Stewart of Ballechin, after learning the death of Dundee, 654. See *Claverhouse*, and *Macaulay.*

James VII. assures Dundee of his good and constitutional intentions, iii. 528, 615.

Jardine, Lady Margaret Douglas, carries people on her shoulders across the Annan to fairs and field-preachings, for a halfpenny a load, i. 252.

Jedburgh, Lord, ii. 362.

Jenkins, Sir Leonald, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 335.

Jerviswood, Baillie of, one of the traitors plotting the invasion of the kingdom from Holland, under Argyle; peached against by his associate in rebellion Earl Tarras, who deponed that Jerviswood was to be sent to Holland with the money for Argyle, ii. 412-13, *and note;* seized in England with the other traitors, and sent to Scotland to be tried for high treason; peached against by Carstares, 415-16; a pitiable spectacle at his trial, but justly condemned, and necessarily hanged, 417.

Johnston, of Warriston. See *Warriston.*

——— of Westeraw. See *Westeraw.*

——— Major, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii 202.

——— Margaret, Warriston's daughter, a murderous virago, worthy of her sire; incarcerated, ii. 63.

Juncto, the Cabinet for Scotland, promoted and strongly advised by Claverhouse, ii. 369-70, 379-80; the composition of it, 381, *note.*

Karr, William, in Borland, "*imprisoned with* the said *Margaret Lauchlison*, and *made his escape*," ii. 87.

Keith, Anne, daughter of Keith of Benholm, (brother to Earl Marischal,) and wife of Patrick Smythe of Methven; account of her enthusiastic loyalty by C. K. Sharpe, ii. 177-78; acts as her husband's depute in his heritable jurisdiction of the regality of Methven, during his absence; determined to expel the armed conventiclers therefrom *vi et armis;* her remarkable and enthusiastic letters, reporting her warlike proceedings to her husband, 179-183; says, "I was *wounded* for our gracious king," 181; and, "I know my love will *laugh at me*," 182; and, "the Archbishop drank my good health, and said the clergy of this nation was obliged to me," 183; letter to her from the Primate shortly before his murder, 183-84, *note;* this energetic lady the immediate forerunner of Claverhouse in his services against the armed conventiclers, 177, 187.

——— Sir John, mentioned by Rothes, i. 356-57.

Kelhead, Sir James Douglas of, mentioned by Claverhouse, in reference to Queensberry's desire that he should be preferred to a company of dragoons; the Duke of York's equitable objection to the job, ii. 325, *and note*, 326, 334-35.

Kenmure, Sir John Gordon, of Lochinvar, 1st Viscount, his fanatical death described by C. K. Sharpe, i. 235-36.

——— Alexander Gordon, of Pennygame, 5th Viscount of, a disaffected noble, and particularly mentioned by Claverhouse as such, i. 129, *and note;* ii. 260; deposed from his heritable jurisdiction as Bailie of the regality of Tongland, and Claverhouse appointed in his place, ii. 252; his violent and lawless conduct in robbing a letter-carrier, reported and complained of by Claverhouse as a "high misdemeanour," which "might help to *ruin a man had no friends*," and adding, that the violence proves "how necessary a constant force is here (Galloway) for the execution of *the laws* in ordinary cases betwixt man and man, let be in the concerns of the government," i. 129; ii. 264; his castle of Kenmure strongly recommended by Claverhouse for a fixed garrison; his Viscountess visited by Claverhouse, ("my lord being from home,") who says, "my lady told me, if the King would bestow two or three hundred pounds to repair the house, she would be very well pleased his soldiers came to live in it," 259-60; the Viscount more favourably represented to government by Claverhouse after having

" taken information of his business," 265 ; peremptory letter to him from Claverhouse to clear his house for a garrison, in terms of the order of Council, 296, *note;* instructions to him, and Grierson of Lagg, as commissioners for the suppression of rebels, adding, " the Council doubt not but on this occasion you will take care that *honest men and their tenants meet with as little trouble as possible*," ii. 81, *note ;* iii. 455, *note ;* commands a battalion of Mackay's army at Killicrankie ; routed at the first onset, Belhaven's horse being driven backwards through his battalion, iii. 623, 638.

Kenmure, Viscountess of the 1st Viscount, Lady Jean Campbell, sister of the Marquis of Argyle, a violent devotee, characteristically described by C. K. Sharpe, i. 235.

Kennedy, Lady Catherine, wife of William Lord Cochrane, and mother of the Viscountess Dundee, a fanatic, violently opposed to her daughter's marriage, as mentioned by Claverhouse himself, whom she calls " a persecutor," ii. 386-390.

——— Sir Archibald, mentioned by Balcarres as carrying intelligence to King James in Ireland, iii. 501.

Kennoway, Thomas, one of the King's Life Guard, murdered in his bed at night by Renwick's Thugs, ii. 422-23.

Keppoch, Macdonald of, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, as besieging Inverness with his claymores, where Dundee first joins him ; disappoints and disobeys Dundee by plundering and burning on his own account instead of joining the standard of the King, iii. 544-45, 546-47 ; joins Dundee at the grand gathering in Lochaber, as described in the *Gramiad*, 569-70 ; his marauding habits highly disapproved of by Dundee, who chides him for it before the Highland chiefs, and causes him to cry *peccavi ;* perversion of the incident by Lord Macaulay, and mean attempt to make it tell against Dundee, 582, *and note ;* nicknamed by Dundee " colonel of the cows," and why ; the joke filched from Dundee by Macaulay, who also blunders it, 570, *note.*

Ker, Mark, murdered at Lesmahago " for being a taker of *Rumbold*," (who plotted to assassinate the King and his brother,) which Fountainhall calls " *a base proditorious murder*," iii. 463, *note.*

Kid, Mas John, one of the Scots Gallows Worthies, hanged for high treason along with Mas John King, but tries to beg off that crown of martyrdom, i. 289-90, *and note ;* their condemnation mentioned by Rothes as exceptional cases, 297-98, *and note*, 313 ; ii. 242-43 ; his gallows pun, i. 290.

Killiecrankie, battle of, iii. 619-56 ; Macaulay's mode of fighting it a blunder, 629.

Kilravock, Rose, Laird of, mentioned in Dundee's dispatches as professing loyalty, " and so was allowed to guard his country" in the north, iii. 547.

King, Mas John, *pendant* to martyr Kid, but spoils the symmetry of the martyrdom by coming drunk to the scaffold, " for infusing courage into him," while Kid was " more composed," as curiously recorded by Fountainhall ; very unwilling martyrs both, ii. 242-43, *and note ;* at first arrested by Claverhouse on his way to Drumclog, where he escapes; C. K. Sharpe's graphic account of his capture and escape, i. 268-69, 271-72; finally captured by Captain Creighton, whose namesake, Lady Cardross's favourite waiting-woman, he had debauched, and then married; founds a plea of mercy on that circumstance to the Captain, who formally repels it, giving his reasons; described by Creighton as "a braw muckle carle, with a white hat on him, and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't," 290, *note.*

Kincardine, Alexander, 2nd Earl of, mentioned by Rothes, who says, "my Lord Kincardine is extremely troubled at his being turned out of the Council of England, and much more than he had lost both his place in Session and Treasury," i. 355.

Kinloch, John Balfour of, nicknamed *Burley*, a murderous brute and Scotch Thug; boasts, "this is the hand that murdered Sharp," ii. 229.

Kinnaird, Sir George, of Inchture, 1st Lord; mentioned by Dundee immediately after his elevation to the peerage, ii. 325.

Kintore, Sir John Keith, 1st Earl of, succeeds Drummond of Lundin (Melfort) as Treasurer-Depute, iii. 433, *note.*

Kirkcudbright, Town of, described by Claverhouse as "the most irregular place of the Kingdom;" its disaffected magistrates allow conventicles in the prison, which, Claverhouse complains, "is more frequented than the kirk," ii. 202; the town invaded, the prison stormed, the sentinel killed, and the prisoners released, by Renwick's army of saints and martyrs, 429-30; writing-paper difficult to be got there, as mentioned by Claverhouse, 421.

Kirkinner, Session-Book of the Parish of, extremely instructive as to the mode of concocting kirk-sufferings for Wodrow's history, ii. 85-88, 89, *note.*

Kirkpatrick, Sir Thomas, of Closeburn, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 200, *and note.*

Kirkton, the Reverend James, his MS. history of the Kirk admirably edited by C. K. Sharpe; the publication inflicts a severe blow upon the pretensions of Wodrow's "Suffering Remnant;" reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in the Quarterly, i. *Introduction*, x. xiv; his severe rebuke in kirk against his daughter's "cockup," 226.

Knox, John, the Scotch reformer, characteristics of him by C. K. Sharpe, i. 187-89; that truculent apostle's favourite text, iii. 466.

Ladies of the Covenant, a modern fanatical claptrap volume so titled, in which the public records have been very curiously dealt with by a fanatical minister, ii. 81; iii. 691, *Appendix.*

Lagg, Sir Robert Grierson of, loyal as a subject, fearless as a magistrate, and just as a judge, for which reason brutally abused by Walker the pedlar, and Wodrow the martyrologist, i. 8; ii. 71, *note;* accused of drowning two women at Wigton, in defiance of a government pardon which had been extended to them, and of presiding at the operation, 79, *note;* another fanatical version of the calumny, in which the accusation is modified to "*some men belonging to* Grierson of Log," iii. 697, *Appendix.*

Laing, Malcolm, the Whig Tacitus of St. Giles, highly honoured by Charles Fox the Whig Tacitus of St. Stephens, i. 15, 16, 52, 56, 108; rivals, in his vague abuse of Dundee, the lowest of the fanatical railers, 137, *note*, 306, 324, 378-79; ii. 225; his calumnies occasionally clothed in nonsense, i. 186, *and note;* ii. 29, *note;* his laudation of King William grossly in the face of notorious facts, ii. 112, 116; his violent and cunning perversion of history, 231, *note;* iii. 455, *and note;* the best library for his history of Scotland, 456.

Lanark, the treasonable proceedings there in 1682; the inhabitants fined in six thousand merks "for not prosecuting and doing diligence to apprehend these rebels who came lately to their market cross and published their declaration against the King," ii. 264, *note*.

Largie, Macdonald of, a young Highland chief, mentioned by Dundee as one of his constant adherents, iii. 598; he and the tutor of his house both mortally wounded at Killiecrankie, and brought to Blair Castle, where they die, 651; young Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat conveys the corpse of the tutor down the stairs from the room of the castle in which he died, 652, *note*.

Lauchlison, Margaret, the elder of the two Saint Margarets of the Solway. See *Macaulay*, *Wodrow*, *Ladies of the Covenant*.

Lauder, Sir John, of Fountainhall. See *Fountainhall*.

Lauderdale, John Lord Maitland, 2d Earl and only Duke of, characteristic sketch of him as Prime Minister to Charles II., by C. K. Sharpe, i. 226-28, 327; graphic description of, by his rival, Rothes, 357-58, *and note;* his proceedings and policy reported by Rothes, 362-64; graphic description of his demeanour as Commissioner, by Rothes, 367; triumphant in his Convention of 1678, and gains over Rothes to his policy against the Conventicle rebellion, 366-67, 368-70, 372-73; his correspondence with Rothes at this crisis, 373-76; the ludicrous conclusion of Hamilton's cabal against his administration, as reported by Rothes, 386-88; his character by Rothes, who says, "I know he is *very high*, and often *shaggarin* and *angry*, but *not of an evil nature*," ii. 58; falsely characterised by Lord Macaulay as a monster of ruffianism and cruelty, endeavouring to "extirpate Presbyterianism by the *drowning of women*," &c., 43, 59, *note;* history of his strange transition from covenanting cant and fanaticism to coarse dissoluteness and imperious State Government, 44-48; his canting letter from the Tower to his clerical friend Robert Baillie, 49; the *cruelty* of his Government *a myth;* the *severity* of it justified by the nature, objects, and acts of the Conventicle rebellion, 45-46, 50-59; characterised in a doggerel dialogue with Hamilton, i. 361; characterised as *huffing*, *ranting*, and *passionate*, by his own Duchess, 367.

——— Duchess of, characteristic account of her by C. K. Sharpe, i. 247-49, 327-28; graphic portraits of her, in letters from Rothes to Queensberry, 358, *and note*, 367.

——— Charles, 3d Earl of. See *Hatton*.

——— Richard Maitland of Gogar, 4th Earl of. See *Gogar*.

Laurie, Sir Robert of Maxwelton. See *Maxwelton.*

Lauriston, the Lady, wife of Laurie of Lauriston, Claverhouse ordered to seize her, with other rebellious fanatics, but fails to find her, i. 193.

Law, Rev. Robert, a fanatical and superstitious kirk-chronicler; his Memorials admirably edited by C. K. Sharpe, i., *Introduction*, x.-xi.; a severe exposer of the apostles of his own Kirk, and a valuable corrector throughout of Wodrow's reckless rubbish, 290, *note*, 293, *note*, 310-13, 352, *note.*

Lawson, James, a boy imprisoned on account of Conventicles, but released by order of the Council; the record of the case calumniously perverted by Wodrow, ii. 25, *note.*

Learmont, Major, an officer in the Pentland rebel army of 1666; originally a tailor, i. 237; also at Bothwell Bridge; tried for high treason in 1682, and condemned to be hanged along with Barscob and some others, but mercifully pardoned; " on disowning of rebellious principles, *the Duke of York* declared he would intercede with his Majesty for pardons and remissions to them," ii. 148.

Lee, Cromwell, Lockhart of, nearly incurs the statutory penalty of treason, for a blow struck in the Parliament House, Parliament sitting under the Royal Commissioner, ii. 313, *note;* reports to the Chancellor a murderous escapade of some westland whigs, 382-83.

Lely, Sir Peter, *question*, whether he could have painted the portrait of Dundee attributed to him, ii. *Preface*, xx., xxi.

Leslie, Lady Margaret, Countess of Charles 5th Earl of Haddington, mentioned by her father as " happily brought to bed of a brave lass," i. 355, *and note*, 384, *and note.*

——— Mr Alexander, minister of Ceres, his murder desiderated by a Lady of the Covenant, who sends the murderers on their mission with a conventicle kiss, i. 261; iii. 64, *note.*

Lesmahago Parish, in Duke Hamilton's dominions, a nest and rendezvous of " insolent rebels," and " very wicked fellows," as described by himself, ii. 344; supplies guards for his Convention, iii. 499, 506, 511-12.

Leven, David, 3d Earl of, ordered to beat the drums, &c. when Dundee quitted the Convention, iii. 510; ordered to capture Dundee with a hundred foot soldiers, which he is too wise to attempt, 529-30; highly commended by Mackay for his efficient resistance to Dundee at Killiecrankie, 638; how he and Mackay, and a few others, " kept the field of battle," 638-39; another account, which says that Leven's horse ran away with him, ii. 516; gets safe to Stirling in no time any how, iii. 643.

Lindsay, the star of, fallen, iii. 505. See *Balcarres.*

Linlithgow, George, 3d Earl of, appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland in 1678, at the commencement of Claverhouse's campaigns against the Conventiclers, ii. 185; dispatches to him from Claverhouse, reporting all his proceedings in the disturbed districts, from 28th December 1678, to 1st June 1679, after his defeat at Drumclog, ii. 187-223; mentioned by Claverhouse, 371.

——— market-cross of, the treasonable and murderous Declaration of 1684, giving rise to the measure of the "Abjuration Oath," affixed to it, ii. 422-24.

Linlithgow, bridge of, the scene of a horrible cruelty and wholesale murder of women and children, perpetrated by the Argyle Covenanters after Montrose's defeat at Philiphaugh, ii. 67, *and note*.

Littlepark, Heron of, outlawed in 1679, but cries *peccavi*, as mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 274.

Livingstone, Lord, son of 3d Earl of Linlithgow; commands the Foot-guards at Bothwell Bridge, i. 286; obtains the troop of Horse-guards on the death of 3d Marquis of Montrose, 333; iii. 454; rides to England at their head, under the command of Claverhouse, 476-77; deprived of his command by the invader, on the King's desertion of his army, 492, 493; the only nobleman who accompanies Dundee on quitting the Convention, 505, 522; his backsliding and extinction as a Cavalier, 536.

——— William, afterwards 3d Viscount of Kilsyth, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Scotch dragoons, under Dunmore as Colonel, iii. 484, 488, (where, for "*Captain* Earl of Dunmore," read *Colonel* Earl of Dunmore), 554-55; at the Revolution retains his commission, under Sir Thomas Livingstone, superseding Dunmore, 554; in a plot with Lord Dunmore to regain the regiment for King James, 555; left in command of two troops at the town of Dundee, and discloses his plot to the Viscountess of Dundee, to join the Viscount, 555-57; how baffled in that project, 558, *and note;* ordered with his two troops to join the regiment with Mackay in the North, where he contrives still to plot with Dundee, 589-90, *and note;* the plot discovered by Mackay, who arrests Lieutenant-Colonel Livingstone, and the other plotters, sends them to Edinburgh to be dealt with, and urges their examination under judicial torture, 556-7, 591-2, 594-5; nearly subjected to torture by the Hamilton Government, and to death by military law; his abject letter pleading for his life, which is granted to him through the intercession of Sir John Dalrymple, 683-85, *and notes*, *Appendix;* marries Dundee's widow, and narrowly escapes sharing her tragical death, 673-74, *Appendix;* *736, *Addenda;* has the bodies of his wife and child embalmed at Utrecht, and sent home to be buried in the family vault at Kilsyth, *Addenda*, *736; Mr Robert Chambers' traditional story of his having assassinated Dundee at Killiecrankie, in order to possess his wife, examined and disproved, 682-83, *Appendix;* returns to his loyalty, is forfeited, and dies in exile, 685, *Appendix*.

——— Sir Thomas (the *Glencoe* General), iii. 554; tries to catch Dundee by stalking him, but misses the deer, 530-31; tries to win him by making a cat's-paw of Strathnaver, but misses the chesnut, 607-8, *and note*.

——— Captain, an officer of the Scotch dragoons, who narrowly escapes *torture*, under the pious discipline of Mackay, and the humane government of Hamilton, iii. 555, 591, 684-85, *and notes*, *Appendix*.

Lochaber, Dundee's march there, and grand gathering of the clans, translated from the *Gramiad*, iii. 560-77.

Lochbuy, Maclean of, attacks a division of Mackay's cavalry with his Claymores, on Dundee's retreat up the Spey to Lochaber, and cuts them to pieces, iii. 596.

Lochiel, description of him in the *Gramiad*, at the gathering of the Clans, iii. 570; Dundee's host in Lochaber, 562, 627, *note;* Mackay tries to seduce him by letters which Lochiel disdains to answer, 563-64; at the Council of War before the battle of Killiecrankie, in vain urges Dundee not to expose his person, 627–28; reconciled by Dundee in a quarrel with Glengarry, and they are shoulder to shoulder in the battle, 631, 633, 643, 651.

Lochnaw, Sir Andrew Agnew of. See *Agnew.*

Lockhart, Sir George, of Carnwath, the great whig lawyer, afterwards President, mentioned by Rothes as distinguishing himself in the hearing in presence of the King against Lauderdale's government, i. 386-87; mentioned by Claverhouse as "having got a new light," ii. 381, 388; his conservative letter when President to Hamilton, iii. 487, *note;* assassinated by Chiesly of Dalry, ii. 257, *note*, 302, *note.*

——— Sir William, King William's Solicitor-General for Scotland, urges the application of judicial torture *con amore*, ii. 117, *note;* expects Dundee to "overrun the whole country" after his victory, iii. 650.

——— George, Esq. of Carnwath, his Papers; refutes Burnet, and characterises his "Own Times," as an "infamous collection of malicious fabulous libels," ii. 135-36.

Loudon, James, 2d Earl of, joins Lord Cochrane and Sir John Cochrane, in a jesuitical whig petition against fanatical murders and conventicle rebellion, ii. 211; one of the Argyle clique of traitors, and fugitated as such, ii. 416, 424.

Lovat, Hugh, 10th Lord, referred to in the *Gramiad* as disloyal and wavering, iii. 574.

Lude, General Robertson of, mentions the opening of Dundee's grave in the church of Blair (1810), and recovers the front piece of his helmet, iii. 655, *note.*

Lundin, Drummond of. See *Melfort.*

MACAULAY, Lord, his virulent calumnies against Claverhouse, and extravagant epithets of abuse, i. 2-7, 14; summary of his abuse, 36-8.

——— his style as a historian debased by declamatory violence, florid word-painting, and imperious dictation, i. 37-38; ii. 43; iii. 452.

——— *specific calumnies of, critically examined and disproved:—*

1*st*, That Claverhouse "goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness," and murdered an innocent and pious man called John Brown, i. 5-16, 38-9, 140-48; iii. 456-59.

2*d*, That two innocent and pious women were drowned at Wigton, by a lawless sentence, under a savage Government, of which Claverhouse was the chief instrument, ii. 59-99; iii. 451-52, 687-701, *Appendix.*

3*d*, That James Duke of York was constantly engaged in acts of oppression and cruelty during his Vice-Royalty in Scotland; that he habitually frequented the torture-room, and promoted the system of torture, and that because of an unnatural delight in the exhibition of human suffering, i. 4, *and note;* ii. 23-42, 126-51.

4th, That the Government of Charles II. was systematically composed of tyrannical and savage ruffians, goading a well-disposed and religious peasantry to treason, murder, and assassination, i. 11, 12, 13, 14; ii. 43-58, 127.

5th, That the murder of Archbishop Sharp was occasioned, and is to be excused, by that same cruelty on the part of Government, i. 36, *note*, 380, *and note.*

6th, That Government became more savage still on the accession of James II., as particularly illustrated by the shooting of John Brown, and the drowning of the two women at Wigton, i. 4; ii. 59, 68, 70, 71.

7th, That Macpherson, the author of Ossian, *forged* the last letter of Dundee to his Sovereign, and published it for truth, iii. 654, *note*, 657-72, *Appendix.*

Macaulay: particular instances of his disingenuous dealing with historical authorities and references:—

1st, Adopts Wodrow's calumny of the murder of John Brown, but cooks his narrative into a less improbable form, i. 7-8.

2d, Ignores the fact that Wodrow's account is directly contradicted in its worst feature by that of Walker the fanatical pedlar, and that Sir Walter Scott had rejected Wodrow's account for Walker's, i. 15-16, *and note.*

3d, Adopts Wodrow's calumny of the murder of the two women at Wigton, but omits the most improbable details of his narrative, ii. 72; his disingenuous reference to the Oath of Abjuration of 1684, 69.

4th, Withholds Wodrow's statement that "a child not thirteen years" was condemned to death along with the two women at Wigton, 72-5, *and note.*

5th, Withholds Wodrow's statement that after having concocted his fable of the tragedy at Wigton, he had discovered what he says was unknown to him before, a *Government respite*, which he admits to be "a material pardon," recorded in favour of these two women in the Books of the Privy Council, ii. 75-6.

6th, Withholds Wodrow's statement that the fact of these women having been put to death was publicly denied in his time, ii. 70.

7th, Ignores Walker the pedlar's statement, to the same effect as Wodrow's, that the drowning of these women was in his day "denied to be matter of fact," ii. 70-71.

8th, Perverts the sense of Dundee's letter to the President of the Convention, without quoting from the letter, or explicitly referring to it, iii. 527-28, *and note.*

9th, Perversion, derogatory to Dundee, of Captain Creighton's account of King William's correspondence with him, and Dundee's demeanour, iii. 485-86, *and note.*

10*th*, Instance of his parading references that do not prove his statement, while ignoring the authentic record, elsewhere quoted by him, that disproves it, iii. 516, *note*.

11*th*, Perverts a true and harmless historical statement into a severe accusation, and then denounces it as "a spiteful falsehood," iii. 516, *note*.

12*th*, In searching original records, forbears looking therein for what disproves a gross calumny of his own, iii. 659, 661-62, *Appendix*.

13*th*, Perverts Dundee's words as given in Lochiel's Memoirs, iii. 582, *note*.

14*th*, Mutilates, misquotes, and perverts, Lord Dartmouth's note upon the character of Burnet; his subsequent emendation worse than the original blunder, i. 42-3, *and note*.

15*th*, Ignores Lord Balcarres's contemporary and authentic account of Dundee's heroic leading at the battle of Killiecrankie, and substitutes a derogatory version of his own, iii. 639, *note*.

16*th*, Maligns the Athole men, ignoring authentic evidence of their loyal fidelity, and of their humanity in the heat of action and pursuit of the enemy, iii. 621-22, 645, *note*.

17*th*, Suppresses the fact of King William promoting judicial torture in Scotland, after its settlement under the Claim of Right, especially in the cruel case of Nevil Payne; and suppresses and perverts the true history of that King's tyrannical and unconstitutional treatment of that English subject, ii. 124-26, *and note;* iii. 718-23, *Appendix*.

Macaulay: his extraordinary and contradictory characteristics of Bishop Burnet, i. 42-5; characterises him as "emphatically an *honest man*," 42; characterises him as a *dishonest historian*, who "prepared a shuffling narrative for the public eye," superinduced upon a "plain tale," which he had previously noted in secret, ii. 139, *and note;* his slavish adoption, amounting to plagiary, of Burnet's slander against the Duke of York relative to judicial torture; the parallel passages, ii. 133-34; his unwarrantable assumptions, and exaggerations of Burnet's calumny on the subject, 127, *and notes;* his virulent abuse of King James, founded on the grossest calumny, 129-30; his admission relative to the connexion between the Russell and the Rye-House Plots, and that the latter involved the assassination of the King and the Duke of York; his audacious *dictum* on the subject, 364, *note*, 365-66, *and note*, 368, 382; mean attempt to fasten a charge of cowardice on Dundee, iii. 506, *note;* absurd attempt to rear Mackay into the hero of Killiecrankie, 640-42; arranges the order of battle at Killiecrankie after his own fancy, and all wrong; his whole battle of Dundee's life and death a calumnious blunder, from first to last, 629; his contradictory characteristics of the conventiclers and rebels; as a *persecuted religious peasantry*, i. 4-5, 14, 37; as *intolerant and ferocious rebels and assassins*, 12-14, 69, *note;* exchanges compliments with Mr J. Hill Burton, 36, *note;* his ingenious mode of cooking historical calumnies described, iii. 699-700, *Appendix*.

Macaulese, why so called, 2, 4, *note;* good specimens of, 7, note, 9, *note*, 14; ii. 43, 51, *and notes*, 69, 126, *and note*, 127-28, 129-30, 133-34, 139, *note*, 364, *note*; iii. 483, *note*, 716-17, *and notes;* 516, *note*, 545, *note*, 594, 630, *note*, 640, 641-42, 645, *note*, 654, *note*.

Macdonald, the Chiefs of the name. See *Clanranald*, *Glengarry*, *Glencoe*, *Keppoch*, *Largie*, *Sleat*.

Macdowall of Freugh. See *Freugh*.

Machany, Sir John Drummond of, a graphic description of, iii. 625.

Mackay, General Hugh, of Scourie, his mean reference to Dundee's letter to the President of the Convention, iii. 527; his fruitless attempts to capture Dundee, 530-35; driven down the Spey by Dundee, and across the Bogie into the plains beyond, where he is powerfully recruited with horse and foot, and compels Dundee to retrace his steps up the Spey to Badenoch and Lochaber, but follows him at a respectful distance, 581-91; considers himself a victor, and that Dundee neither "understood the country nor *his trade*," 581, *note*, 589, *and note*, 591; throws up the game and returns crest-fallen to Edinburgh, 595, 605; his interview with Hamilton, and plan to renew the northern campaign by commanding the Castle of the Blair, 612-13; his proceedings preliminary to the battle of Killiecrankie, 620-23; his order of march through the Pass, 623; debouches on the haughs of the Garry, and expects to meet Dundee in front, but is outmanœuvred, his right flank turned, compelled to change his front, and immediately checkmated by Dundee, 628-30; his line of battle helplessly paralysed, 635-36; loses the battle, loses his head, loses his army, but finds his way in safety to Stirling, 637-43; how, nevertheless, he "kept the field of battle," 638-39; how, nevertheless, he stole away, 641, *note;* maliciously exhibited by Macaulay as a hero and a saint, 641-42; characterised by Burnet as the most pious military man he ever met with, and by Macaulay as distinguished "by a piety such as is seldom found in soldiers of fortune," 593-94; discovers the plot of the Scotch dragoons, and the Viscountess of Dundee's correspondence with the Viscount on the subject; arrests the suspected officers, 591; urges, *con amore*, that the delinquents, men and officers, should be "put to the torture;" earnestly pleads that "law allows it," and prays that his letter of advice, "be sent to court," 592-93, *and note;* takes his revenge for his defeat at Killiecrankie, by carrying fire and sword through the Highlands, and boasts, "*I burnt twelve miles of a very fertile country, at least twelve or fourteen hundred houses*," in Strathdee, 631, *note;* his miserable letter to Hamilton after his defeat, 634, *note;* dies in the odour of sanctity at the battle of Steinkirk, after losing three thousand of his troops, 638, *note*.

Mackenzie, Sir George, of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate, his evidence conclusive against "drowning of women" having occurred either in the reign of Charles II. or James VII., ii. 66-67; on the sederunt of Council at which the condemned females said to have been drowned at Wigton were pardoned, 78; supports Claverhouse, in his suppression of the fanatical insurgents, against Duke Hamilton and Sir John Dalrymple, 294, *note;* writes to the Chancellor, "Claverose has broke a cabal that was designing in Galloway," &c., 296; familiarly characterised by Claverhouse as "my good friend the Advocate," who "ordinarily *loses the letters*, and *forgets the business*, before he have the time to make any return," 265; mentioned by Claverhouse, 325-33; characterised by him as the "honest Advocate," 338, 378-79, 380-81; his defence of his own government on the subject of judicial torture, 113-14, *and note*, 592, *and note*, 684, *and note*, *Appendix;* in danger of assassination by Hamilton's Thugs; his letter to Hamilton assigning that reason for absenting himself from the Convention; the historian Laing refuted on the subject, 502, 503, *and note*.

Mackenzie, Sir George, of Tarbat, Lord Register. See *Tarbat.*

——— Colin, the Lord Advocate's brother, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 378, 380, 391, *and note*.

Maclauchlin, Margaret, the mythical martyr. See *Lauchlison.*

Maclean, the Chiefs of the name. See *Duart, Otter, Torloisk, and Coll.*

Macleod, of Macleod, Dundee's letter to, iii. 597.

——— of Rasay. See *Rasay.*

Macmartin, of Letterfinlay, described in the *Gramiad*, iii. 571.

Macneill, of Barra. See *Barra.*

Macphersons, the *Clan Vurich*, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 578, *and note*.

M‘Clorg, smith at Minnigaff, "that great villain that made all the *clikys*," apprehended, i. 137, *and note;* ii. 270-71, *and note*.

M‘Crie, (Knox's Biographer,) adopts Wodrow's calumnious fable of John Brown, and ignores the pedlar's version, i. 155, *note;* his unmeasured abuse of Dundee entirely founded on Wodrow, i. 155, *note*, 161 *note;* his seemingly successful philippic against Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," founded partly upon Sir Walter's rash concessions against Claverhouse, and Wodrow's rubbish, 161, note, 165, 170; his valuable illustrations of the Dutch plot of invasion of 1666, ending in the Pentland affair, a complete answer to his own character of the conventicle rebellion ii. 155-58, *and notes;* edits, *con amore*, fanatical and truculent nonsense, 215-16, *and note*.

M‘Millan, David, his "testimony;" a Grassmarket saint, most deservedly hanged, i. 328-30.

M‘Swine, Dennis, a gallant Irish officer, acting as Dundee's messenger to the King, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, and by Dundee, iii. 546, 599, *and note*.

Main, Lieutenant-Colonel, an English officer associated with Claverhouse, ii. 236–37.

Maitland, of Hatton. See *Hatton, Lauderdale.*

Mar, John, Earl of, mentioned by Claverhouse relative to his government of Stirling Castle, ii. 323, 334, 337, *and note;* mentioned by the Duke of York, i. 340, *note;* ii. 366; pledges his loyalty to Dundee, and is prepared to join him in holding a Convention for King James in Stirling, iii. 501; breaks faith with Dundee, returns with Athole and Balcarres to Hamilton's Convention, and submits to become a miserable tool of his government, 505, 510, 513, 531; survives his loyalty and his honour only a few weeks, 331-32.

March, 1st Earl of, Queenberry's second son, kindly mentioned by the Duke of York, i. 340, *note.*

Marischal, George, 8th Earl, specimen of his epistolary orthography, i. 26, *note;* mentioned by Rothes, 356, 360; puts in for a share of the loaves and fishes, ii. 327, *note.*

Mary, Princess of England, her marriage to the Prince of Orange, ii. 17; her undutiful colleaguing with Gilbert Burnet against her father, as told by Macaulay, 138; her unfilial conduct alluded to in the *Gramiad*, iii. 519; and by Dundee in his speech to the chiefs in Lochaber, 565.

Maule, Mr Henry, brother to Panmure, quits Hamilton's Convention after the departure of Dundee, iii. 515.

Maxwell, Sir Robert, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 274.

——— of Pollock, imprisoned for resetting rebels, ii. 418; blunder with regard to this laird, in Mackay of Rockfield's Life of Mackay, corrected, iii. 590-91, *note.*

——— Hugh, of Dalswinton. See *Dalswinton.*

Maxwelton, John Lawrie of, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 259.

Meldrum, Adam Urquhart of, commands a troop of dragoons, i. 340; a Justiciary Commissioner, ii. 253; considered by the Duke of York "most proper to be a Major," 335, *and note*, 381; ordered to repress rebels, 383, *note*, 405; his death "sitting in a chair," 424, *and note.*

Melfort, Viscount (as Drummond of Lundin, and Treasurer-Depute), mentioned by Secretary Lord Moray, i. 348; by Rothes, 365, *and note*, 369; by the Duke of York, ii. 338, *and note;* by Claverhouse as his very kind friend, 372, *and note;* made joint Secretary of State for Scotland with Moray, iii. 433, *and note;* mentioned by Moray under a cypher, as a correspondent of Claverhouse's, 439; raised to the Peerage 21st April 1686, as Viscount Melfort, 438, *and note;* defends Claverhouse in the matter of his quarrel with Queensberry at the Council Board, 440;[1] hot debate with Moray on the subject of Claverhouse's promotion, 464-65; accelerates the fall of the King by his vicious counsels, in conjunction with the traitor Stewart of Goodtrees acting as Under Secretary; their ruinous unauthorised order for the withdrawal of the troops from Scotland, 473-74; his rash and violent letter to Balcarres from Ireland, 528; his extreme unpopularity urged upon him by Dundee as a reason for his voluntary resignation of office, and for offering the King his own disinterested advice to accept it, 599, 600, 605, 606; assures Dundee that "the King will not part with him, but however he is resolved to leave him against his will, if he see that his presence is any way prejudicial," 616; his ruinous job in favour of a relative, superseding Lord Dunfermline in the command of Dundee's cavalry immediately before the battle of Killiecrankie, 633, 644.

Melville, 4th Lord and 1st Earl of, fugitated in 1684 as a rebel, along with

[1] See and correct text, for "Earl Murray," read *Viscount Melfort.*

Loudon and others, ii. 424; becomes Secretary of State to King William, and Royal Commissioner to the Parliament in Scotland in 1690, superseding Hamilton, 116; the cruel torture, and unconstitutional tyranny, exercised upon Nevil Payne under his ministry, 116-23; expresses great alarm for the movements of Dundee, iii. 620; letters to him from Hamilton after the battle of Killiecrankie, 649–50.

Mersington, Alexander Swinton of, a drunken fanatic, raised to the Scotch Bench under the insane conciliatory policy of King James; description of him by Balcarres, as heading a fanatical mob, "with a halbert in his hand, and as drunk as ale and brandy could make him," iii. 471-72, 486.

Methven, Patrick Smythe of, heritable bailie of the regality of Methven, loyal and gallant letters to him from his wife Anne Keith, ii. 178-83.

Middleton, John, 1st Earl of, account of by C. K. Sharpe, i. 205-6, 210-11; presides as Commissioner at the trial of the Marquis of Argyle; his answer to a home thrust by Sir John Gilmour, 44, 45, *note;* Dundee alludes to him as having been ousted by Lauderdale, iii. 606.

——— Charles, 2d Earl of, mentioned by Rothes,—"I am very much obliged to my good Lord Middleton for his fine figs," i. 309, *note;* a rumour of his being made Secretary of State enrages Hamilton, 387-88, *and notes;* joint Secretary of State for Scotland with Lord Moray; mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 324, *and note*, 326, *and note*, 327; Claverhouse takes him along with him in his scheme for obtaining a Dukedom for Queensberry, 329–333, 338, 392; appointed one of the joint Secretaries of State for England, iii. 433, *note;* attends King James along with Dundee at Rochester, 489-90.

Middleton, John, 3d Earl of, his story of Dundee urging King James at Rochester not to forsake his kingdom, and of his offering his services to drive the Dutch out of England with ten thousand men, iii. 490.

——— Major James, one of Dundee's aide-de-camps, the bearer of dispatches to King James with news of the victory of Killiecrankie, iii. 653, *and note.*

Milliken, Elizabeth, her dream, ii. 95-6; iii. 701, *Appendix.*

Mitchell, James, the assassin; described by Wodrow as "a preacher of *the Gospel*, a youth of *much zeal and piety*," i. 65; his pistol-shot, "disabling Bishop Honeyman's hand," but intended for the Primate, considered by Wodrow to have been directed by "the righteousness of Providence," to punish the Bishop for having written an answer to Napthali, 65-66, 244; recommended by Mr Trail, a fanatical minister, as "a *good youth*, fit for a school, or *teaching gentlemen's children*," 65; was with the rebels at Pentland, *ibid;* rejected on his trial for the ministry, and therefore described by Kirkton as "a *weak scholar*, who had been in arms with the Whigs," 63, 65, *and note;* described by Sir James Turner as "a *preacher*, but *no actual* minister, who spared not to *rail* sufficiently against *all authority*, both supreme and subaltern," 64, *note;* Kirkton's account of his attempt to assassinate the Primate, 63-4; that attempt gloated over, and justified by Wodrow, 65-6, 72; ii. 130-31; account of him by C. K. Sharpe, i.

242-44; turned out of the house of Dundas, where he was dominie, for his low debauchery, 242-43, *and note;* very leniently mentioned by Dr M'Crie, ii. 158, *note;* the very scum of low ruffianism and debauchery, and most deservedly executed, 217-18.

Mitchell, Robert, nephew of the assassin, one of the murderers of the minister of Carsphairn, i. 89-90.

Militia, how composed and officered, ii. 453, *and note.*

Monmouth, Duke of, his early service abroad, ii. 3; mentioned by Rothes, as intended by the King to command a levy for Scotland of twenty-five thousand horse and foot, 162; his antipathy to Lauderdale begins to appear, 173; disgusted with Hamilton's blowing up his Whig cabal against Lauderdale, "and said to the King, *God damn him if ever he meddled more with them,*" i. 387; commands the royal army at Bothwell Bridge, 284-86; ii. 232-33; mentioned by the Duke of York in connection with the Russell and Rye-House Plots, 350, 383-84; iii. 710-11, *Appendix;* executed 15th July 1685, 462.

——— Duchess of Buccleuch and, Burnet convicted, upon her evidence, of a gross falsehood and calumny against King James, ii. 367, *note.*

Monorgan, Graham of Fintry and, letter to him from James, 3d Marquis of Montrose, earnestly begging him to prevail upon Claverhouse to become his Lieutenant of horse, i. 184-85; ii. 17.

Monro, Dr, the persecuted Principal of the College of Edinburgh, his enthusiastic testimony in favour of the character and accomplishments of Dundee, i. 30-31, *and notes;* ii. 2, 4; iii. 655, *and note.*

Montgomery, Lord (9th Earl of Eglintoun, married to the elder sister of the Viscountess of Dundee), mentioned by Claverhouse as "very forward in the King's service," and a valuable ally for himself to have made, by marrying his sister-in-law, ii. 389, *and note*, 390; a witness to Claverhouse's marriage-contract, 393, *and note;* nevertheless turns disloyal, becomes a supporter of Hamilton's Convention, and acts as a spy upon the departing Dundee, iii. 510.

——— Sir James, of Skelmorly. See *Skelmorly.*

Montrose, 1st Marquis of, the guiding star of Dundee, iii. 536; an atrocious calumny against him, in Wodrow's *Analecta*, examined and disproved, i. 98-102.

——— 2d Marquis of, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, as having been supported by Lochiel, in his attempt to restore Charles II., against Cromwell, iii. 571.

——— 3d Marquis of, his letter to Claverhouse, entreating him to become his Lieutenant of horse; his letter to Graham of Monorgan on the same subject, i. 183-85; ii. 17-18; appointed to the command of the royal troop of Horse Guards, superseding Athole, i. 285, *and note;* ii. 19-20, *and note*, 173, *note;* commands them at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, 233; mentioned by Hamilton as being at dinner with his Grace, when news came of the deforcing and slaughter of some of the royal troop, by the skulking rebels, at Inchbellie Bridge, 345-46; mentioned by Claverhouse, 375; his untimely death mentioned by the Duke of York, and much lamented, i. 333, *note;* ii. 401, *note.*

Montrose, Lady Christian Leslie, Marchioness of, interesting letter, in her widowhood, to Queensberry, and curious specimen of the epistolary orthography of the period, iii. 705-6, *and note*, *Appendix;* interesting contemporaneous account of her second nuptials, with Sir John Bruce of Kinross, *ibid.*

Moray, Alexander, 4th Earl of, joint Secretary for Scotland, his letters to Queensberry, reporting the last moments of Charles II., i. 346-48; his letter to Queensberry, relative to the suspected treason of Burnet and Stair, ii. 367, *note;* announces to Queensberry his patent as Duke, 424, *note;* mentioned by Claverhouse, 339, *and note;* extremely jealous of Claverhouse, 369, *note;* characterises Claverhouse to the King as being "of a *high, proud, and peremptory humour,*" and blows the coal of his quarrel with Queensberry, iii. 434, 437-42; hot debate with his colleague, Melfort, on the subject of Claverhouse's promotion, 464-65; flatters Queensberry with the hopes of becoming Commissioner to the Scotch Parliament, and then obtains the post for himself, 470.

Morton, James, 11th Earl of, characterised by Dundee as being "now a great knave as well as beast," iii. 602.

Morphie, Sir Robert Graham of, married to Dundee's sister Margaret, i. 178.

Murray, Lord (Athole's eldest son), 1st Duke of Athole, his miserable double game, disloyal to King James, and useless to King William; vouchsafes no reply to the written solicitations of Dundee, and refuses to give audience to his messengers; suspected by Mackay, disgraced by Dundee, and repudiated by his own loyal Clan, iii. 495, 590, *note,* 613, 614-22.

——— Lord Charles, Athole's second son, 1st Earl of Dunmore. See *Dunmore.*

——— Richard, of Broughton. See *Broughton.*

——— Captain, an officer of the Scotch Dragoons, in danger of being tortured by the Hamilton Government, iii. 555, 591, 684, *Appendix.*

——— Lieutenant George, an officer of the Scotch Dragoons, particularly recommended by Mackay for *torture,* iii. 592.

Nairn, David, Under-Secretary to King James in exile; his papers preserved in the Bodleian; a contemporaneous copy of Dundee's last letter to his sovereign found among them, iii. 653. See *Carte.*

Napier, Archibald, 1st Lord, one of the great Montrose's tutors, i. 176, *and note;* his MSS. illustrative of the state of the times on the accession of Charles the First, 195-99, *and notes.*

——— Archibald, 3d Lord, mentioned by the Duke of York, ii. 366, *and note.*

——— Francis, 9th Lord, ii. 364, *note.*

——— Margaret, Baroness in her own right, i. 46.

Napthali, one of the inflammatory text-books of the covenanting rebels;

part of it said to have been written by Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees; fanatical and calumnious rubbish; one of Wodrow's "great helps," for his mendacious history, i. 60, 106, 244, 264, *and note.*

Neving, the master of a ship, condemned to death for leasing-making "in his cups," accusing the Duke of York of being "on the popish plot for taking away the King's life;" his sentence commuted to banishment "by the Duke of York's mediation" with the King, ii. 146-47.

Newark, David Leslie, 1st Lord, his death mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 267.

Newcastle, Margaret Duchess of, C. K. Sharpe's notice of her, and her satire upon the fanatical preachers "against dressing-arts," i. 225-26.

Newmills, Fountainhall's report of the storming a garrison there, and the rescuing prisoners by *John Browuen* (the "Christian Carrier's" nephew) and other armed conventiclers, ii. 457; John Brownen's confession and information on the subject to Claverhouse, who spares his life, and recommends him to Government for mercy, 458, *and note;* a fanatical version of the affair in the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," i. 142, *note;* mentioned by the Duke of York, who hopes "Captain English (Inglis) will be punished as he deserves for losing the prisoners," iii. 709, *and note, Appendix.*

New Year's Gift, "and hansell to the right honoured Captain John Graham of Claverhouse, January, 1683," i. 325; ii. 11.

Newton, Sir David Falconer of, President of the Session, letter to him from Claverhouse, reporting his sudden call, on the day of his marriage, to pursue the armed conventiclers, "They might have let *Tuesday* pass," ii. 398.

Nicol, John, a frantic fanatic, how he contrived to hang himself, i. 337-8, *and note.*

Nisbet, Sir John, of Dirleton. See *Dirleton.*

Nonconformity, fanatical and factious abuse of the phrase; its true meaning and effect relative to the era of the Restoration, ii. 24-8.

Nory, Mr, established minister of Dunfermline, Fountainhall's note of his mock trial and condemnation by the "wild fanatics," i. 81; ii. 445.

Ochiltree, Sir John Cochrane of. See *Cochrane.*

Ogilvy, Lord. See *Airlie.*

——— of Banff, ii 108.

Orange, Prince of. See *William III.*

Orchill, Graham of, i. 176.

Orkney, Bishop of, (Honeyman,) wounded in the wrist by the assassin Mitchell, with the bullet intended for the Primate, i. 64; dreadfully mangled by the shot, of which he eventually dies, 243; the blundering shot referred by Wodrow "to the *righteousness of Providence* in disabling Bishop Honeyman's hand," because he had written an answer to *Napthali*, 65-6, 243, *note.*

Otter, Sir Alexander Maclean of, described in the *Gramiad*, at the gathering of the clans, iii. 572; mentioned by Dundee as being constantly with him, 598, *and note;* commands a battalion on the left of Dundee's line at

Killiecrankie, 632-33; skirmishes a little before the battle, 634; takes the standard of King William, 643-44.

Oxenford, Robert, 2d Viscount, quits Hamilton's Convention after the departure of Dundee, iii. 515.

Panmure, James, 4th Earl of, quits Hamilton's Convention after the departure of Dundee, iii. 515; mentioned by Dundee as preserving his loyalty, 602.

Park, Thomas Hay of, a rebel too leniently dealt with by Claverhouse, according to Sir John Dalrymple, ii. 306, *note*.

Paterson, Dr John, Bishop of Galloway. See *Galloway*.

——— Sir William, a Clerk of Council, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 391, *and note*, 396; mentioned by General Dalyell, 398.

Payne, Nevil, cruelly and unconstitutionally dealt with by King William, ii. 115-26; iii. *Appendix*, No. vii.

Peden, Alexander, a crazy old fanatic, the prophet of the Conventiclers, who preached the ignorant to the gallows but escaped himself; specimens of his preaching, i. 221-22, 320; ii. 26; his biography written by a chapman or pedlar, a fanatic as truculent and crazy as himself, who ascribes to him the gift of miracles, i. 148-53.

Peirson, the Reverend Peter, minister of Carsphairn, murdered in his own manse at midnight by armed Conventiclers, part of Renwick's "Army of God," i. 84-90; referred to by the Duke of York, 115; his murder avenged by Claverhouse, ii. 427-29.

Penninghame, Session-book of the parish of, its record of the mythical martyrdom of the two women at Wigton, how got up, and how attested, ii. 88-91, *and note;* extract from it printed in a fanatical history of Galloway (1841) with a false date, 89, *note*.

Pentland, battle of, 1666, Sir Walter Scott's mistake in supposing that "Graham of Claverhouse's horse" were there, ii. 53, *note;* account of the battle by C. K. Sharpe, i. 237-38, 240–42; connexion of that rising with a Dutch plot to invade the kingdom, ii. 156-58, *and notes;* the Argyle plot of 1684-5 just a renewal of the Dutch plot of 1666, 412-13, *and note*.

Perth, James, 4th Earl of, mentioned by Rothes as joining Hamilton against Lauderdale, i. 370; and as breaking off from Hamilton and joining in faction with Athole and Cassillis, 387; the brother-in-law of Hamilton, who shows great malice against him in a letter to Rothes, ii. 167, *and note;* his letter to Queensberry in 1678, on the wavering policy of Government, and state of affairs, 169-71; the author, along with Athole, of the expedient of the "Highland Host," to subdue the Conventiclers in the South and West, 171, 174; complained of by the Bishop of Galloway, as factiously encouraging the Conventiclers, 174-76; cabals with Queensberry against the Chancellor Aberdeen, and succeeds in superseding him in that office, 391-92, *note;* iii. 438, 465-66; suddenly professes the Roman Catholic faith to please the King, and rocks a cradle, with a child in it, on Christmas Day 1685, to show that he was in earnest, 467; ruined and rabbled by the fanatical faction upon the advent of the Prince of Orange, 486; his pusillanimous flight, leaving the ladies of his party to be "villanously used," 487.

Perth, Town of, Dundee's raid upon it, as given in the *Gramiad*, iii. 549-51.

Phesdo, John Falconer of, Warden of the Mint, hangs himself, ii. 318, 407, *and note.*

Pitcairn, Dr Archibald, his Latin epitaph on Dundee, iii. 656.

Pitcur, Hallyburton of, mentioned in the *Gramiad* as joining Dundee, iii 553; conspicuous in the gathering on the plain of Dalcomera, 575; mentioned by Dundee as constantly abiding with him through "great hardships," 603; killed at Killiecrankie, 651, *and note.*

Pitfoddels, Menzies of, "a lusty black man riding on a grey horse, with sword and pistol," with Dundee at Killiecrankie, iii. 625.

Pitmedden, Sir Alexander Seton of, a Scotch Judge, his brave reply on the Bench to the rudeness of the Chancellor Aberdeen, ii. 408, *note.*

Pollock, Maxwell of. See *Maxwell.*

——— of Pollock, his capture in Perth by Dundee, iii. 549, 551, *note*, 557, *note.*

Polwarth, Sir Patrick Hume of, characterised by C. K. Sharpe as a "notorious rebel," i. 295; mentioned by Dundee as joining in a split faction with "that worthy Prince Duke Hamilton," against the "two Dalrymples," iii. 602.

Portmore, David, 1st Earl of, fabulous anecdote refuted, of Dundee having caned him when both in the service of Holland, ii. 7, *and note*, 8; iii. 532.

Priestfield, Sir Alexander Dick of, communicates a letter which refutes a calumny of Burnet's against the Duke of York, ii. 140.

Provensal, a dragoon, servant to Lieutenant-Colonel Livingstone (Kilsyth), particularly recommended for torture by Mackay, iii. 592, 684, *and note*, *Appendix.*

Queensberry, William Douglas, 3d Earl, 1st Marquis and Duke of, characteristic account of him, his Countess, and family, by C. K. Sharpe, i. 251-57, *and notes;* the coming man after Lauderdale, and waiting for his place, ii. 45, 160, 162; at first jealous of Claverhouse's interference with his heritable jurisdiction, i. 256-57; ii. 195-96, 207; soon becomes satisfied of the value of his services, and promotes his employment; his letter on the subject to the Lord President, 251; congratulated by Claverhouse upon being created a Marquis, 262; becomes High Treasurer and Prime Minister for Scotland, 312; letters to him from the Duke of York expressive of the highest favour and regard, but strongly deprecating his jealous temper and petty factions in Scotland, 313-14, 316-17, 336, 338, 339; his petty jealousy and suspicions of Claverhouse rebuked by the Duke of York, and Claverhouse highly commended, 349-50; letters to him from the Duke of York, relating to the Russell and Rye-House plots, 366-67; kind letters to him from the Duke of York, about his two eldest sons,

i. 340, *note;* ii. 334-35, *notes;* how Claverhouse helped him to his Dukedom, 329-31, 333, 340; his quarrel with Claverhouse, and ungenerous conduct, iii. 431-44, 464-65; his wings clipt, he falls softly, and is stupidly nowhere during the last struggle for the King, 465, 468-70, 480, 482-83; mildly mentioned by Dundee to that effect, 601-2; at last shares the keeping of King William's conscience with Master William Carstares, his superior at Court, 721, *Appendix;* fifteen letters to him from King James in 1685, *Appendix*, 707-15.

Rait, Castle of, on the Spey, Dundee encamps there, and addresses the Lochaber Chiefs, iii. 578-79, *and note.*

Ramsay, Gilbert, one of Dundee's favourite officers, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 575; sent by Dundee to Lord Murray, who refuses an audience, 619; killed at Killiecrankie, 651, *and note.*

Randerston, William Moncrieff of, i. 209.

Rasay, Macleod of, described in the *Gramiad*, at the gathering of the Clans, iii. 573-74.

Rathillet, David Hackston of, one of the most truculent, at the same time most cowardly, of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp, i. 258, 260, *and note;* seeks refuge immediately afterwards with the armed Conventiclers, of whom he becomes a leader, 268, 270; fights with a rope round his neck at Bothwell Bridge, 286, *and note;* his brutal violence thereafter at Glasgow, ii. 229; captured at Aird's Moss, and most justly hanged, with all the horrors, 300, *and note;* ii. 247-48; canonized as "worthy David Hackston," by Marion Harvie, in her dying "testimony," 304, *note.*

Ravilac Redivivus, a severe exposure of the murderous conventiclers, by Dr Hicks, i. 65, *note*, 243, *note.*

Rawleigh Redivivus, or the Life and Death of Lord Shaftesbury, characterised by C. K. Sharpe as "a ridiculous book," i. 279, *note.*

Remonstrators, or *Protestors*, the insane section of the divided Kirk, to which Archbishop Sharp was ever consistently opposed, and under whose principles he came to be murdered, i. 209; ii. 216-17.

Renton of Renton, mentioned in the *Gramiad* as joining and adhering to Dundee, iii. 553, 575.

Renwick, James, a low and truculent fanatic, a great promoter of the most savage phase of the Covenanting Kirk, i. 61, 106; ii. 426, *note;* admitted by Wodrow to be a preacher continually in arms against the Government, and with armed followers, i. 341, *note;* author of the "Apologetical Declaration or Relation," a treasonable and murderous manifesto, immediately followed by various atrocious murders, 342-44; ii. 422-25; iii. 447, *note;* mentioned by Claverhouse in his report of the execution of John Brown, 458; captured and hanged, under the administration of Sir John Dalrymple as Lord Advocate, 497, *and note;* falsely characterised as "a pious and intrepid minister," by Sir James Mackintosh, who, nevertheless, thinks he was deservedly and necessarily hanged, *ibid.*

Resolutioners, the moderate section of the divided Kirk, represented at the usurpation by the Reverend James Sharp, afterwards Primate, i. 209.

Riddell, Laird of, mentioned by Claverhouse as an obstinate rebel, ii. 364.

Ridpath, George, a fanatical friend of Wodrow's. See *Wodrow*.

Robeinston, Robert Stewart of, brother to the Earl of Galloway, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 258, *and note*.

Rochead, James, of Inverleith. See *Inverleith*.

Rochester, Dundee's advice to his Sovereign there, iii. 489-90.

Rollo, Andrew, 3rd Lord, the first disloyal peer of his name; his mean position on the occasion of Dundee's raid on that town mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 558.

Rosehaugh, Sir George Mackenzie of. See *Mackenzie*.

Ross, George, 11th Lord, his co-operation with Claverhouse in 1679, to quell the rebellion, and restore the peace of the Southern and Western Districts of Scotland; humane spirit of their military administration, ii. 203-5, 220-21.

——— William, 12th Lord, as Master of Ross, defeats in 1679, a large party of rebels near Selkirk, killing sixty and taking ten prisoners, called the skirmish of Bewly Bog, i. 280; continues loyal after his accession to the title (1682,) and is mentioned by Claverhouse in 1683, as "my friend, my Lord Ross," ii. 334, *and note;* commands the third troop of Claverhouse's regiment of horse, iii. 454; a witness to Claverhouse's marriage contract, ii. 392; accompanies him on his wedding-day in pursuit of the armed conventiclers; his report to General Dalyell, 399-400; mentioned by Claverhouse on that occasion, 401, *and note;* becomes disloyal, joins the Orange revolution in London, and attaches himself to Hamilton in the Scotch Convention, where he presides in Hamilton's absence, iii. 559, *note;* mentioned by Dundee as "now joined with that worthy Prince, Duke Hamilton," 602; turns again, and plots feebly against the Orange Government after the battle of Killiecrankie, but confesses to the Queen, to save his life, and is sent to the Tower, ii. 115.

Ross, Dame Margaret, Lady Dalrymple, ii. 268, 290, *note*, 293. See *Stair*.

—— Mr Alexander, one of the vagrant conventicle preachers, harboured and resetted, along with Alexander Peden, in President Dalrymple's family, i. 320.

Rothes, John Duke of, characteristic account of him by C. K. Sharpe, i. 228, 301; taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester; his great rise until obscured by Lauderdale, 353-4; his letters to Queensberry on public and private affairs: 26th October 1665, to Queensberry, when Lord Drumlanrig, with order for the apprehension of John Welsh, the rebel preacher, 354; *to the same*, 17th August 1676, announcing the birth of a granddaughter,—"so that now I am an old grandfather, and now I am resolved to be mighty grave," 355; *to the same*, July 1677, graphic account of Lauderdale's reception in Scotland, with characteristic portraitures of the Duke and Duchess, 356-58, *and notes; to the same*, 20th July 1677, relating to the "differences betwixt the Earl of Argyle and the Macleans," 359;

to the same, touching "the match betwixt the Duchess of Lauderdale's daughter and my Lord Athole's son," and of his own political danger, and principles, 359-60; *to the same*, 4th October 1677, relative to "a further indulgence to outed ministers," in the debate on which he says, the Primate "paid Lauderdale home," and that President Dalrymple told "a base lie," 362; *to the same*, 12th October 1677, mentioning Lauderdale's determination against a new Indulgence, and the temper of the Duke and his Duchess against Rothes, 362-83; *to the same*, 9th January 1678, on the subject of the "Highland Host to quell the rebellion in the South," ii. 160-62; *to the same*, 22d January 1678, on the raising of troops, 162-63; *to the same*, 6th February 1678, as to Hamilton's jesuitical offer to keep the peace of Clydesdale, 163-65; *to the same*, of Athole's rebuff at Court in his complaint against Lauderdale, 172-74; *to the same*, 25th March 1678, very severe upon Argyle, Tweeddale, and some others, i. 363-64; *to the same*, 8th June 1678, very full on the subject of public affairs, and Lauderdale's Convention, with a complete justification of the Duke's stringent measures against the conventicle rebellion; a dramatic scene with the Duchess, 364-68; *to the same*, 27th July 1678, reports Lauderdale's complete success in his Convention, and his high favour at Court; more graphic notices of the Duke and Duchess, and private matters, 369-70; *to the same*, 2d August 1678, of Lauderdale's high favour at Court, and chiding Queensberry for not paying him proper respect; characterises Lauderdale as being "*very high*, and often *shaggarin* and *angry*, but *not of an evil nature*," ii. 57-59; *to the same*, dated 2d September 1678, containing a dramatic scene between the King and Lord Tweeddale in the royal closet, in which the latter is treated as he deserved; reports his own correspondence with Lauderdale, i. 371-76; *to the same*, 17th November 1678, graphic account of his own health and mode of living, 376-77; *to the same*, November 1678, as to the state of the country, and measures for suppressing field-conventicles and securing the peace, 377; *to the same*, 3d May 1679, the day of the Primate's murder, refers to the rumours of Lauderdale's fall, and the hurrying to London of various noble expectants; says, "I think I have at last prevailed with the *Bishop of St. Andrews* to go up, and am going to Fife on purpose to bring him back," 380-82; *to the same*, 5th May 1679, on the subject of the murder of the Primate, of whom he says, "Let the unjust world say what they will, he was not only Lord Primate of this kingdom, but a *faithful subject*, and *a wise and just person*, and *a most eminent pillar of the church*," 264-67; *to the same*, 21st August 1679, full of news of political events; chides Queensberry for "fretting and huffing;" gives a dramatic account of a scene in the King's closet, where Hamilton blows up his own cabal against Lauderdale, causing Monmouth to say to the King, "*God damn him if ever he meddled more with them;*" labelled by Queensberry "a pleasant story about Duke Hamilton," i. 384-88; *to the same*, official letter, 11th March 1679, in the name of the King and Council, requiring Queensberry to make Claverhouse Sheriff-depute of Dumfriesshire, ii. 196.

Russell, Lord, his plot "to raise the nation in arms against the Government," as admitted by Macaulay, who adds that he and Sidney "were beheaded in defiance of law and justice;" Claverhouse's juster view of the case, ii. 364, *and note;* mentioned by the Duke of York as having been sent to the Tower, 350, *and note;* and as having been condemned, 367; and executed, when, says the Duke, "he behaved himself like a stout man, but not like a good Christian, said little, but left a most seditious paper signed by himself to be sent to the King," 367; Burnet's shuffling and mendacious account of the authorship of that paper, 367-68, *note.* See *Burnet.*

——— Lord John, his biography of Lord Russell; contradictory character therein of King James; adopts Burnet's atrocious and nonsensical calumny of "his (the Duke of York) *assistance at the torture* in Scotland," ii. 151, *note;* see *Burnet* and *Macaulay;* commits a great historical mistake, and a convenient one for whiggery, in asserting that the traitor and treasonable preacher, Hugh M'Kail, "expired in the midst of his agony," meaning the *judicial torture* to which he was subjected, and not very severely, twenty days before his execution by hanging, 151-52, *note.*

——— James, one of the murderers of the Primate; his hallelujah of Hell, ii. 216.

Rutherglen, treasonable riot there, which Claverhouse goes to quell, and stumbles upon the "army of God," at Drumclog, commanded by the fugitive murderers of the Primate, ii. 219-22, *and notes.*

Ruthven, Castle on the Spey, taken and destroyed by Dundee, as narrated in the *Gramiad*, iii. 579-81.

Rye-House Plot, "to assassinate the King and the heir-presumptive," as admitted by Lord Macaulay, and how it "ran into" the Russell plot to dethrone them, with the aid of foreign invasion, ii. 364, *note*, 365-66, *and note*, 367-68. See *Argyle*, *Burnet*, *Essex*, *Russell.*

Saint Leonard's College of Saint Andrews, Claverhouse matriculated there, i. 17, 179; ii. 1, 2.

Sanquhar, Cargil and Cameron's treasonable and truculent manifesto affixed to the market-cross of, i. 299, 303, 318; grand "Revival" on the subject in 1860, at Sanquhar, ii. 246, *note.* See *Blackie*, *Shaw.*

Schomberg, Duke, his death at the battle of the Boyne reported by General Douglas to Queensberry; compared with Macaulay's account of the same, iii. 717, *and note.*

SCOTT, Sir Walter, his contradictory characteristics of *Claverhouse* examined and illustrated, i. 158-69; his inconsistency on the subject, and the causes of it, considered, 158-59; in his tale of "Old Mortality," characterises Claverhouse as "*imbued with disregard for individual rights*," and "*ruthless in inflicting death upon others*," 160, *and note;* reviews his own romance of "Old Mortality," in the Quarterly, and there says that Claverhouse was "*not uniformly so ruthless as he is painted in the Tales*," 161-62, *and notes;* in his History of Scotland, describes Viscount Dundee as of "*fierce and cruel propensities*," 160; in his review of "Old Mortality," again “stigmatises” him as “*a fierce and savage officer*,” the “*ready executioner of the worst commands of his superiors*,” and says he ought to have “*surrendered his commission*,” but that the circumstances of his loyalty and death “*gilded over*” his “*cruelties*,” 164, *and notes;* in notes to “Old Mortality,” speaks of him as “*uniting the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty*,” as being an “*unscrupulous agent in executing merciless severities*,” but that he “*redeemed his character*,” by gaining the battle of Killiecrankie, and getting shot there, 161, *note;* emphatically declares, “that *no character has been so foully traduced as the Viscount of Dundee;* that, thanks to Wodrow, Crookshanks, and such chroniclers, he who was *every inch a soldier and a gentleman*, still passed among the Scotch vulgar for a *ruffian desperado*,” &c., 159, *note;* admits Claverhouse to be proper for “*the hero of a national romance*,” but that “*your Western zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed, in order to bring him out with the right effect*,” 159, *note;* in the “Minstrelsy,” calls him *James* Graham, and justifies the calumnious *sobriquet* of *Bloody Clavers;* characterises him as “fierce, unbending, and rigorous,” and pronounces that “*no emotion of compassion* prevented his commanding and witnessing *every detail* of military execution against the *Nonconformists*,” 158-59, *note;* his reply to Southey, that, “as for *my good friend Dundee, I cannot admit his culpability* in the extent you allege; I admit that he was *tant soit peu* savage, but he was *a noble savage*,” 167; calls him “*Great Dundee*,” in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, for which he is censured by Charles Fox, 166; his anachronism in figuring Claverhouse at the battle of Pentland in 1666, and his mistake in supposing that he commanded the whole cavalry at Bothwell Bridge, 53, *and note*, 224, *and note*, 233, *and note*, 234.

Scott, Sir Walter, his contradictory characteristics of the *Covenanters* illustrated, i. 158-59; calls them “*persecuted* fanatics,” but admits that their “wild anarchical principles of anti-monarchy and *assassination, polluted* the period when they flourished,” ii. 27, *and note*; his romantic and flattering description of a field-conventicle, in “Tales of a Grandfather,” drawn entirely from his imagination, and utterly inconsistent with his characteristics of the Covenanters elsewhere, 29-33, *and notes;* contrasted with President Dalrymple's condemnatory account of the hill-conventicles, 33-6, *and notes;* calls the conventiclers “the *harassed nonconformists*,” commends them for their “*moderation*” in dealing with their enemies, and gives them credit for “solemnity in their acts of devotion,” while “worshipping *the God of Nature*,” and for “defending themselves against *oppression*,” 30-31, *and notes;* admits their determination of “*repelling force by force*,” and that “for this purpose many of the congregations *assembled in arms*,” and acted as a military force, 31-33; elsewhere accuses the same fanatics of “*perfidy*, *cruelty*, and *stupidity;*” admits that these were the people “*against whom Claverhouse acted*,” and characterises them as “the *beastly Covenanters*, hardly having *any claim to be called men*, unless what was founded on their *walking upon their hind feet*,” i. 167, 283, *note;* ii. 28-29, 38, *and note*.

Scott, Sir Walter, *his adoption of particular calumnies against Dundee critically examined and refuted:—*

1. That Claverhouse promoted excessive slaughter at Bothwell Bridge contrary to the orders of Monmouth, because of his "unrelenting temper, burning to obtain vengeance for the defeat of Drumclog, and the death of his kinsman there," i. 293-94, *note*.
2. His *verbatim* adoption of the half-crazy Walker's version of the death of John Brown, i. 16, *note*, 147, 152-55, *and note*, 156-57.
3. His adoption, and gratuitous variation, of the calumnious fable, in Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, that Dundee "shot with his own pistol," in front of the Highland army, a young gentleman, "the son of one of his *old and intimate friends*," for cowardice displayed in two successive skirmishes, which skirmishes never occurred, iii. 584-85, *note*.
4. His adoption, and gratuitous variation, of the calumnious fable, given by Swift as in the words of Captain Creighton, that Dundee wrote a letter to Duke Hamilton, uniting the coarseness of the Dean with the truculency of the butcher Bradshaw, iii. 594-95, *note*.

——— his ballad of "Bonnie Dundee" a just appreciation of the hero's character, lyrically excellent and historically true, and the finest tribute to his fame, iii. 433, 499, 504-6, 509-10, 536; his mistake as to Dundee's buff coat, and the wound of which he died, 648, *note*.

——— Sir Francis, of Thirlestane. See *Thirlestane*.

——— Sir William, of Harden. See *Harden*.

——— "*læsus lumine*," one of Dundee's cavaliers, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 575.

——— Walter, "a noted ringleader of conventicles and such like disorders," ii. 209.

Seaforth, Marquis of, and 4th Earl, a loyal nobleman, mentioned by Dundee, iii. 598.

Seneff, battle of, Claverhouse distinguished there, and saves the Prince of Orange, i. 325; ii. 11, 15, 16.

Seton, Sir Alexander, of Pitmedden. See *Pitmedden*.

Sharp, James, Archbishop of St Andrews, brutal murder of him by the Scotch Thugs, narrated by C. K. Sharpe, i. 258–63; brutally calumniated by the Pedlar Walker, 263-64; his character justly drawn by the Chancellor Rothes, 265; adoption by Wodrow of all the most brutal calumnies against him. See *Wodrow*.

——— Sir William, the Primate's brother, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 206, *and note*.

Sharpe, Charles Kirkpatrick, of Hoddam. See *Hoddam*.

Shaw, Colonel, of Ayr, one of the leaders in a "Great Demonstration at Sanquhar," held in 1860, commemorative of the truculent treason of Cameron and Cargill at Sanquhar in 1680; his speech on that occasion published; says,—"He read of Claverhouse, and he wanted words to express the loathing and contempt he entertained for that *miserable military* *scavenger*, who was no *soldier and no gentleman;* he could not *dip his tongue in a cess-pool vile and filthy enough*, to paint his character;" calls Charles II. " *a miserable brothel-keeper*, who ought not to have been allowed to live, but should have been *strangled at his birth*," ii. 246-47, *note*.

Sheriffs and Sheriffs-depute, constitution of the office, ii. 198, *note*.

Sidney, Algernon, mentioned by the Duke of York, ii. 383.

Skelmorly, Sir James Montgomery of, imprisoned for resetting rebels, ii. 418; chosen by Hamilton's Convention, along with the forfeited Lorn, and Sir John Dalrymple, to offer the Crown of Scotland to King William, iii. 529; described by Balcarres as opposing Sir John Dalrymple in Hamilton's Parliament, 1690, where " Sir James Montgomery and Sir John Dalrymple *scolded like kailwives*, that *rogue*, *villain*, and *liar*, were their usual terms," iii. 505, *note;* mentioned by Dundee as a factionist, " now joined with *that worthy Prince* Duke Hamilton," 602; conspires with Lords Annandale and Ross against the Government of the Revolution which they had so actively promoted; peaches against his associates, quits the kingdom, and dies miserably in exile, ii. 115.

Sleat, Donald Macdonald younger of, described in the *Gramiad* as leading the clan at the great gathering under Dundee, iii. 569; commands a battalion of Dundee's left, at the battle of Killiecrankie, 626, 633.

Southesk, Charles, 4th Earl of, quits Hamilton's Convention after the departure of Dundee, iii. 515; mentioned by Dundee as "keeping right, and at home," 602.

Spence, William, Argyle's secretary, constrained by judicial torture to decypher Argyle's treasonable correspondence and plot for an invasion of the kingdom, ii. 415-16.

Springkell, Sir Patrick Maxwell of, a loyal laird, i. 334.

Stair, Sir James Dalrymple of, 1st Viscount of, letter from him to Queensberry condemning conventicles, and complimenting Claverhouse, ii. 34-5, 286; states his reasons for publishing his great Institutes of the Law of Scotland, *ibid*, *and notes;* his cunning cooking of the Test Act, i. 313–14, *and note;* ii. 285; his house a principal haunt of vagrant and outlawed conventicle preachers, including the prophet Peden, i. 320; his letter to Queensberry, in which he lays the blame upon his wife, ii. 293; Claverhouse's reference to this cunning plea, 268, *and note;* deposed from his office of President of the Session; gets a hint to quit the country; is processed for resetting rebels; pretends that he " had long resolved to retire on account of his age," 34, *and note*, 285-86, 287, 293; accused by Rothes of telling " a base lie," i. 362, *and note;* his mock loyalty sneered at in Law's Memorials, ii. 63; joins with his son Sir John Dalrymple in offering a bribe of a hundred and fifty pounds *sterling* to Claverhouse to betray his trust under the royal commission, 289-90, *and note ;* one of Argyle's staff of traitors in Holland, ii. 416; is graciously favoured with a remission by King James, after appointing his son Lord Advocate, in room of Sir George Mackenzie superseded by the ruinous policy then adopted by the King,

i. 320; returns to the chair of the Session, and a peerage, under the auspices of King William, in 1689, oblivious of his resolutions in 1682 to have retired on account of his age had he not been dismissed, ii. 34, *and note.*

Stair, Sir John Dalrymple, 2d Viscount, and 1st Earl of, the contest between him and Claverhouse about the jurisdiction of Glenluce, and the consequent criminal processes and judgments, fully illustrated, ii. 285–309; his condemnation, deprivation, fine, and imprisonment, for his rebellious interference with the royal commission intrusted to Claverhouse, 305-6; his violent, unscrupulous, and false accusations against Claverhouse in that process, involve no hint of an accusation of *cruelty;* accuses him of being too lenient against one of the rebel lairds, 306, *and note*, 307–8, *and note;* his complaint that Claverhouse "did cause his soldiers and officers take the complainer *by the shoulders from the table*" of the head court of the regality of Glenluce, and also that he did in a Committee of Privy Council, and in the hearing of some of the members thereof, "*threaten to give the complainer a box in the ear*," 309; promoted to be Lord Advocate by King James to his own ruin, iii. 471; distinguishes himself in that capacity by hanging Renwick, 497, *and note;* described by Balcarres as "scolding like a kail-wife" in the revolution Parliament, 505, *note;* his attempt to bribe the Highland clans to betray their great General Dundee, by delivering him up, or sending his head, 612, 701, *Appendix;* his terror and dejection on the first news of the victory of Killiecrankie, 650.

Steel, David, one of Wodrow's martyrs; the false account of his martyrdom in Wodrow's history disproved, i. 93-97, 154.

Stenhouse, John Douglas of, a loyal laird mentioned by Claverhouse, indemnification to him for invasion of his house by the rebels, ii. 259, *and note*, 260, 274, 326.

Stewart, Sir James, of Goodtrees. See *Goodtrees.*

——— Patrick, of Ballechin. See *Ballechin.*

Stormont, David, 5th Viscount of, quits Hamilton's Convention after the departure of Dundee, iii. 515; entertains Dundee at Scone, on his route from his raid on Perth, and excuses himself to the Privy Council with the plea, that the Viscount Dundee had "*forced his dinner from him,*" 552, *note;* mentioned by Dundee as being declared fugitive, 602.

Strathmore, Patrick, 3rd Earl of, mentioned by Dundee as "keeping right, and at home," iii. 602.

Strathnaver, Lord, (15th Earl of Sutherland,) married to the sister of Viscountess Dundee; his ridiculous attempt to seduce Dundee, who courteously extinguishes him, iii. 606-8.

Struan, Robertson of, Dundee quarters in his house before the battle of Killiecrankie, iii. 614, 623-24.

Tarbat, Sir George Mackenzie of, Lord Clerk Register, keenly opposed to the fanatics, and highly appreciates the services of Claverhouse against them, ii. 290, *note*, 296; the *incubation* of his peerage, 330; his letter to Queensberry defending himself from an imputation of having misrepresented him, 331, *note; to the same*, on the subject of Renwick's murderous manifesto affixed to the market-cross of Linlithgow, "*declaring war* with the Government, and *promising to kill us all;*" points to the remedy of the *Abjuration Oath*, 423-24; *to the same*, in great alarm at the murders which immediately followed Renwick's proclamation; characterises the armed conventiclers as *villains*, *devils*, and *wild cats*, 424; created Viscount Tarbat in 1685, by King James, iii. 438, *note;* mentioned by the King in a letter to Queensberry, as the bearer from his Majesty of an unwelcome message to the Lord High Treasurer, 468; his disgraceful disloyalty on the advent of the Prince of Orange, and the withdrawal of the troops from Scotland; places himself at the head of affairs in Edinburgh when the town is rabbled by the "wild cats," with whose fanatical leaders and firebrands he makes common cause, 487; proposes to General Mackay a scheme for bribing the Highland Chiefs out of their loyalty and their honour, in supporting Dundee for King James, 563; his temporary imprisonment, at the suggestion of Mackay, on suspicion of playing a double game, 594, 601, *note*, 613; thus noticed by Dundee in 1679, in his enumeration of the positions and dispositions of the Scottish statesmen to whom King James was entitled to look for support,—"*Tarbat is a great villain*," 602.

Tarras, Walter Scott of Highchester, (husband of the 1st heiress of Buccleugh, and created Earl of Tarras for his life, in 1660,) one of Argyle's staff of traitors in his miserable plot for the invasion of the kingdom; saves his own life by peaching against Jerviswood and the rest, ii. 413, *note*, 417; iii. 472, *note*.

Tate, Mr. Andrew, Minister of Carmunnock, Wodrow's record in his private *Analecta*, of the fact that this clergyman told him that he once attended a meeting of *Cameronians*, where it was proposed, and deliberately schemed, "to *assassinate* the indulged ministers in the shire of Ayr, *at their houses, in one night, by different parties*," and that his reverend informant added, "when he heard that proposal, *his very hair stood*, and he never more went to their meetings," i. 338, *note*.

Thirlestane, Sir Francis Scott of, a loyal Scot, ii. 364, *and note*.

Tippermuir, Covenanter's battle-word there, "*Jesus, and no quarter*," i. 271; ii. 39.

Tom Duff, nickname applied by Charles II. to his Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, when and why, i. 386, *and note*.

Torloisk, and *Coll*, Macleans of, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 572.

Torture, Judicial, its application in Scotland, by the administration of the Restoration, not a fair criterion of the dispositions, as regards humanity, of the statesmen of the period, but rendered inevitable by the existing Criminal Code, and the treasonable and truculent conduct of the fanatical assailants of the Throne, ii. 51-6, 102-4, *and note*, 105-6, 113; Lord Macaulay's gross exaggerations on the subject, and his false history in his comparison of Scotland with England in regard to the infliction, 101-2, *and notes;* a lamentable blot upon the Criminal Code of Scotland, and most other countries, but more disgracefully and unconstitutionally practised of old in England, *ibid;* the Duke of York falsely accused, and foully calumniated on the subject, by Burnet and Macaulay, 127-28, *and notes*, 129-30, 133-34; Wodrow's false and calumnious history, that the practice was *introduced* by the Government of the Restoration, "and violently urged by the prelates;" the most unconstitutional use of it, and for the compelling of conscience, proved against the Marquis of Argyle, 106-7, 109-12, 132, *and note;* Wodrow's equally false reference of the *abrogation* of it to the advent of King William, 112-26; Lord John Russell's extravagant assertion, that Hugh M'Kail expired under the infliction of judicial torture, and in an ecstacy of sublime exclamations, examined and refuted, 151-52, *note;* the application of it forborne by the Privy Council, in 1683, upon the criminal seeming or feigning to be mad when brought in for torture, 375-76, *and note;* Duke Hamilton's factious opposition to the system when out of power, and keen adoption of it when at the head of affairs after the Revolution, *compare* 414, *note, with* iii. 592-93, *and note*, 594-95, 684, *note, Appendix*. See *Burnet*, *Earlston*, *Macaulay*, *Melville*, *William*, *Wodrow*.

Tweeddale, John, 2d Earl and 1st Marquis of, mentioned by Rothes with great contempt, i. 364; and treated with still greater by Charles II., in the royal closet, as graphically narrated by Rothes, 372, *and notes*.

Urquhart, Adam, of Meldrum. See *Meldrum*.

——— Grant of, mentioned in the *Gramiad*, iii. 575.

Urrard, House of, on the battle-field of Killiecrankie, near the spot where Dundee fell; its proper name *Renrory*, iii. 630, 644, 646.

Veitch, a fanatical preacher deeply dyed in treason; his memoirs edited by Dr. M'Crie, with great unction, ii. 155, *and note*, 157, *note*, 158, 413, *note*.

Vernor, Patrick, a fanatical firebrand captured by Claverhouse, and properly characterised by him to Queensberry, ii. 269, *and note*.

Vopiscus, a learned Syracusan, passage from him quoted by Archibald 1st Lord Napier, aptly descriptive of the ruinous deceit and treacheries with which Charles I. was surrounded, i. 197-98, *and note*.

Walker, Patrick, the Pedlar, a truculent rebel, a foul-mouthed railer against authority, and fanatical pamphleteer and chapman, i. 15, 16, 105, 107; his version of the death of John Brown, and Life of Peden, critically examined, 146-58; violently opposed to Wodrow, whom he accuses of "gross mistakes, misrepresentations, and groundless, slanderous reflections upon the faithful followers of the Lamb;" and which he attributes to the "fulsome, unwholesome air he has lived in, being overrun and overdriven with the backsliding spirit of the day," 146-47; contradicts Wodrow's fable of the death of John Brown in its most calumnious particular, 147; his own apocryphal rubbish, and putrid pathos, on the subject, rashly adopted by Sir Walter Scott for a clap-trap page of history, while Lord Macaulay

23-

adopts Wodrow's for the same purpose, 147-8, 155-56; his fanatical and fabulous life of Prophet Peden, including his version of the death of John Brown, 148-54, *and note;* some particulars of his own life; his slaughter of Francis Garden, a trooper attempting to apprehend him, and his fiendish delight at the sight of his blood, as recorded by himself, 156-58, *and note*; rails at the Duke of York as "a sworn vassal of antichrist, *the Devil's Lieutenant*," which he says "Mr Shields *used to call him in public*," 221, *note;* rails against the fashion of women's "cockups," or peaked head-dresses, and also their "hoops or fardingales *nine yards about*," as being only "fit for harlots," 226, *note;* his ridiculous and brutal calumny that Archbishop Sharp strangled an illegitimate infant, and buried it under the hearthstone, 263-64, *and note;* his peculiar version of the fable of the martyrdom of the two women at Wigton, being the people's cheap cursing and swearing edition, ii. 71, *and note;* iii. 699, *Appendix;* admits that in his time (1727) the story of their being drowned was by some "denied to be matter of fact," *ibid;* his involuntary testimony to the Christian character of Claverhouse, in the midst of foul-mouthed railing, 2, *note*, 478.

Wallace, Sir William, of Craigie. See *Craigie*.

——— Hugh, a brother of Wallace of Craigie, and King's Cashkeeper, mentioned by Rothes, i. 297, 360, 380; mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 368-9, *and note.*

Warriston, Johnston of, a most truculent fanatic of the Argyle regime, i. 39, 216; becomes a traitor to his own covenant, and a peer of Cromwell's Parliament, ii. 48; notice of his atrocious life, and the abject cowardice of his death, by C. K. Sharpe, i. 217-19, *and note.*

Weir, the infamous Major, a friend and companion of the assassin Mitchel, i. 63, 242; notice of him by C. K. Sharpe, 244-5.

——— Jean, the infamous sister of the above; a keen covenanter; horrible scene at her execution described by C. K. Sharpe, i. 245.

Welsh, John, minister of Irongray, a great firebrand among the conventicle preachers, mentioned by Claverhouse, ii. 193, 273; the clerical tutor of Richard Cameron, whom he sent on his mission to preach truculent sedition and treason, with these words, "Go your way, Richie, and set the fire of hell to their tails," 26-7, *note;* a lady on either side of, sitting on a high chair, at his field-conventicles, 37-8, *and note;* attended by a body-guard, armed and paid, 210, *and note;* mentioned by Claverhouse as "accustoming both ends of the country to *face the King's troops*, and certainly intends to break out in an open rebellion," 202; with the Pentland rebels in their miserable attempt to take the Castle of Edinburgh for the Dutch, with the assistance of Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, 158, *and note;* his death, and rebellious character, recorded by Fountainhall, 55, *note.*

Westerhall, James Johnston of, Sheriff-depute of Annandale, an apocryphal story by Wodrow of his committing a martyrdom although Claverhouse "pressed the delay of the execution," and said, "the blood of this poor man be upon you, Westerraw, I am free of it;" gross perversion of the sentiment by Wodrow, and disingenuous suppression of it by Lord Macaulay, i. 163, *and note*, 254, 334.

Whig, sense in which the term was used by Claverhouse and in his time, i. 138, *and note*.

William III., "rest, prosperity, and religious freedom," false attributes, ascribed to his rule in Scotland by Lord Macaulay, in the face of such facts as the rabbling of the Episcopal clergy, the orders for judicial torture, the detention in prison without trial, and the massacre of Glencoe, i. 6, *and note;* ii. 52-3, *and note*, 112, 116 ; order under his own signature for the torture of Nevil Payne, 117-18 ; orders the tortured man to be kept in close prison, and without a trial, contrary to the more humane dealing of his Privy Council in Scotland, and their advice and remonstrance, and notwithstanding the sufferer's petition to be banished to Holland "for the sake of God," 121-26, *and notes;* the further history of his tyrannical and cruel treatment of Nevil Payne, against the will of his council and his Parliament in Scotland, iii. *Appendix*, No. vii., 718-23 ; ridiculous and apocryphal anecdotes of him by Wodrow in his *Analecta*, i. 33-5, *and notes;* described by Macaulay as a gluttonous bear, and only fit for the company of Burnet, 34-5, 138 ; apocryphal family tradition of his toying with Carstares and his *thumbikins*, ii. 417, *note;* how he was wounded, and how bravely he fought at the battle of the Boyne, as described by General Douglas in a letter to his brother Queensberry, iii. *Appendix*, No. vi. 715-18.

Williamson, Mas David, a notorious fanatic preacher and firebrand, and disgusting debauchee, the hero of the indelicate Scotch song of "Dainty Davie ;" notice of him and his debaucheries, by C. K. Sharpe, i. 277-78, *and note;* mentioned as a conventicle preacher by Claverhouse, ii. 194.

Wilson, Margaret, the younger of the two Saints Margaret of the Solway. See *Ladies of the Covenant*, *Macaulay*, *Wodrow*.

WODROW, Rev. Robert, the Scotch martyrologist, his birth and parentage, i. 51, 56 ; his father's escape from the officers of justice, 57 ; ii. 82 ; his paternal uncle hanged, *ibid;* his "native modesty," in forbearing to claim that relationship, 83, *and note*.

——— undertakes to illustrate the "Sufferings of the Kirk ;" the principle and object of his work, and his peculiar qualifications for the task, i. 58-66; ii. 83-4 ; his utter unfitness to write a true history of the period admitted by himself in his private correspondence, where he says, "For me, I can fall on no shape, and *have not so much as a thread of these times in my head*," 84, *and note;* names Claverhouse "*James* Graham of Clavers," i. 250 ; how the "Sufferings" were collected for him, and upon a principle most hostile to the truth, the justice, the intelligence, and the common sense of history ; exemplified in the Presbyterial records of the two female "martyrs," said to have suffered at Wigton, ii. 84-91, *and notes;* advice to him from Mr George Ridpath, "that what is merely circumstantial might be left out, excepting where it is necessary for illustrating the matter, *or aggravating the crimes of our enemies;*" his practical interpretation of that instruction, i. 59-60 ; the lowest and most polluted sources of fanatical polemics pointed out to him as "*very great helps*" to him for his undertaking, 60.

Wodrow: dedicates his "Sufferings" to George I.; his characteristic anxiety for royal patronage and approbation; his fawning mode of fishing for it; is rewarded by the tardy royal bounty of £105, through Walpole, i. 57, 58, *note.*

——— principle of his work, to glorify all the worst characters of the period, and to calumniate the good, illustrated by examples, i. 59-70; his disgraceful attempt to extenuate the murder of Archbishop Sharp, by a false, calumnious, and abusive account of that prelate, whose acts of humanity he *suppresses*, while gloating over his death, 70-76; ii. 213, *and note.*

——— his intellectual qualities examined; the low pitch of his mind, and the craziness of his vulgar imagination, illustrated from his own *Analecta*, i. 76-80; ii. 32, *note*, 131.

——— *particular instances of his outrageous calumnies against Claverhouse, the Government, and others, examined and refuted:—*

1. His version of the death of John Brown, whom he called the "Christian Carrier," and his impudent calumny that Claverhouse shot him with his own pistol, because the soldiers under his command refused to obey orders, i. 9-12, *and notes*, 15, 16, *and note*, 120-148, *and notes;* iii. 457-59, *and notes; Preface*, xiii. xvi.
2. His calumnious fable of the drowning of Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson, at Wigton, ii. 66-99, *and notes;* iii. 451-52, *and notes; Appendix, No. III.*
3. That Claverhouse, on his march to Drumclog, seized "*fourteen* countrymen, mostly strangers, there not being anything to be laid to their charge," who "were bound two and two of them together, and his men *drove them before them like so many sheep*," ii. 222.
4. That, after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, Claverhouse, and "others of his cruel temper, solicited the General to *burn Glasgow, Hamilton*, and *Strathaven*, to *kill the prisoners*," which murderous proposition Monmouth "rejected with detestation," ii. 232-34.
5. That Claverhouse permitted his "ruffian soldiers" to *ravish a countrywoman in presence of her husband*, and to put two young and harmless boys to *the extremity of torture*, of which one of them died, ii. 239-41; another instance of the same species of outrageous calumny, 255-57, *and note*, 297, *and note*, 308, 310.
6. That Christian Fyffe, who was humanely pardoned by the Government, did actually suffer Grassmarket martyrdom, in terms of her sentence, ii. 65, *note*, 430, *note.*
7. His false account of the case of two Lesmahago men, executed at Glasgow, 1683, for the murder of one of the King's Guard, ii. 361, *and note.*
8. That Claverhouse wantonly slaughtered some unarmed fugitive peasantry in Galloway, and suspended one of their bodies, after

burial, on a tree, "*with strange barbarity and spite*," ii. 429-30, *and note.*

9. That Claverhouse was "exerting his powers to the utmost," of persecuting the innocent in the South of Scotland, throughout the months of *March* and *April* 1683, during all which time he was with the King in England, ii. 314, *note.*
10. His disingenuous adoption, without a vestige of evidence, of the brutal falsehood that Archbishop Sharp had an illegitimate child by a mad woman of the name of Isobel Lindsay, which child he strangled with a handkerchief, and buried beneath a hearth-stone, i. 72, 208.
11. His outrageous calumnies against Mr Carmichael, Sheriff-depute of Fife, a vile farrago of impossible falsehoods, ii. 214-15, *and note.*
12. His false accusation against the great Marquis of Montrose, of having tortured a minister, i. 98-102.
13. His false account of the death of David Steel, i. 93-7, *and notes.*
14. His false gloss upon a humane measure of the Government, i. 298, *note.*
15. His gross calumny, that judicial torture was "brought in, and *violently urged*, by the prelates;" his false history on the subject of the introduction and abrogation of the use of torture in Scotland, ii. 106-126, *and notes.*

Wodrow: particular instances of his disingenuous mode of dealing with the records he quotes:—

1. His perversion of the Privy Council's humane order to liberate James Lawson, a boy of fourteen, ii. 25, *note.*
2. Concocts his calumnious fable of the martyrdom of the two women at Wigton, and charges it as a lawless murder against the Government, having under his eye at the time the Government reprieve, which destroyed his whole fable, but to which he only refers in conclusion, and that under a *garbled* extract, suppressing the fact that the women were pardoned in *Edinburgh*, ii. 75-7, *and notes.*
3. His disingenuous reference to the Register of Privy Council in the matter of the judicial torture of Spreul, the apothecary, and garbling of the *Justiciary* record, ii. 141-42, *and note.*
4. His false account, and reference to the Privy Council Register, relative to the condemnation of Sir John Dalrymple, in the criminal process against him at the instance of Claverhouse, ii. 308, *note.*

——— James, father of the historian, how he escaped hanging i. 56-7; ii. 82.

——— John, uncle of the historian, how he was hanged, ii. 82-3, *and note.*

Wordsworth, the poet, his sonnet on Dundee at Killiecrankie, i. 168; his fanciful and fanatical sonnet on "the headless martyr of the Covenant," 168-69; the same as he *ought* to have written it, 169.

York, James Duke of. See *James VII.*

Young, Robert, of Auldbar. See *Auldbar.*

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